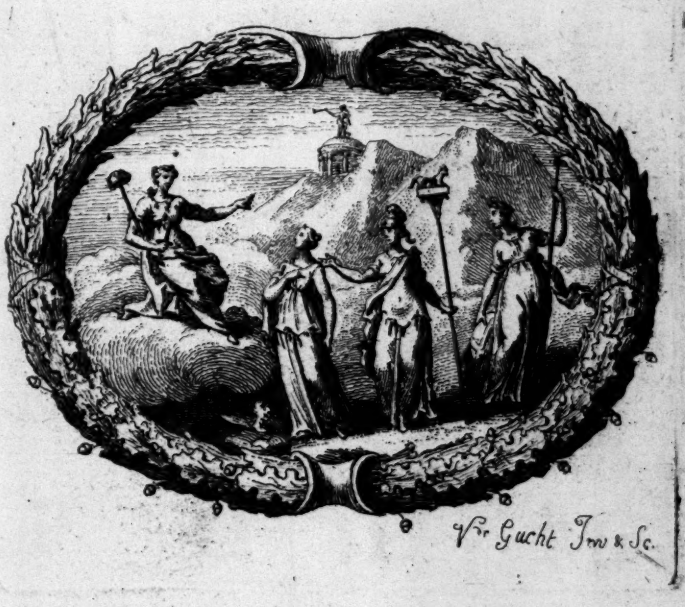
THE WORKS OF Mr. THOMSON.

VOL. II.

With ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.



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M.DCC.XXXVIII.


BRITISH MUSEUM
10
57
MAY

ANTIENT and MODERN

ITALY

COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

CONTENTS of the *Second Volume.*

ERRATA.

Pag. 63. for lin. 70. read
And form a rising not a circling Whole.
Pag. 82. l. 395. for *in two* r. *into.* Pag. 101. l. 105. for *her* r. *our.* Pag. 114. l. 323. for *rampant* r. *rampart.* P. 192. l. 360. for *poor* r. *pure.* Epilogue to *Agamemnon*, l. 4. for *weeps* r. *wipes.*

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready Condeſcenſion, that preventing Generoſity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following Poem under your Protection; I can alone aſcribe it to the Recommendation, and Influence of the Subject. In you the Cauſe and Concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a Patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt Tendency to promote them,

to

to the Diſtinction of your Favour. And who can entertain this delightful Reflection, without feeling a Pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt Author; and of which all true Lovers of their Country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt Diſpoſitions of the Prince, and of the Patriot, united: an overflowing Benevolence, Generoſity, and Candour of Heart, joined to an enlightened Zeal for Liberty, an intimate Perſuaſion that on it depends the Happineſs and Glory both of Kings and People: to ſee theſe ſhining out in Public Virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the Social Lights and Private Accompliſhments of Life, is a Proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general Sentiment of Satisfaction and Gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If the following Attempt to trace Liberty, from the firſt Ages down to her excellent Eſtabliſhment in Great Britain, can at all merit your Approbation, and prove

prove an Entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any Degree anſwer the Dignity of the Subject, and of the Name under which I preſume to ſhelter it; I have my beſt Reward: particularly, as it affords me an Opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greateſt Zeal and Reſpect,

SIR,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt Obedient

And moſt Devoted Servant,

James Thomſon.

The CONTENTS of PART I.

THE following Poem is thrown into the Form of a Poetical Viſion. Its Scene the Ruins of Antient Rome. *The* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak thro' the Whole, appears, Characterized as* BRITISH LIBERTY; *to* Ver. 44. *Gives a View of Antient* Italy, *and particularly of Republican* Rome, *in all her Magnificence and Glory; to* Ver. 112. *This contraſted by Modern* Italy; *its Valleys, Mountains, Culture, Cities, People: the Difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the Capital City* Rome; *to* Ver. 234. *The Ruins of the great Works of* LIBERTY *more magnificent than the borrowed Pomp of* OPPRESSION; *and from them revived* Sculpture, Painting, *and* Architecture; *to* Ver. 256. *The old* Romans *apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy Changes in* Italy: HORACE, TULLY, *and* VIRGIL, *with regard to their* Tibur, Tuſculum, *and* Naples; *to* Ver. 287. *That once fineſt and moſt ornamented Part of* Italy, *all along the Coaſt of* Baia, *how changed; to* Ver. 321. *This Deſolation of* Italy *applied to* Britain; *to* Ver. 344. *Addreſs to the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *that ſhe would deduce, from the firſt Ages, her chief Eſtabliſhments, the Deſcription of which conſtitute the Subject of the following Parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in* Britain; *whoſe Happineſs, ariſing from Freedom, and a limited Monarchy, ſhe marks; to* Ver. 391. *An immediate* VISION *attends, and paints her Words. Invocation.*

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O My lamented TALBOT! while with Thee
The *Muſe* gay-rov'd the glad *Heſperian* Round,
And drew th' inſpiring Breath of Ancient Arts;
Ah! little thought ſhe her returning Verſe
Should ſing our Darling Subject to thy *Shade*.
And does the myſtic Veil, from mortal Beam,
Involve thoſe Eyes where every Virtue ſmil'd,
And all thy FATHER's candid Spirit ſhone?
The Light of Reaſon, pure, without a Cloud;
Full of the generous Heart, the mild Regard;

Honour diſdaining Blemiſh, cordial Faith,
And limpid Truth, that looks the very Soul.
But to the Death of mighty Nations turn,
My Strain; be there abſorb'd the Private Tear.

MUSING, I lay; warm from the ſacred Walks,
Where at each ſtep Imagination burns:
While ſcatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lies, a vaſt Monument, once-glorious *Rome*,
The Tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er, of finiſh'd, modern Pomp can boaſt.

SNATCH'D by theſe Wonders to that World where Thought
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's Magic Hand
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn Scene,
Still in the Mind's pure Eye more ſolemn dreſt.
When ſtrait, methought, the fair majeſtic POWER
Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the Cap, and Rod,

Whoſe

Whoſe Slave-inlarging Touch gave double life:
But her bright Temples bound with *Britiſh* Oak,
And Naval Honours nodded on her Brow.
Sublime of Port. Looſe o'er her Shoulder flow'd
Her ſea-green Robe, with Conſtellations gay.
An Iſland-Goddeſs now; and her high Care
The Queen of Iſles, the Miſtreſs of the Main.
My Heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight;
And, as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awaken'd *Muſe*
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful Eye the well-known Ruins mark'd,
And then, her Sighs repreſſing, thus began.

MINE are theſe Wonders, all thou ſee'ſt is mine;
But ah how chang'd! the falling poor Remains
Of what exalted once th' *Auſonian* Shore.
Look back thro' Time; and, riſing from the Gloom,
Mark the dread Scene, that paints whate'er I ſay.

THE Great Republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mixt Freedom of a thouſand States;
Rais'd on the Thrones of Kings her *Curule Chair*,
And by her *Faſces* aw'd the ſubject World.
See buſy Millions quickning all the Land,
With Cities throng'd, and teeming Culture high:
For *Nature* Then ſmil'd on her free-born Sons,
And pour'd the Plenty that belongs to *Men*.
Behold, the Country chearing, Villas riſe,
In lively Proſpect; by the ſecret lapſe
Of Brooks now loſt and Streams renown'd in Song:
In *Umbria*'s cloſing Vales, or on the brow
Of her brown Hills that breathe the ſcented gale:
On *Baia*'s viny Coaſt; where peaceful Seas,
Fan'd by kind Zephirs, ever kiſs the Shore;
And Suns unclouded ſhine, thro' pureſt Air:
Or in the ſpacious Neighbourhood of *Rome*;
Far-ſhining upward to the *Sabine* Hills,

To

To *Anio*'s Roar, and *Tibur*'s Olive Shade;
To where *Preneſte* lifts her airy Brow;
Or downwards ſpreading to the ſunny Shore,
Where *Alba* breathes the Freſhneſs of the Main.

See diſtant Mountains leave their Valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their Tribute pour,
To lave Imperial *Rome*. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With Tombs of Heroes ſacred, ſee her Roads:
By various Nations trod, and ſuppliant Kings;
With Legions flaming, or with Triumph gay.

Full in the Centre of theſe wondrous Works,
The Pride of Earth! *Rome* in her Glory ſee!
Behold her Demigods, in Senate met;
All Head to counſel, and all Heart to act:
The Commonweal inſpiring every Tongue

With fervent Eloquence, *unbrib'd*, and *bold*;
Ere tame *Corruption* taught the *Servile Herd*
To rank obedient to a *Maſter's* Voice.

HER *Forum* ſee, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two *SIRES,
As they the *Private Father* greatly quell'd,
Stood up the *Public Fathers* of the State.
See Juſtice judging There, in Human Shape.
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſinks to TULLY's tongue.

HER *Tribes*, her *Cenſus*, ſee; her Generous Troops,
Whoſe Pay was Glory, and their beſt Reward
Free for their Country and for ME to die;
Ere Mercenary Murder grew a Trade.

MARK, as the purple Triumph waves along,
The higheſt Pomp and loweſt Fall of Life.

HER

* L. J. BRUTUS, *and* VIRGINIUS.

HER Feſtive Games, the School of Heroes, ſee;
Her *Circus*, ardent with contending Youth;
Her Streets, her Temples, Palaces, and Baths,
Full of fair Forms, of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a People caſt in Virtue's Mold.
While Sculpture lives around, and *Aſian* Hills
Lend their beſt Stores to heave the pillar'd Dome:
All that to *Roman* Strength the ſofter Touch
Of *Grecian* Art can join. But Language fails
To paint this Sun, this Center of Mankind;
Where every Virtue, Glory, Treaſure, Art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.

NEED I the Contraſt mark? unjoyous View!
A Land in all, in Government, and Arts,
In Virtue, Genius, Earth and Heaven revers'd.
Who but theſe far-fam'd Ruins to behold,
Proofs of a People, whoſe heroic Aims

Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh Sphere
Of doubting modern Life; who but inflam'd
With Claſſic Zeal, theſe conſecrated Scenes
Of Men and Deeds to trace; unhappy Land,
Would truſt thy Wilds, and Cities looſe of ſway?

Are theſe the Vales, that, once, exulting States
In their warm boſom fed? The Mountains theſe,
On whoſe high-blooming ſides my Sons, of old,
I bred to Glory? Theſe dejected Towns,
Where, mean, and ſordid, Life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The Scenes of Antient Opulence, and Pomp?

Come! by whatever *Sacred Name* diſguis'd,
Oppression, come! and in *thy* works rejoice!
See Nature's richeſt Plains to putrid Fens
Turn'd by thy Fury. From their chearful Bounds,
See raz'd th' enliv'ning Village, Farm, and Seat.

Firſt, Rural Toil, by *thy* rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor Reward, reſign'd the Plow;
And now he dares not turn the noxious Glebe.
'Tis *Thine* intire. The lonely Swain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy Downs
His Flocks to paſture, *thy* drear Champian flies,
Far as the ſickening Eye can ſweep around,
'Tis all one Deſart, deſolate, and grey,
Graz'd by the ſullen Bufalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated Growth
Of rotting Ages taints the paſſing Gale.
Beneath the baleful Blaſt the City pines,
Or ſinks infeebl'd, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the ſolitary Road,
Roll'd in rude Mazes o'er th' abandon'd Waſte;
While Antient Ways, ingulph'd, are ſeen no more.

SUCH *thy* dire Plains, thou *Self-Deſtroyer!* Foe
To Human-kind! *Thy* Mountains too, profuſe,
Where ſavage Nature blooms, ſeem their ſad Plaint
To raiſe againſt *thy* deſolating Rod.
There on the breezy Brow, where thriving States,
And famous Cities, once, to the pleas'd Sun,
Far other Scenes of riſing Culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine *thy* ragged Towns. Neglected round,
Each Harveſt pines; the livid, lean Produce
Of heartleſs Labour: while *thy* hated Joys,
Not proper Pleaſure, lift the lazy Hand.
Better to ſink in Sloth the Woes of Life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing Toil.
Hence drooping Art almoſt to Nature leaves
The rude unguided Year. Thin wave the Gifts
Of yellow *Ceres*, thin the radiant Bluſh
Of Orchard reddens in the warmeſt Ray.
To weedy Wildneſs run, no Rural Wealth,

(Such

(Such as Dictators fed) the Garden pours.
Crude the wild Olive flows, and foul the Vine;
Nor Juice *Cæcubian*, nor *Falernian*, more,
Streams Life and Joy, ſave in the *Muſe*'s Bowl.
Unſeconded by Art, the ſpinning Race
Draw the bright Thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in Wilds, the Citron blows;
And flowering Plants perfume the deſart gale,
Thro' the vile Thorn the tender Myrtle twines.
Inglorious droops the Laurel, dead to Song,
And long a ſtranger to the Heroe's Brow.

Nor half *thy* Triumph this: caſt, from brute Fields,
Into the Haunts of Men *thy* ruthleſs eye.
There buxom Plenty never turns her Horn;
The Grace and Virtue of exterior Life,
No clean Convenience reigns; even Sleep itſelf,
Leaſt delicate of Powers, reluctant, There,

Lays

Lays on the Bed impure his heavy head.
Thy horrid Walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
See Streets whoſe Echos never know the voice
Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongue'd,
And Art mechanic at his various taſk,
Fervent, employ'd. Mark the deſponding Race,
Of Occupation void, as void of Hope;
Hope the glad Ray, glanc'd from ETERNAL GOOD,
That Life enlivens, and exalts it's Powers,
With Views of Fortune——Madneſs all to them!
By *Thee* relentleſs ſeiz'd their better Joys,
To the ſoft aid of cordial Airs they fly,
Breathing a kind Oblivion o'er their Woes,
And Love and Muſic melt their Souls away.
From feeble *Juſtice* ſee how raſh *Revenge*,
Trembling, the Ballance ſnatches; and the Sword,
Fearful himſelf, to venal Ruffians gives.
See where GOD's Altar, nurſing Murder, ſtands,

With

With the red touch of dark Aſſaſſins ſtain'd.

But chief let *Rome*, the mighty City! ſpeak
The full-exerted Genius of *thy Reign*.
Behold Her riſe amid the lifeleſs Waſte,
Expiring Nature all corrupted round;
While the lone *Tyber*, thro' the deſart Plain,
Winds his waſte ſtores, and ſullen ſweeps along.
Patch'd from my Fragments, in unſolid Pomp,
Mark how the Temple glares; and, artful dreſt,
Amuſive, draws the ſuperſtitious Train.
Mark how the Palace lifts a lying Front,
Concealing often, in magnific Jail,
Proud Want, a deep unanimated Gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear Abode
Of Miſery, whoſe melancholy Walls
Seem its voracious Grandeur to reproach.
Within the City Bounds, the Deſart ſee.

See

See the rank Vine o'er ſubterranean Roofs,
Indecent, ſpread; beneath whoſe fretted Gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The People mark,
Matchleſs, while fir'd by me; to Public Good
Inexorably firm, juſt, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy Life,
Elate with Glory, an Heroic Soul
Known to the Vulgar Breaſt: behold them now
A thin deſpairing Number, all-ſubdu'd,
The Slaves of Slaves, by Superſtition fool'd,
By Vice unman'd and a licentious Rule,
In Guile ingenious, and in Murder brave.
Such in one Land, beneath the ſame fair Clime,
Thy Sons, OPPRESSION, *are*; and ſuch *were* MINE.

EVEN with thy labour'd *Pomp*, for whoſe vain ſhow
Deluded Thouſands ſtarve; all age-begrim'd,
Torn robb'd and ſcatter'd in unnumber'd Sacks,

And by the Tempeſt of two thouſand Years
Continual ſhaken, let my *Ruins* vie.
Theſe Roads that yet the *Roman* Hand aſſert,
Beyond the weak Repair of modern Toil;
Theſe fractur'd Arches, that the chiding Stream
No more delighted hear; theſe rich Remains
Of Marbles now unknown, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent Ray; theſe maſſy Columns, hew'd
From *Africk*'s fartheſt Shore; one Granite all,
Theſe Obeliſks high-towering to the Sky,
Myſterious mark'd with dark *Egyptian* Lore;
Theſe endleſs Wonders that this * *Sacred Way*
Illumine ſtill, and conſecrate to Fame;
Theſe Fountains, Vaſes, Urns, and Statues, charg'd
With the fine ſtores of Art-compleating *Greece.*
Mine is, beſides, *thy* every later Boaſt:
Thy † BUONAROTIS, *thy* PALLADIOS *mine*;

And

* *Via Sacra.*

† M. ANGELO BUONAROTI, PALLADIO, and RAPHAEL D' URBINO; the three great modern Maſters in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting.

And *mine* the fair Deſigns, which RAPHAEL's Soul
O'er the live Canvaſs, emanating, breath'd.

WHAT would you ſay, ye Conquerors of Earth!
Ye *Romans!* could you raiſe the laurel'd Head;
Could you the Country ſee, by Seas of Blood,
And the dread Toil of ages, won ſo dear;
Your Pride, your Triumph, your ſupreme Delight!
For whoſe Defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You ruſh'd with rapture down the Gulph of Fate,
Of Death ambitious! till by awful Deeds,
Virtues, and Courage, that amaze Mankind,
The Queen of Nations roſe; poſſeſt of all
Which Nature, Art, and Glory could beſtow:
What would you ſay, deep in the laſt Abyſs
Of Slavery, Vice, and unambitious Want,
Thus to behold her ſunk? Your crouded Plains,
Void of their Cities; unadorn'd your Hills;

Ungrac'd

Ungrac'd your Lakes; your Ports to Ships unknown;
Your lawleſs Floods, and your abandon'd Streams:
Theſe could you know? theſe could you love again?
Thy *Tibur*, HORACE, could it now inſpire,
Content, Poetic Eaſe, and Rural Joy,
Soon burſting into Song: while thro' the Groves
Of headlong *Anio*, daſhing to the Vale,
In many a tortur'd Stream, you mus'd along?
* Yon wild Retreat, where Superſtition dreams,
Could, TULLY, you your *Tuſculum* believe?
And could you deem yon naked Hills, that form,
Fam'd in old Song, the Ship-forſaken † Bay,
Your *Formian* Shore? Once the Delight of Earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-ſmiling, join'd
On the gay Land to laviſh all their Stores;
How chang'd, how vacant, VIRGIL, wide around,

* *Tuſculum* is reckoned to have ſtood at a Place now called *Grotta Ferrata*, a Convent of Monks.

† The Bay of *Mola* (anciently *Formiæ*) into which HOMER brings ULYSSES, and his Companions. Near *Formiæ* CICERO had a Villa.

Would now your *Naples* ſeem? Diſaſter'd leſs
By black *Veſuvius* thundering o'er the Coaſt,
His midnight Earthquakes, and his mining Fires,
Than by Deſpotic Rage: that inward gnaws,
A native Foe; a foreign, tears without.
Firſt from your flatter'd CÆSARS This began:
Till, doom'd to Tyrants an eternal Prey,
Thin-peopled ſpreads, at laſt, the * Syren Plain,
That the dire Soul of HANNIBAL diſarm'd;
And wrapt in Weeds the † Shore of *Venus* lies.
There *Baia* ſees no more the joyous Throng;
Her Banks all beaming with the Pride of *Rome*:
No generous Vines now baſk along the Hills,
Where ſport the Breezes of the *Tyrrhene* Main:
With Baths and Temples mixt, no Villas riſe;
Nor, Art-ſuſtain'd amid reluctant Waves,

Draw

* *Campagna felice*, adjoining to *Capua*.

† The Coaſt of *Baia*; which was formerly adorned with the Works mentioned in the following Lines; and where amidſt many magnificent Ruins, thoſe of a Temple erected to *Venus* are ſtill to be ſeen.

Draw the cool Murmurs of the breathing Deep:
No ſpreading Ports their ſacred Arms extend:
No mighty Moles the big intruſive Storm,
From the calm Station, roll reſounding back.
An almoſt total Deſolation ſits,
A dreary Stillneſs, ſad'ning o'er the Coaſt;
* Where, when ſoft Suns and tepid Winters roſe,
Rejoicing Crouds inhal'd the Balm of Peace;
Where city'd Hill to Hill reflected Blaze;
And where, with *Ceres*, *Bacchus* wont to hold
A genial Strife. Her youthful Form, robuſt,
Even Nature yields; by Fire, and Earthquake rent:
Whole ſtately Cities in the dark Abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbiſh laid,
A Neſt for Serpents; from the red Abyſs
New Hills, exploſive, thrown; the *Lucrine* Lake
A reedy Pool; and all to *Cuma*'s Point,

* All along this Coaſt, the antient *Romans* had their Winter Retreats; and ſeveral populous Cities ſtood.

The Sea recovering his uſurp'd Domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd Dome.

HENCE, BRITAIN, learn; my beſt-eſtabliſh'd, laſt,
And more than GREECE, or ROME, my ſteady Reign;
The Land where, *King* and *People* equal bound
By guardian Laws, my fulleſt Bleſſings flow;
And where my jealous unſubmitting Soul,
The Dread of Tyrants! burns in every Breaſt:
Learn hence, if ſuch the miſerable fate
Of an heroic Race, the Maſters once
Of Human-kind; what, when depriv'd of ME,
How grievous muſt be thine? In ſpite of Climes,
Whoſe Sun-enliven'd *Æther* wakes the Soul
To higher Powers; in ſpite of happy Soils,
That, but by Labour's ſlighteſt aid impell'd,
With Treaſures teem to thy cold Clime unknown;
If there deſponding fail the common Arts,

And Suſtenance of Life: could Life itſelf,
Far leſs a thoughtleſs Tyrant's hollow Pomp,
Subſiſt with thee? Againſt depreſſing Skies,
Join'd to full-ſpread Oppreſſion's cloudy Brow,
How could thy Spirits hold? where Vigour find,
Forc'd Fruits to tear from their unnative Soil?
Or, ſtoring every Harveſt in thy Ports,
To plow the dreadful all-producing Wave?

HERE paus'd the GODDESS. By the Pauſe aſſur'd,
In trembling Accents thus I mov'd my Prayer.
" Oh firſt, and moſt benevolent of Powers!
" Come from eternal Splendors, here on Earth,
" Againſt deſpotic Pride, and Rage, and Luſt,
" To ſhield Mankind; to raiſe them to aſſert
" The native Rights and Honour of their Race;
" Teach me thy loweſt Subject, but in Zeal
" Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,

" And with a Strain from THEE enrich the *Muſe*.
" As THEE alone ſhe *ſerves*, her Patron, THOU,
" And great Inſpirer be! then will ſhe joy,
" Tho' narrow Life her Lot, and private Shade:
" And when her *Venal Voice* ſhe barters vile,
" Or to thy open or thy ſecret Foes;
" May ne'er thoſe ſacred Raptures touch her more,
" By ſlaviſh Hearts unfelt! and may her Song
" Sink in oblivion with the nameleſs Crew!
" Vermin of State! to thy o'erflowing Light
" That owe their Being, yet betray thy Cauſe."

THEN, condeſcending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER
Return'd.—" What here, ſuggeſted by the Scene,
" I ſlight unfold, record, and ſing at home,
" In that bleſt Iſle, where (ſo we Spirits move)
" With one quick Effort of my Will I am.
" There TRUTH, *unlicens'd*, walks; and dares accoſt

" Even Kings themſelves, the Monarchs of the Free!"
" Fix'd on my Rock, There, an indulgent Race
" O'er BRITONS wield the Scepter of *their Choice:*
" And There, to finiſh what his Sires began,
" A PRINCE behold! for ME who burns ſincere,
" Even with a Subject's Zeal. He my great Work
" Will Parent-like ſuſtain; and added give
" The Touch, the *Graces* and the *Muſes* owe.
" For BRITAIN's Glory ſwells his panting Breaſt;
" And *Antient Arts* He emulous revolves:
" His Pride to let the ſmiling Heart abroad;
" Thro' Clouds of Pomp, that but conceal the Man;
" To pleaſe his Pleaſure; Bounty his Delight;
" And all the Soul of TITUS dwells in Him."

HAIL glorious Theme! But how alas! ſhall Verſe,
From the crude Stores of mortal Language drawn,
How faint and tedious, ſing, what, piercing deep,

The Goddess flash'd at once upon my Soul,
For, clear Precision all, the Tongue of Gods
Is Harmony itself; to every Ear
Familiar known, like Light to every Eye.
Mean time disclosing Ages, as She spoke,
In long Succession pour'd their Empires forth;
Scene after Scene, the Human Drama spread;
And still th'embody'd Picture rose to sight.

Oh Thou! to whom the *Muses* owe their flame;
Who bid'st, beneath the Pole, *Parnassus* rise,
And *Hippocrenè* flow; with thy bold Ease,
The striking Force the Lightning of thy Thought,
And thy strong Phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh gracious Goddess! re-inspire my Song;
While I, to nobler than Poetic Fame
Aspiring, thy Commands to Britons bear.

GREECE:

Being the SECOND PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART II.

LIBERTY.

PART II.

THUS ſpoke the GODDESS of the fearleſs Eye;
And at her Voice, renew'd, the VISION roſe.

FIRST, in the dawn of Time, with eaſtern Swains,
In Woods, and Tents, and Cottages, I liv'd;
While on from Plain to Plain they led their Flocks,
In ſearch of clearer Spring, and freſher Field.
Theſe, as encreaſing Families diſclos'd
The tender State, I taught an equal Sway.
Few were Offences, Properties, and Laws.

Beneath

Beneath the rural Portal, Palm-o'erſpread,
The Father-Senate met. There Juſtice dealt,
With Reaſon then and Equity the ſame,
Free as the common Air, her prompt Decree;
Nor yet had ſtain'd her Sword with Subject's Blood.
The ſimpler Arts were all their ſimple Wants
Had urg'd to light. But inſtant, theſe ſupply'd,
Another Set of fonder Wants aroſe,
And other Arts with them of finer Aim;
Till, from refining Want to Want impell'd,
The Mind by Thinking puſh'd her latent Powers,
And Life began to glow, and Arts to ſhine.

At firſt, on Brutes alone the ruſtic War
Launch'd the rude Spear; ſwift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim Lion, or the Robber-Wolf.
For then young ſportive Life was void of Toil,
Demanding Little, and with Little pleas'd:

But

But when to Manhood grown, and endleſs Joys,
Led on by equal Toils, the Boſom fir'd;
Lewd lazy Rapine broke primæval Peace,
And, hid in Caves and idle Foreſts drear,
From the lone Pilgrim and the wandering Swain,
Seiz'd what he durſt not earn. Then Brother's Blood
Firſt, horrid, ſmoak'd on the polluted Skies.
Awful in Juſtice, then the burning Youth,
Led by their temper'd Sires, on lawleſs Men,
The laſt worſt Monſters of the ſhaggy Wood,
Turn'd the keen Arrow, and the ſharpen'd Spear.
Then War grew glorious. Heroes then aroſe;
Who, ſcorning coward Self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their Eaſe, and for their Safety bled.
Weſt with the living Day to GREECE I came:
Earth ſmil'd beneath my Beam: the *Muſe* before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in Woods
Had tun'd the Reed, and ſigh'd the Shepherd's pain;

But

But now, to ſing heroic Deeds, ſhe ſwell'd
A nobler Note, and bad the Banquet burn.

For Greece my Sons of Egypt I forſook;
A boaſtful Race, that in the vain Abyſs
Of fabling Ages lov'd to loſe their Source,
And with their River trac'd it from the Skies.
While there my Laws alone deſpotic reign'd,
And King, as well as People, proud obey'd;
I taught them Science, Virtue, Wiſdom, Arts;
By Poets, Sages, Legiſlators ſought;
The School of poliſh'd Life, and Human-kind.
But when myſterious *Superſtition* came,
And, with her * *Civil Siſter* league'd, involv'd
In ſtudy'd Darkneſs the deſponding Mind;
Then *Tyrant Power* the righteous Scourge unloos'd:
For yielded Reaſon ſpeaks the Soul a Slave.
Inſtead of uſeful Works, like Nature's great,
Enormous

* Civil Tyranny.

Enormous cruel Wonders cruſh'd the Land;
And round a Tyrant's * Tomb, who none deſerv'd,
For one vile Carcaſs periſh'd endleſs Lives.
Then the great † *Dragon*, couch'd amid his Floods,
Swell'd his fierce Heart, and cry'd.— "This Flood is mine,
"'Tis I that bid it flow."— But, undeceiv'd,
His Phrenzy ſoon the proud Blaſphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing Power,
Suns loſt their Force, and *Niles* o'erflow'd in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal State
Of riſing PERSIA, ſober in Extreme,
Beyond the pitch of Man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious Waſte: nor yet the Ports
Of old PHOENICIA; firſt for Letters fam'd,
That paint the Voice, and ſilent ſpeak to Sight,
Of Arts prime Source, and Guardian! by fair Stars,
Firſt tempted out into the lonely Deep;

To

* The Pyramids. † The Tyrants of EGYPT.

To whom I firſt diſclos'd mechanic Arts,
The Winds to conquer, to ſubdue the Waves,
With all the peaceful Power of ruling Trade;
Earneſt of BRITAIN. Nor by theſe retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring Land, whoſe palmy Shore
The ſilver *Jordan* laves. Before me lay
The promis'd LAND OF ARTS, and urg'd my Flight.

HAIL Nature's utmoſt Boaſt! unrival'd GREECE!
My faireſt Reign! where every Power benign
Conſpir'd to blow the Flower of Human-kind,
And laviſh'd all that Genius can inſpire.
Clear ſunny Climates, by the breezy Main,
Ionian or *Ægæan*, temper'd kind.
Light, airy Soils. A Country rich, and gay;
Broke into Hills with balmy Odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple Harveſt, joyous Vales.
Mountains, and Streams, where Verſe ſpontaneous flow'd; Whence

Whence deem'd by wondering Men the Seat of Gods,
And ſtill the Mountains and the Streams of Song.
All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high Materials, and MY reſtleſs ARTS
Frame into finiſh'd Life. How many States,
And cluſtering Towns, and Monuments of Fame,
And Scenes of glorious Deeds, in little Bounds!
From the rough Tract of bending Mountains, beat
By *Adria*'s here, there by *Ægæan* Waves;
To where the Deep-adorning *Cyclade Iſles*
In ſhining Proſpect riſe, and on the Shore
Of fartheſt *Crete* reſounds the *Lybian* Main.

O'ER All two rival Cities rear'd the Brow,
And ballanc'd All. Spread on *Eurotas*' Bank,
Amid a Circle of ſoft-riſing Hills,
The patient SPARTA One: the ſober, hard,
And Man-ſubduing City; which no Shape

Of Pain could conquer, nor of Pleaſure charm.
LYCURGUS there built, on the ſolid Baſe
Of equal Life, ſo well a temper'd State;
Where mix'd each Government, in ſuch juſt Poiſe;
Each Power ſo checking, and ſupporting, Each;
That firm for Ages, and unmov'd, it ſtood,
The Fort of GREECE! without one giddy Hour,
One Shock of Faction or of Party-Rage.
For, drain'd the Springs of Wealth, *Corruption* there
Lay wither'd at the Root. Thrice happy Land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, ſunk. But if *Athenian* Arts
Lov'd not the Soil; yet there the calm Abode
Of Wiſdom, Virtue, Philoſophic Eaſe,
Of manly Senſe and Wit, in frugal Phraſe
Confin'd, and preſs'd into *Laconic* Force.
There too, by rooting thence ſtill treacherous Self,
The Public and the Private grew the ſame.

The Children of the nurſing Public All,
And at its Table fed, for That they toil'd,
For That they liv'd intire, and even for That
The tender Mother urg'd her Son to die.

Of ſofter Genius, but not leſs intenſe
To ſeize the Palm of Empire, Athens ſtrove.
Where, with bright Marbles big and future Pomp,
* *Hymettus* ſpread, amid the ſcented Sky,
His thymy Treaſures to the labouring Bee,
And to Botanic hand the Stores of Health;
Wrapt in a Soul-attenuating Clime,
Between † *Iliſſus* and *Cephiſſus* glow'd
This Hive of Science, ſhedding Sweets divine,
Of active Arts, and animated Arms.
There, *paſſionate* for Me, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,

* A Mountain near *Athens*.
† Two Rivers, betwixt which *Athens* was ſituated.

Enlighten'd People reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of Ruin, hurry'd by the Charm of Speech,
Inforcing haſty Counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh *Democracy*; unpois'd,
And by the Rage devour'd, that ever tears
A Populace unequal; Part too rich,
And Part or fierce with Want or abject grown.
SOLON at laſt, their mild Reſtorer, roſe:
Allay'd the Tempeſt; to the Calm of Laws
Reduc'd the ſettling Whole; and, with the Weight
Which the * two Senates to the Public lent,
As with an Anchor fix'd the driving State.

Nor was my forming Care to Theſe confin'd.
For Emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd,
Noble Contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In

* The *Areopagus*, or Supreme Court of Judicature, which SOLON reformed, and improved: and the Council of *Four Hundred*, by him inſtituted. In this Council all Affairs of State were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the Aſſembly of the People.

In Governmment well-pois'd, adjuſted beſt
To Public Weal: in Countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented Towns, where Order reigns,
Free ſocial Life, and poliſh'd Manners fair:
In Exerciſe, and Arms; Arms only drawn
For common GREECE, to quell the *Perſian* Pride:
In moral Science, and in graceful Arts.
Hence, as for Glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The Prize grew greater, and the Prize of All.
By Conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant Youth
Pour'd every Beam; by generous Pride inflam'd,
Felt every Ardor burn: their great Reward
The verdant Wreathe, which ſounding * *Piſa* gave.

HENCE flouriſh'd GREECE; and hence a Race of Men,
As Gods by conſcious future Times ador'd:
In whom each Virtue wore a ſmiling Air,

* Or *Olympia*, the City where the *Olympic* Games were celebrated.

Each Science ſhed o'er Life a friendly Light,
Each Art was Nature. SPARTAN Valour hence,
At the * *fam'd Paſs*, firm as an Iſthmus ſtood;
And the whole Eaſtern Ocean, waving far
As Eye could dart its Viſion, nobly check'd.
While in extended Battle, at the Field
Of *Marathon*, my keen ATHENIANS drove
Before their ardent Band an Hoſt of Slaves.

HENCE thro' the Continent Ten Thouſand GREEKS
Urg'd a Retreat, whoſe Glory not the Prime
Of Victories can reach. Deſarts, in vain,
Oppos'd their Courſe; and hoſtile Lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious Floods, dire-bank'd with Death;
And Mountains, in whoſe Jaws Deſtruction grin'd;
Hunger, and Toil; *Armenian* Snows, and Storms;
And circling Myriads ſtill of barbarous Foes.
GREECE in their View, and Glory yet untouch'd,

Their

* The Straits of *Thermopylæ*.

Their ſteady Column pierc'd the ſcattering Herds,
Which a whole Empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the * SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh Light and Force of Mind,
Almoſt almighty in ſevere Extremes!
The Sea at laſt from *Colchian* Mountains ſeen,
Kind-hearted Tranſport round their Captains threw
The Soldier's fond Embrace; o'erflow'd their Eyes
With tender Floods, and loos'd the general Voice
To Cries reſounding loud—*The Sea! the Sea!*

IN ATTIC Bounds hence Heroes, Sages, Wits,
Shone thick as Stars, the Milky Way of GREECE!
And tho' gay Wit, and pleaſing Grace was theirs,
All the ſoft Modes of Elegance, and Eaſe;
Yet was not Courage leſs, the patient Touch
Of toiling Art, and Diſquiſition deep.

* XENOPHON.

My Spirit pours a Vigour thro' the Soul,
Th' unfetter'd Thought with Energy inſpires,
Invincible in Arts, in the bright Field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The Bonds of *Tyrant* Darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The *Perſian* Chains: while thro' the City, full
Of mirthful Quarrel and of witty War,
Inceſſant ſtruggled Taſte refining Taſte,
And friendly free Diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair Jewel Truth its latent Ray.
O'er All ſhone out the great * Athenian Sage,
And Father of Philoſophy: the Sun,
From whoſe white Blaze emerg'd each various Sect
Took various Teints, but with diminiſh'd Beam.
Tutor of Athens! he, in every Street,
Dealt priceleſs Treaſure: Goodneſs his Delight,
Wiſdom his Wealth, and Glory his Reward.

Deep

* Socrates.

Deep thro' the human Heart, with playful Art,
His ſimple Queſtion ſtole; as into Truth,
And ſerious Deeds, He ſmil'd the laughing Race;
Taught moral happy Life, whate'er can bleſs,
Or grace Mankind; and what He taught He was.
Compounded high, tho' plain, his Doctrine broke
In different SCHOOLS. The bold Poetic Phraſe
Of figur'd PLATO; XENOPHON's pure Strain,
Like the clear Brook that ſteals along the Vale;
Diſſecting Truth, the STAGYRITE's keen Eye;
Th' exalted STOIC Pride; the CYNIC Sneer;
The ſlow-conſenting ACADEMIC Doubt;
And, joining Bliſs to Virtue, the glad Eaſe
Of EPICURUS, ſeldom underſtood.
They, ever-candid, Reaſon ſtill oppos'd
To Reaſon; and, ſince Virtue was their Aim,
Each by ſure Practice try'd to prove his Way
The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid Baſe

Of *Liberty*, the *Liberty* of *Mind:*
For Syſtems yet, and Soul-enſlaving Creeds,
Slept with the Monſters of ſucceeding Times.
From prieſtly Darkneſs ſprung th' enlightening Arts
Of Fire, and Sword, and Rage, and horrid Names.

O GREECE! thou ſapient Nurſe of FINER ARTS!
Which to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
Be this thy Praiſe, that Thou, and Thou alone,
In Theſe haſt led the Way, in Theſe excell'd,
Crown'd with the Laurel of aſſenting Time.

IN thy full Language, ſpeaking mighty Things;
Like a clear Torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
A broad majeſtic Stream, and rowling on
Thro' all the winding Harmony of Sound:
In it the Power of ELOQUENCE, at large,
Breath'd the perſuaſive or pathetic Soul;

Still'd

Still'd by degrees the Democratic Storm,
Or bad it threatning riſe, and Tyrants ſhook,
Fluſh'd at the Head of their victorious Troops.
In it the MUSE, her Fury never quench'd,
By mean unyielding Phraſe, or jarring Sound,
Her unconfin'd Divinity diſplay'd;
And, ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her Will:
Or ſoft depreſs'd it to the Shepherd's Moan,
Or rais'd it ſwelling to the Tongue of Gods.

Heroic Song was thine; the * FOUNTAIN-BARD,
Whence each Poetic Stream derives its Courſe.
Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief Delight!
Where idle Fancy durſt not mix her Voice,
When Reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent Heart
Or plain'd, or ſtorm'd; and in th' impaſſion'd Man,
Concealing Art with Art, the Poet ſunk.
This potent School of Manners, but when left

To

* HOMER.

To looſe Neglect a Land-corrupting Plague,
Was not unworthy deem'd of Public Care,
And boundleſs Coſt, by Thee; whoſe every Son,
Even laſt Mechanic, the true Taſte poſſeſs'd
Of what had Flavour to the nouriſh'd Soul.

THE ſweet Inforcer of the Poet's Strain,
Thine was the meaning MUSIC of the Heart.
Not the vain Trill, that, void of Paſſion, runs
In giddy Mazes, tickling idle Ears;
But that deep-ſearching Voice, and artful Hand,
To which reſpondent ſhakes the vary'd Soul.

THY fair Ideas, thy delightful Forms,
By Love imagin'd and the Graces touch'd,
The Boaſt of well-pleas'd *Nature*! SCULPTURE ſeiz'd,
And bad Them ever ſmile in *Parian* Stone.
Selecting Beauty's Choice, and That again
Exalting,

Exalting, blending in a perfect Whole,
Thy Workmen left even Nature's Self behind.
From Thoſe far different, whoſe prolific Hand
Peoples a Nation; They for Years on Years,
By the cool Touches of judicious Toil,
Their rapid Genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live Features of one breathing Stone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone; expreſſing Gods:
Jove's awful Brow, *Apollo*'s Air divine,
The fierce atrocious Frown of ſinew'd *Mars*,
Or the ſly Graces of the *Cyprian Queen.*
Minutely perfect all! Each Dimple ſunk,
And every Muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught.
In Treſſes, braided gay, the Marble wav'd;
Flow'd in looſe Robes, or thin tranſparent Veils;
Sprung into Motion; ſoften'd into Fleſh.
Was fir'd to Paſſion, or refin'd to Soul.

Nor leſs thy Pencil, with creative Touch,
Shed mimic Life, when all thy brighteſt Dames,
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
To give a Grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Freſh from the Billows, bluſhing orient Charms.
Even ſuch Enchantment then thy Pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient Torch
Daſh'd to the Ground; and, rather than deſtroy
The * Patriot Picture, let the City ſcape.

First elder *Sculpture* taught her *Siſter Art*
Correct Deſign; where great Ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret Trace Expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful Attitude; the Turn,

And

* When Demetrius beſieged *Rhodes*, and could have reduced the City, by ſetting fire to that Quarter of it, where ſtood the Houſe of the celebrated Protogenes; he choſe rather to raiſe the Siege, than hazard the burning of a famous Picture call'd Jasylus, the Maſter-piece of that Painter.

And beauteous Airs of Head; the native Act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling Mantle's well-adjuſted Flow.
Then the bright *Muſe*, their eldeſt Siſter, came;
And bad Her follow where She led the Way:
Bad Earth, and Sea, and Air, in Colours riſe;
And copious Action on the Canvas glow:
Gave her gay Fable; ſpread Invention's Store;
Inlarg'd her View; taught Compoſition high,
And juſt Arrangement, circling round one Point,
That ſtarts to Sight, binds and commands the Whole.
Caught from the heavenly *Muſe* a nobler Aim,
And ſcorning the ſoft Trade of meer Delight,
O'er all thy Temples, Porticos, and Schools,
Heroic Deeds She trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each Moral Beauty to the raviſh'd Eye.
There, as th' imagin'd Preſence of the God
Arrous'd the Mind, or vacant Hours induc'd

Calm

Calm Contemplation, or aſſembl'd Youth
Burn'd in ambitious Circle round the Sage,
The living Leſſon ſtole into the Heart,
With more prevailing Force than dwells in Words.
Theſe rouze to Glory; while, to Rural Life,
The ſofter Canvas oft repos'd the Soul.
There gayly broke the Sun-illumin'd Cloud;
The leſs'ning Proſpect, and the Mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in Air; the Precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the Rock, the ruſhing Torrent daſh'd;
The Sun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant Main;
The Tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving Storm
Sadden'd the Skies, and, from the doubling Gloom,
On the ſcath'd Oak the ragged Lightning fell;
In cloſing Shades, and where the Current ſtrays,
With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
Pip'd the lone Shepherd to his feeding Flock:
Round happy Parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
And Friends convers'd, by Death divided long.

To

To Public Virtue thus the *ſmiling Arts*,
Unblemiſh'd Handmaids, ſerv'd; the *Graces* they
To dreſs this faireſt *Venus*. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the Reach of ſordid Care,
The high Awarders of immortal Fame,
Alone for Glory thy great Maſters ſtrove;
Courted by Kings, and by contending States
Aſſum'd the boaſted Honour of their Birth.

In Architecture too thy Rank ſupreme!
That Art where moſt magnificent appears
The little Builder Man; by Thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full Perfection brought.
Such thy ſure Rules, that *Goths* of every Age,
Who ſcorn'd their Aid, have only loaded Earth
With labour'd heavy Monuments of Shame.
Not thoſe gay Domes that o'er thy ſplendid Shore
Shot, all Proportion, up. Firſt unadorn'd,
And nobly plain, the manly *Doric* roſe;

Th' *Ionic* then, with decent Matron Grace,
Her airy Pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich *Corinthian* ſpread her wanton Wreathe.
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine Proportion, that the Marble Pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy Waſte
Of rolling Ages, light as Fabrics look'd
That from the magic Wand aerial riſe.

THESE were the Wonders that illumin'd GREECE,
From End to End—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, GODDESS, where?
And what the Land thy Darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd, deep in the Kindred Gloom
Of *Superſtition*, and of *Slavery*, ſunk!
No Glory now can touch their Hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected Sloth and ſervile Fear;
No Science pierce the Darkneſs of their Minds;
No nobler Art the quick ambitious Soul

Of

Of Imitation in their Breaſt awake.
Even, to ſupply the needful Arts of Life,
Mechanic Toil denies the hopeleſs Hand.
Scarce any Trace remaining, Veſtige grey,
Or nodding Column on the deſart Shore,
To point where *Corinth*, or where *Athens* ſtood.
A faithleſs Land of Violence, and Death!
Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the Shore;
And his wild Impulſe curious Search reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable Clime.
Neglected Nature fails; in ſordid Want
Sunk, and debas'd their Beauty beams no more.
The Sun himſelf ſeems, angry, to regard,
Of Light unworthy, the degenerate Race;
And fires them oft with peſtilential Rays:
While Earth, blue Poiſon ſteaming on the Skies,
Indignant, ſhakes them from her troubled Sides.
But as from Man to Man, Fate's firſt Decree,
Impartial Death the Tide of Riches rolls,

So States muſt die and LIBERTY go round.

FIERCE was the Stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often, ſtung
With Thoughts of better Times and old Renown,
From Hydra-Tyrants try'd to clear the Land)
Lay quite extinct in GREECE, their Works effac'd
And groſs o'er all unfeeling Bondage ſpread.
Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant Flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful Wing: when GREECE with GREECE
Embroil'd in foul Contention, fought no more
For common Glory, and for common Weal:
But falſe to Freedom, ſought to quell the Free;
Broke the firm Band of Peace, and ſacred Love,
That lent the Whole irrefragable Force;
And, as around the partial Trophy bluſh'd,
Prepar'd the way for total Overthrow.
Then to the *Perſian* Power, whoſe Pride they ſcorn'd,

When

When XERXES pour'd his Millions o'er the Land,
Sparta, by turns, and *Athens* vilely ſue'd;
Sue'd to be venal Parricides, to ſpill
Their Country's braveſt Blood, and on themſelves
To turn their matchleſs mercenary Arms.
Peaceful in *Suſa*, then, ſat the * *Great King*;
And by the trick of Treaties, the ſtill Waſte
Of ſly *Corruption*, and Barbaric Gold,
Effected what his Steel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious Draught,
Inflaming all the Land: unballanc'd wide
Their tottering States; their wild Aſſemblies rul'd,
As the Winds turn at every Blaſt the Seas:
And by their liſted Orators, whoſe Breath
Still with a factious Storm infeſted GREECE,
Rous'd them to Civil War, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid Peace—† Peace! that, when *Sparta* ſhook

* So the Kings of *Perſia* were call'd by the *Greeks*.

† The Peace made by ANTALCIDAS, the *Lacedemonian* Admiral, with the *Perſians*; by which the *Lacedemonians* abandon'd all the *Greeks* eſtabliſh'd in the leſſer *Aſia* to the Dominion of the King of *Perſia*.

Aſtoniſh'd ARTAXERXES on his Throne;
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er *Aſia*'s ſunny Shore,
Their kindred Cities to perpetual Chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a Thought
In *Spartan* Hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring * *Athens* rear again her Walls;
And the pale Fury fir'd them, once again
To cruſh this rival City to the Duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial Soul
Of LIBERTY *my Families* combin'd;
But by ſhort Views, and ſelfiſh Paſſions, broke,
Dire as when Friends are rankled into Foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wage'd Eternal War:
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted Force;
Nor, with falſe Glory, Diſcord, Madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackening Storm from *Thracia* came.
† Long Years roll'd on, by many a Battle ſtain'd,
The

* *Athens* had been diſmantled by the *Lacedemonians*, at the end of the firſt *Peloponneſian* War, and was at this time reſtored by CONON to its former Splendor.

† The *Peloponneſian* War.

The Bluſh and Boaſt of Fame! where Courage, Art,
And military Glory ſhone ſupreme:
But let deteſting Ages, from the Scene
Of GREECE ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening Eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand Wounds,
She felt her Spirits fail; and in the Duſt
Her lateſt Heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,
AGESILAUS, and the * THEBAN FRIENDS:
The *Macedonian* Vultur mark'd his Time,
By the dire Scent of † *Cheronæa* lur'd,
And, fierce-deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs Prey.

THUS tame ſubmitted to the Victor's Yoke
GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every Grace, and Muſe, and Science born;
With Arts of War, of Government elate;
To *Tyrants* dreadful, dreadful to the *Beſt*;

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

† The Battle of *Cheronæa*, in which PHILIP of *Macedon* utterly defeated the *Greeks*.

Whom I MYSELF could ſcarcely rule: and thus
The *Perſian* Fetters, that inthrall'd the Mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent Chains.
Unleſs CORRUPTION firſt deject the Pride,
And guardian Vigour of the free-born Soul,
All crude Attempts of *Violence* are vain;
For firm within, and while at Heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But ſoon as INDEPENDANCE ſtoops the Head,
To *Vice* enſlav'd, and *Vice-created Wants*;
Then to ſome *foul corrupting Hand*, whoſe waſte
Theſe heighten'd Wants with fatal Bounty feeds:
From Man to Man the ſlackening Ruin runs,
Till the whole State unnerv'd in SLAVERY ſinks.

ROME:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART III.

AS *this* Part *contains a Deſcription of the Eſtabliſhment of* LIBERTY *in* ROME, *it begins with a View of the* Grecian *Colonies ſettled in the Southern Parts of* Italy, *which with* Sciliy *conſtituted the* Great Greece *of the Antients. With theſe Colonies the* Spirit *of* LIBERTY, *and of* Republics, *ſpreads over* Italy; *to* Ver. 32. *Tranſition to* PYTHAGORAS *and his Philoſophy, which he taught thro' theſe free States and Cities; to* Ver. 71. *Amidſt the many ſmall* Republics *in* Italy, ROME *the deſtined Seat of* LIBERTY. *Her Eſtabliſhment there dated from the Expulſion of the* Tarquins. *How differing from That in* GREECE; *to* Ver. 88. *Reference to a View of the* ROMAN REPUBLIC *given in the* Firſt Part *of this* Poem: *to mark its* Riſe *and* Fall *the peculiar Purport of* This. *During its firſt Ages, the greateſt Force of* LIBERTY, *and* Virtue, *exerted; to* Ver. 103. *The Source whence derived the* Heroic Virtues *of the* ROMANS. *Enumeration of theſe* Virtues. *Thence their Security at Home; their Glory, Succeſs, and Empire, Abroad; to* Ver. 226. *Bounds of the* Roman *Empire geographically deſcribed; to* Ver. 257. *The States of* GREECE *reſtored to* LIBERTY, *by* TITUS QUINTUS FLAMINIUS, *the higheſt Inſtance of Public Generoſity and Beneficence; to* Ver. 328. *The Loſs of* LIBERTY *in* ROME. *Its Cauſes, Progreſs, and Completion in the Death of* BRUTUS; *to* Ver. 485. ROME *under the Emperors; to* Ver. 513. *From* ROME *the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY *goes among the* NORTHERN NATIONS; *where, by infuſing into them her* Spirit *and general Principles,* SHE *lays the Groundwork of her future Eſtabliſhments; ſends them in Vengeance on the* Roman *Empire, now totally enſlaved; and then, with* Arts *and* Sciences *in her Train, quits Earth during the* dark Ages; *to* Ver. 550. *The Celeſtial Regions, to which* LIBERTY *retired, not proper to be opened to the View of Mortals.*

LIBERTY.

PART III.

HERE melting mix'd with Air th' Ideal Forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the GODDESS ſung.
Then I, impatient.--" From extinguiſh'd GREECE,
" To what new Region ſtream'd the *Human Day?*"
She ſoftly ſighing, as when *Zephir* leaves,
Reſign'd to *Boreas*, the declining Year,
Reſum'd.—Indignant, theſe * laſt Scenes I fled;
And long e'er then, *Leucadia*'s cloudy Cliff,
And the *Ceraunian* Hills behind me thrown,
All LATIUM ſtood arrous'd. Ages before,
Great

* The laſt Struggles of *Liberty* in GREECE.

Great Mother of Republics! GREECE had pour'd,
Swarm after Swarm, her ardent Youth around.
On *Aſia*, *Afric*, *Sicily*, they ſtoop'd,
But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding Shore;
Where, from * *Lacinium* to *Etrurian* Vales,
They roll'd encreaſing Colonies along,
And lent Materials for my ROMAN REIGN.
With them *my Spirit* ſpread; and numerous States,
And Cities roſe, on *Grecian* Models form'd;
As its Parental Policy, and Arts,
Each had imbib'd. Beſides, to Each aſſign'd
A *Guardian Genius*, o'er the Public Weal,
Kept an uncloſing Eye; try'd to ſuſtain,
Or more ſublime the Soul infus'd by ME:
And ſtrong the Battle roſe, with various Wave,
Againſt the *Tyrant Demons* of the Land.
Thus they their little Wars and Triumphs knew;

Their

* A Promontory in *Calabria*.

Their Flows of Fortune, and receding Times,
But almoſt all below the proud Regard
Of Story vow'd to ROME, on Deeds intent
That *Truth* beyond the Flight of *Fable* bore.

NOT ſo the * SAMIAN SAGE; to him belongs
The brighteſt Witneſs of recording Fame.
For theſe free States his native † Iſle forſook,
And a vain Tyrant's tranſitory Smile,
He ſought *Crotona*'s pure ſalubrious Air,
And thro' ‡ *Great Greece* his gentle Wiſdom taught;
Wiſdom that calm'd for ‖ liſtening Years the Mind,
Nor ever heard amid the Storm of Zeal.
His mental Eye firſt launch'd into the Deeps
Of boundleſs Æther; where unnumber'd Orbs,
Myriads on Myriads, thro' the pathleſs Sky
Unerring

* PYTHAGORAS.
† *Samos*, over which then reigned the Tyrant POLYCRATES.
‡ The Southern Parts of *Italy*, and *Sicily*, ſo called becauſe of the *Grecian* Colonies there ſettled.
‖ His Scholars were enjoined Silence for five Years.

Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady Way.
There he the full conſenting Choir beheld;
There firſt diſcern'd the ſecret Band of Love,
The kind Attraction, that no central Suns
Binds circling Earths, and World with World unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great Ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,
The *Sun* of Beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, Life, and Love, and ever-active Power:
Whom nought can image, and who beſt approves
The ſilent Worſhip of the moral Heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and ſpreads the Joy.
Nor ſcorn'd the ſoaring Sage to ſtoop to Life,
And bound his Reaſon to the Sphere of Man.
He gave the four yet * reigning Virtues name;
Inſpir'd the Study of the finer Arts,
That civilize Mankind, and Laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd Juſtice Mercy mix'd.

He

* The four Cardinal Virtues.

He even, into his tender Syſtem, took
Whatever ſhares the Brotherhood of Life:
He taught that Life's indiſſoluble Flame,
From Brute to Man, and Man to Brute again,
For ever ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againſt the blood-polluted Meal,
And Limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred Soul,
To turn the human Heart. Delightful Truth!
Had he beheld the living Chain aſcend,
And not a *circling* Form but *riſing* whole.

Amid theſe ſmall Republics one aroſe,
On yellow *Tyber*'s Bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for Me. A nobler Spirit warm'd
Her Sons; and, rous'd by Tyrants, nobler ſtill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud *Tarquins* chas'd,
With all their Crimes; bad radiant Æras riſe,
And the long Honours of the *Conſul-Line.*

Here

HERE from the fairer, not the greater, Plan
Of GREECE I vary'd; whoſe unmixing States,
By the keen Soul of Emulation pierc'd,
Long wage'd alone the bloodleſs War of Arts,
And their *beſt* Empire gain'd. But to diffuſe
O'er Men an Empire was my Purpoſe now:
To let my martial Majeſty abroad;
Into the Vortex of one State to draw
The whole mix'd Force, and *Liberty*, on Earth;
To conquer Tyrants, and ſet Nations free.

ALREADY have I given, with flying Touch,
A broken View of this my ampleſt Reign.
Now, while its firſt, laſt, Periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it lab'ring roſe, and rapid fell.

WHEN ROME in Noon-tide Empire graſp'd the World,
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs Legions ſhone,

The Nations ſtoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
Her Grandeur moſt, yet in her Dawn of Power,
By many a jealous equal People preſs'd,
Then was the Toil, the mighty Struggle then;
Then for each *Roman* I an *Hero* told;
And every paſſing Sun, and *Latian* Scene,
Saw patriot Virtues then, and awful Deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the Faith of modern Times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred Horror ſtrike.

For then, to prove my moſt exalted Power,
I to the Point of full Perfection puſh'd,
To Fondneſs, and enthuſiaſtic Zeal,
The great the reigning Paſſion of the *Free*:
That Godlike Paſſion! which, the Bounds of *Self*
Divinely burſting, the whole Public takes
Into the Heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd Ardor of unnumber'd *Selves*;

Of all who ſafe beneath the *Voted Laws*
Of the ſame parent State, fraternal, live.
From this kind *Sun* of *Moral Nature* flow'd
Virtues, that ſhine the Light of Human-kind,
And, ray'd thro' Story, warm remoteſt Time.
Theſe *Virtues* too, reflected to their Source,
Encreas'd its Flame. The ſocial Charm went round,
The fair Idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by Virtue mark'd; till *Romans*, all
One Band of Friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their Country rais'd her plaintive Voice,
The Voice of pleading Nature was not heard;
And in their Hearts the Fathers throb'd no more:
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the Whole.
Hence ſweeten'd Pain, the Luxury of Toil;
Patience, that baffle'd Fortune's utmoſt Rage;
High-minded Hope, which at the loweſt Ebb,

When

When *Brennus* conquer'd, and when *Cannæ* bled,
The braveſt Impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd Deſpair.
Hence Moderation a new Conqueſt gain'd;
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending Heaven,
Their dewy Mercy drop'd, their Bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring Hand were Crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of Men, hence hard laborious Life,
Which no Fatigue can quell, no Seaſon pierce.
Hence, INDEPENDANCE, with his *Little* pleas'd
Serene, and Self-ſufficient, like a God;
In whom CORRUPTION could not lodge one Charm,
While he his *honeſt Roots* to *Gold* preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his *Sabine* Field,
The *Man* maintain'd, the *Roman's* Splendor all
Was in the Public Wealth and Glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough Swain, to guide the Plough;
Or elſe, the Purple o'er his Shoulder thrown,
In long Majeſtic flow, to rule the State,

With Wiſdom's pureſt Eye; or, clad in Steel,
To drive the ſteady Battle on the Foe.
Hence every Paſſion, even the proudeſt, ſtoop'd,
To Common-Good: CAMILLUS, thy Revenge;
Thy Glory, FABIUS. All ſubmiſſive hence,
Conſuls, *Dictators*, ſtill reſign'd their Rule;
The very Moment that the Laws ordain'd.
Tho' Conqueſt o'er them clap'd her Eagle-wings,
Her Laurels wreath'd, and yoke'd her ſnowy Steeds
To the triumphal Car: ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt Hour of Sway; taught to ſubmit,
(A harder Leſſon That than to command)
Into the *Private Roman* ſunk the *Chief*.
If ROME was ſerv'd, and Glorious, careleſs they
By whom. Their Country's Fame they deem'd their own;
And above Envy, in a Rival's Train,
Sung the loud *Iös* by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs Courage. On *Cremera*'s Bank,

Hence

Hence fell the FABII; hence the DECII dy'd;
And CURTIUS plung'd into the flaming Gulph.
Hence REGULUS the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful Counſel never given before;
For *Roman* Honour ſue'd, and his own Doom.
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a Death prepar'd
By *Punic* Rage. On Earth his manly Look
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt Embrace,
By Chains polluted, put his Wife aſide,
His little Children climbing for a Kiſs;
Then dumb thro' Rows of weeping wondering Friends,
A new illuſtrious Exile! preſs'd along.
Nor leſs impatient did he pierce the Crouds
Oppoſing his Return, than if, eſcap'd
From long litigious Suits, he glad forſook
The noiſy Town a while and City Cloud,
To breathe *Venafrian*, or *Tarentine* Air.
Need I theſe high Particulars recount?

The meaneſt Boſom felt a Thirſt for Fame;
Flight their worſt Death, and Shame their only Fear.
Life had no Charms, nor any Terrors Fate,
When ROME and Glory call'd. But, in one View,
Mark the rare Boaſt of theſe unequal'd Times.
Ages revolv'd unſully'd by a Crime:
Aſtrea reign'd, and ſcarcely needed Laws,
To bind a Race elated with the Pride
Of Virtue, and diſdaining to deſcend
To Meanneſs, mutual Violence, and Wrongs.
While War around them rag'd, in happy ROME
All peaceful ſmil'd, all ſave the paſſing Clouds
That often hang on *Freedom*'s jealous Brow;
And fair unblemiſh'd Centuries elaps'd,
When not a *Roman* bled but in the Field.
Their Virtue ſuch, that an unballanc'd State,
Still between *Noble* and *Prebeian* toſt,
As flow'd the Wave of fluctuating Power,

By

By that kept firm, and with triumphant Prow
Rode out the Storms. Oft tho' the Native Feuds,
That from the firſt their Conſtitution ſhook,
(A latent Ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening Point of Civil War
Ready to ruſh: yet could the lenient Voice
Of Wiſdom, ſoothing the tumultuous Soul,
Theſe Sons of Virtue calm. Their generous Hearts,
Unpetrify'd by *Self*, ſo naked lay
And ſenſible to *Truth*, that o'er the Rage
Of giddy Faction, by Oppreſſion ſwell'd,
Prevail'd a ſimple Fable, and at once
To Peace recover'd the divided State.
But if their often-cheated Hopes refus'd
The ſoothing Touch; ſtill, in the Love of ROME,
The dread *Dictator* found a ſure Reſource.
Was ſhe aſſaulted? was her Glory ſtain'd?
One common Quarrel wide inflam'd the Whole.

Foes in the *Forum* in the *Field* were Friends,
By ſocial Danger bound; each fond for each,
And for their deareſt Country all, to die.

THUS up the Hill of Empire ſlow they toil'd:
Till the bold Summit gain'd, the thouſand States
Of proud ITALIA blended into One;
Then o'er the Nations they reſiſtleſs ruſh'd,
And touch'd the Limits of the failing World.

LET Fancy's Eye the diſtant Lines unite.
See That which borders wild the Weſtern Main,
Where Storms at large reſound, and Tides immenſe:
From *Caledonia*'s dim *Cærulean* Coaſt,
And moiſt *Hibernia*, to where *Atlas*, lodg'd
Amid the reſtleſs Clouds and leaning Heaven,
Hangs o'er the Deep that borrows thence it's Name.
Mark That oppos'd, where firſt the ſpringing Morn

Her

Her Roſes ſheds, and ſhakes around her Dews:
From the dire Deſarts by the *Caſpian* lav'd,
To where the *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, join'd,
Impetuous tear the *Babylonian* Plain;
And bleſt *Arabia* aromatic breathes,
See That dividing far the watry North,
Parent of Floods! from the majeſtic *Rhine*,
Drunk by *Batavian* Meads, to where, ſeven-mouth'd,
In *Euxine* Waves the flaſhing *Danube* roars;
To where the frozen *Tanais* ſcarcely ſtirs
The dead *Meotic* Pool, or the long * *Rha*,
In the black † *Scythian* Sea his Torrent throws.
Laſt, That beneath the burning Zone behold.
See where it runs, from the deep-loaded Plains
Of *Mauritania* to the *Lybian* Sands,
Where *Ammon* lifts amid the torrid Waſte
A verdant Iſle, with Shade and Fountain freſh;

And

* The antient Name of the *Volga*.
† The *Caſpian* Sea.

And farther to the full *Egyptian* Shore,
To where the *Nile* from *Ethiopian* Clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal Urn, deſcends.
In this vaſt Space what various Tongues, and States!
What bounding Rocks, and Mountains, Floods, and Seas!
What Purple Tyrants quell'd, and Nations free'd!

O'ER GREECE deſcended chief, with ſtealth divine,
The *Roman* Bounty in a Flood of Day:
As at her *Iſthmian* Games, a fading Pomp!
Her full-aſſembled Youth innumerous ſwarm'd.
On a Tribunal rais'd FLAMINIUS ſat;
A Victor he, from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated *Macedon*, and back
The *Grecian* * Tyrant to his Bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtleſs Gaiety of Game,
While Sport alone their unambitious Hearts
Poſſeſs'd; the ſudden Trumpet, ſounding hoarſe,
Bad

* The King of *Macedonia*.

Bad Silence o'er the bright Aſſembly reign.
Then thus a Herald.—" To the States of GREECE
" The ROMAN PEOPLE, unconfin'd, reſtore
" Their Countries, Cities, Liberties, and Laws:
" Taxes remit, and Garriſons withdraw."
The Croud aſtoniſh'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; ſome queſtion'd, ſome exclaim'd,
(Like one who dreaming, between Hope and Fear,
Is loſt in anxious Joy) be that again,
Be that again proclaim'd, diſtinct, and loud.
Loud, and diſtinct, it was again proclaim'd;
And ſtill as Midnight in the Rural Shade,
When the Gale ſlumbers, they the Words devour'd.
A while ſevere Amazement held them mute,
Then, burſting broad, the boundleſs Shout to Heaven
From many a thouſand Heart extatic ſprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their Joy
The ſwelling Sea, the Rocks, and vocal Hills:

Thro'

Thro' all her Turrets ſtately * *Corinth* ſhook;
And, from the Void above of ſhatter'd Air,
The flitting Bird fell breathleſs to the ground.
What piercing Bliſs! how keen a Senſe of Fame,
Did then, FLAMINIUS, reach thy inmoſt Soul?
And with what deep-felt Glory didſt thou then
Eſcape the Fondneſs of tranſported GREECE?
Mix'd in a Tempeſt of ſuperior Joy,
They left the Sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict Embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a Slaves; and loud Acclaims till Night
Round the *Proconſul*'s Tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with Garlands, came the feſtive Hours;
And Muſic, ſparkling Wine, and Converſe warm,
Their Raptures wak'd a-new.--"Ye Gods! they cry'd,
"Ye guardian Gods of GREECE! And are we free?
"Was it not Madneſs deem'd the very Thought?

"And

* The *Iſthmian* Games were celebrated at *Corinth*.

" And is it true? How did we purchaſe Chains?
" At what a dire Expence of Kindred Blood?
" And are they now diſſolv'd? And ſcarce one Drop
" For the fair firſt of Bleſſings have we paid?
" Courage, and Conduct, in the doubtful Field,
" When rages wide the Storm of mingling War,
" Are rare indeed; but how to generous Ends
" To turn Succeſs, and Conqueſt, rarer ſtill:
" That the *Great Gods* and *Romans* only know.
" Lives there on Earth, almoſt to GREECE unknown,
" A People ſo magnanimous, to quit
" Their native Soil, traverſe the ſtormy Deep,
" And by their Blood and Treaſure, ſpent for us,
" Redeem our States, our Liberties, and Laws!
" There does! there does! Oh Saviour TITUS!
ROME!"
Thus thro' the happy Night they pour'd their Souls,
And in my laſt reflected Beams rejoic'd.
As when the Shepherd, on the Mountain Brow,

Sits

Sits piping to his Flocks, and gameſome Kids;
Mean time the Sun, beneath the green Earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the Scene a parting Gleam:
Short is the Glory that the Mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering Flocks, and glads the Swain;
To weſtern Worlds irrevocable roll'd,
Rapid, the Source of Light recalls his Ray.

HERE interpoſing I.—"Oh QUEEN of Men!
"Beneath whoſe Sceptre in eſſential Rights
"Equal they live; tho' plac'd, for common Good,
"Various, or in Subjection or Command;
"And that by common Choice: alas! the Scene,
"With Virtue, Freedom, and with Glory bright,
"Streams into Blood, and darkens into Woe."
Thus SHE purſu'd.—Near this great Æra, ROME
Began to feel the ſwift Approach of Fate,
That now her Vitals gain'd: ſtill more and more

Her

Her deep Diviſions kindling into Rage,
And War with Chains and Deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal Ballance of her Sons
Theſe fierce Contentions ſprung; and, as encreas'd
This hated Inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to Tumult. INDEPENDANCE fail'd;
Here by *luxurious* Wants, by *real there*;
And with this Virtue every Virtue ſunk:
As, with the ſliding Rock, the Pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt Attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made,
To fix the flying Scale, and poiſe the State.
On one ſide ſwell'd *Ariſtocratic Pride*;
With *Uſury*, the *Villain!* whoſe fell Gripe
Bends by degrees to Baſeneſs the *free* Soul;
And *Luxury* rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of Vice! While on the other crept
A *Populace in Want*, with Pleaſure fir'd;
Fit for Proſcriptions, for the darkeſt Deeds,

As

As the proud *Feeder* bad; inconſtant, blind,
Deſerting Friends at Need, and dupe'd by Foes;
Loud and Seditious, when a Chief inſpir'd
Their headlong Fury, but, of him depriv'd,
Already *Slaves* that lick'd the ſcourging Hand.

THIS firm *Republic*, that againſt the Blaſt
Of Oppoſition roſe; that (like an Oak,
Nurs'd on feracious *Algidum*, whoſe Boughs
Sill ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid Axe)
By Loſs, by Slaughter, from the Steel itſelf,
Even Force and Spirit drew; ſmit with the Calm,
The *dead Serene* of proſperous Fortune, pine'd.
Nought now her weighty Legions could oppoſe;
Her * Terror once, on *Afric*'s tawny Shore,
Now ſmoak'd in Duſt, a Stabling now for Wolves;
And every dreaded Power receiv'd the Yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd Eaſt,

In

* CARTHAGE.

In the ſoft Plunder, came that worſt of Plagues,
That Peſtilence of Mind, a feaver'd Thirſt
For the falſe Joys, which *Luxury* prepares.
Unworthy Joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of Honour, in reflecting Hour,
No ſecret Ray to glad the conſcious Soul;
At once involving in one Ruin Wealth,
And Wealth-acquiring Powers: while ſtupid *Self*,
Of narrow Guſt, and hebetating Senſe
Devour the nobler Faculties of Bliſs.
Hence *Roman Virtue* ſlacken'd into Sloth;
Security relax'd the ſoftening State;
And the broad Eye of Government lay cloſ'd.
No more the Laws inviolable reign'd,
And Public Weal no more: but Party rage'd;
And partial Power, and Licence unreſtrain'd,
Let *Diſcord* thro' the deathful City looſe.
Firſt, mild * TIBERIUS, on thy ſacred Head

* TIB. GRACCHUS.

The Fury's Vengeance fell; the Firſt, whoſe Blood
Had ſince the Conſuls ſtain'd contending ROME.
Of Precedent pernicious---With Thee bled
Three hundred *Romans*; with thy Brother, next,
Three Thouſand more: till, in two Battles turn'd
Debates of Peace, and forc'd the trembling Laws,
The *Forum* and *Comitia* horrid grew,
A Scene of barter'd Power, or reeking Gore.
When, half-aſham'd, CORRUPTION'S *Thieviſh Arts*,
And *Ruffian Force* begin to ſap the Mounds
And Majeſty of Laws; if not in Time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human Aid too ſtrong
The Torrent turns, and overbears the Whole.

THUS *Luxury*, *Diſſenſion*, a mix'd *Rage*
Of boundleſs *Pleaſure* and of boundleſs *Wealth*,
Want wiſhing *Change* and *Waſte* repairing *War*,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful Toil,

Guilt

Guilt unatton'd, profuſe of Blood *Revenge*,
CORRUPTION all-avow'd, and *lawleſs Force*,
Each heightening Each, alternate ſhook the State.
Mean time *Ambition*, at the dazling Head
Of hardy Legions, with the Laurels heap'd
And Spoil of Nations, in one circling Blaſt
Combin'd in various Storm, and from it's Baſe
The broad REPUBLIC tore. By *Virtue* built
It touch'd the Skies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd Earth
An ample Roof: by *Virtue* too ſuſtain'd,
And ballanc'd ſteady, every Tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bad it firmer ſtand.
But when, with ſudden and enormous Change,
The *firſt* of Mankind ſunk into the *laſt*,
As once in *Virtue* ſo in *Vice* extreme,
This univerſal Fabric yielded looſe,
Before *Ambition* ſtill; and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath it's Ruins cruſh'd a World.

A conquering People, to themſelves a Prey,
Muſt ever fall; when their victorious Troops,
In Blood and Rapine ſavage grown, can find
No Land to ſack and pillage but their own.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, firſt
Effus'd the Deluge dire of Civil Blood,
Unceaſing Woes began: and This, or That,
(Deep-drenching their Revenge) nor Virtue ſpar'd,
Nor Sex, nor Age, nor Quality, nor Name;
Till ROME, into an human Shambles turn'd,
Made Deſarts lovely.---Oh to well-earn'd Chains.
Devoted Race!--- If no true ROMAN then,
No SCÆVOLA there was, to raiſe for ME
A vengeful Hand: was there no Father, robb'd
Of blooming Youth to prop his wither'd Age?
No Son, a Witneſs to his hoary Sire
In Duſt and Gore defil'd? No Friend, forlorn?

No Wretch, that doubtful trembl'd for himſelf?
None Brave, or Wild, to pierce a Monſter's Heart,
Who, heaping Horror round, no more deſerv'd
The ſacred Shelter of the Laws he ſpurn'd?
No. Sad o'er all profound Dejection ſat;
And nerveleſs Fear. The Slave's Aſylum theirs:
Or Flight, ill-judging, that the timid Back
Turns weak to Slaughter; or partaken Guilt.
In vain from SYLLA's Vanity I drew
An unexample'd Deed. The Power reſign'd,
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth reſtor'd,
Amaz'd the Public, and effac'd his Crimes.
Thro' Streets yet ſtreaming from his murderous Hand
Unarm'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
And on the Bed of Peace his Aſhes laid;
A Grace, which I to his Demiſſion gave.
But with him dy'd not the deſpotic Soul.
Ambition ſaw that ſtooping ROME could bear

A MASTER, *nor had Virtue to be free.*
Hence, for ſucceeding Years, my troubled Reign
No certain Peace, no ſpreading Proſpect knew.
Deſtruction gather'd round. Still the black Soul,
Or of a CATILINE, or *RULLUS, ſwell'd
With fell Deſigns: and all the watchful Art
Of CICERO demanded, all the Force,
All the State-wielding Magic of his Tongue;
And all the Thunder of my CATO's Zeal.
With theſe I linger'd; till the Flame anew
Burſt out in Blaze immenſe, and wrapt the World.
The ſhameful Conteſt ſprung; to whom Mankind
Should yield the Neck: to POMPEY, who conceal'd
A Rage impatient of an equal Name;
Or to the nobler CÆSAR, on whoſe Brow
O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue ſmil'd,
And

* PUB. SERVILIUS RULLUS, Tribune of the People, propoſed an *Agrarian Law*, in appearance very advantageous for the *People*, but deſtructive of their Liberty; and which was defeated by the Eloquence of CICERO, in his Speech againſt RULLUS.

And who no leſs a vain Superior ſcorn'd.
Both bled, but bled in vain. New Traitors roſe.
The Venal WILL *be bought, the Baſe have Lords.*
To theſe vile Wars I left ambitious Slaves;
And from *Philippi*'s Field, from where in Duſt
The laſt of *Romans*, matchleſs BRUTUS! lay,
Spread to the North untam'd a rapid Wing.

WHAT tho' the firſt ſmooth CÆSARS Arts careſs'd,
Merit, and Virtue, ſimulating ME?
Severely tender! cruelly humane!
The Chain to clinch, and make it ſofter ſit
On the new-broken ſtill ferocious State.
From the dark * *Third*, ſucceeding, I beheld
Th' Imperial Monſters all.---A Race on Earth
Vindictive ſent, the Scourge of Human-kind!
Whoſe blind Profuſion drain'd a Bankrupt World;
Whoſe Luſt to forming Nature ſeems Diſgrace;

* TIBERIUS.

And whoſe Infernal Rage bad every Drop
Of antient Blood, that yet retain'd my Flame,
To that of * PÆTUS, in the peaceful Bath,
Or ROME's affrighted Streets inglorious flow.
But almoſt juſt the meanly-patient Death,
That waits a Tyrant's unprevented Stroke.
TITUS indeed gave one ſhort Evening Gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midſt it ſpread
Of Storm, and Horror. The Delight of Men!
He who the Day, when his o'erflowing Hand
Had made no happy Heart, concluded loſt,
TRAJAN and HE, with the MILD † SIRE and SON,
His Son of Virtue! eas'd awhile Mankind;
And *Arts* reviv'd beneath their gentle Beam.
Then was their laſt Effort: what *Sculpture* rais'd
To

* THRASEA PÆTUS, put to death by *Nero*. TACITUS introduces the Account he gives of his Death thus.— "After "having inhumanly ſlaughter'd ſo many illuſtrious Men, he "(*Nero*) burned at laſt with a Deſire of cutting off Virtue itſelf "in the Perſon of THRASEA, *&c.*"

† ANTONINUS PIUS, and his adopted Son MARCUS AURELIUS, afterwards called ANTONINUS PHILOSOPHUS.

To TRAJAN's Glory, following Triumphs ſtole;
And mix'd with *Gothic* Forms, (the Chiſſel's Shame)
On that Triumphal * Arch, the Forms of GREECE.

MEAN-TIME o'er rocky *Thrace*, and the deep Vales
Of gelid *Hæmus*, I purſu'd my Flight;
And, piercing fartheſt *Scythia*, weſtward ſwept
† *Sarmatia*, travers'd by a thouſand Streams.
A ſullen Land of Lakes, and Fens immenſe,
Of Rocks, reſounding Torrents, gloomy Heaths,
And cruel Deſarts black with ſounding Pine;
Where Nature frowns: tho' ſometimes into Smiles
She ſoftens; and immediate, at the Touch
Of ſouthern Gales, throws from the ſudden Glebe
Luxuriant Paſture, and a Waſte of Flowers.
But, Cold-compreſt, when the whole loaded Heaven
Deſcends

* CONSTANTINE's Arch, to build which, That of TRAJAN was deſtroy'd, Sculpture having been then almoſt intirely loſt.

† The antient *Sarmatia* contain'd a vaſt Tract of Country running all along the North of *Europe*, and *Aſia*.

Deſcends in Snow, loſt in one white Abrupt,
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd Earth; and, ſeiz'd by Froſt,
Lakes, headlong Streams, and Floods, and Oceans
ſleep.
Yet there Life glows; the furry Millions there
Deep-dig their Dens beneath the ſheltering Snows:
And there a Race of Men prolific ſwarms,
To various Pain, to little Pleaſure us'd;
On whom, keen-parching, beat *Riphæan* Winds;
Hard like their Soil, and like their Climate fierce;
The Nurſery of Nations!--- Theſe I rous'd,
Drove Land on Land, on People People pour'd;
Till from almoſt perpetual Night they broke,
As if in Search of Day; and o'er the Banks
Of yielding Empire, only Slave-ſuſtain'd,
Reſiſtleſs rage'd, in Vengeance urg'd by ME.

LONG in the barbarous Heart the bury'd Seeds
Of *Freedom* lay, for many a wintry Age;

And

And tho' my Spirit work'd, by ſlow Degrees,
Nought but it's Pride and Fierceneſs yet appear'd.
Then was the Night of Time, that parted Worlds.
I quitted Earth the while. As when the Tribes
Aërial, warn'd of riſing Winter, ride
Autumnal Winds, to warmer Climates borne;
So, *Arts* and each *good Genius* in my Train,
I cut the cloſing Gloom, and ſoar'd to Heaven.

In the bright Regions there of pureſt Day,
Far other Scenes, and Palaces, ariſe,
Adorn'd profuſe with other Arts divine.
All Beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a Roſe before the mid-day Sun,
Shrink up it's Bloſſom; like a Bubble break
The paſſing poor Magnificence of Kings.
For there the KING OF NATURE, in full Blaze,
Calls every Splendor forth; and there his Court

Amid

Amid Ætherial Powers, and Virtues, holds:
Angel, Archangel, tutelary Gods,
Of Cities, Nations, Empires, and of Worlds.
But Sacred be the Veil, that kindly clouds
A Light too keen for Mortals, wraps a View
Too ſoftening Fair, for Thoſe that here in Duſt
Muſt chearful toil out their appointed Years.
A Senſe of higher Life would only damp
The School-Boy's Taſk, and ſpoil his playful Hours.
Nor could the Child of Reaſon, feeble Man,
With Vigour thro' this Infant Being drudge;
Did brighter Worlds, their unimagin'd Bliſs
Diſcloſing, dazle and diſſolve his Mind.

BRITAIN:

Being the FOURTH PART of

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

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Difference betwixt the Ancients *and* Moderns *ſlightly touch'd upon, to Ver.* 30. *Deſcription of the dark Ages. The* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *who during theſe is ſuppoſed to have left Earth, returns, attended with* ARTS *and* SCIENCE, *to Ver.* 100. *She firſt deſcends on* Italy. Sculpture, Painting, *and* Architecture *fix at* Rome, *to revive their ſeveral Arts by the great Models of Antiquity there, which many barbarous Invaſions had not been able to deſtroy. The Revival of theſe Arts marked out. That ſometimes Arts may flouriſh for a while under deſpotic Governments, tho' never the natural and genuine Production of them, to Ver.* 254. Learning *begins to dawn. The* Muſe *and* Science *attend* LIBERTY, *who in her Progreſs towards* GREAT-BRITAIN *raiſes ſeveral free States and Cities. Theſe enumerated, to Ver.* 381. *Author's Exclamation of Joy, upon ſeeing the* Britiſh *Seas and Coaſt riſe in the* Viſion, *which painted whatever the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY *ſaid. She reſumes her Narration. The* Genius of the Deep *appears, and, addreſſing* LIBERTY, *aſſociates* GREAT-BRITAIN *into his Dominion, to Ver.* 451. LIBERTY *received and congratulated by* BRITANNIA, *and the* Native Genii *or* Virtues *of the Iſland. Theſe deſcribed. Animated by the Preſence of* LIBERTY, *they begin their Operations. Their beneficent Influence contraſted with the Works and Deluſions of oppoſing* Demons; *to Ver.* 626. *Concludes with an Abſtract of the* Engliſh *Hiſtory, marking the ſeveral Advances of* LIBERTY, *down to her compleat Eſtabliſhment at the* Revolution.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

STRUCK with the riſing Scene, thus I amaz'd.
" Ah, GODDESS, what a Change! Is Earth
" the ſame?
" Of the ſame Kind the ruthleſs Race ſhe feeds?
" And does the ſame fair Sun, and Æther ſpread
" Round this vile Spot their all-enlivening Soul?
" Lo! Beauty fails; loſt in unlovely Forms
" Of little Pomp, Magnificence no more
" Exalts the Mind, and bids the Public ſmile:
" While to rapacious Intereſt Glory leaves
" Mankind, and every Grace of Life is gone."

To

To this the POWER, whoſe vital Radiance calls
From the brute Maſs of Man an order'd World.

" WAIT 'till the Morning ſhines, and from the
Depth
" Of *Gothic* Darkneſs ſprings another Day.
" True, Genius droops; the tender antient Taſte
" Of Beauty, then freſh-blooming in her Prime,
" But faintly trembles thro' the callous Soul;
" And Grandeur, or of Morals, or of Life,
" Sinks into ſafe Purſuits, and creeping Cares.
" Even cautious Virtue ſeems to ſtoop her Flight,
" And aged Life to deem the generous Deeds
" Of Youth romantic. Yet in cooler Thought
" Well-reaſon'd, in Reſearches piercing deep
" Through Nature's Works, in profitable Arts,
" And all that calm Experience can diſcloſe,
" (Slow Guide, but ſure) behold the World anew
" Exalted riſe, with other Honours crown'd;

" And

" And, where My Spirit wakes the finer Powers,
" *Athenian* Laurels ſtill afreſh ſhall bloom."

Oblivious Ages paſs'd; while Earth, forſook
By her beſt Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd Prey.
Contention led the Van; firſt ſmall of Size,
But ſoon dilating to the Skies ſhe tow'rs:
Then, wide as Air, the livid Fury ſpread,
And high her Head above the ſtormy Clouds,
She blaz'd in Omens, ſwell'd the groaning Winds
With wild Surmizes, Battlings, Sounds of War:
From Land to Land the mad'ning Trumpet blew,
And pour'd her Venom thro' the Heart of Man.
Shook to the Pole, the *North* obey'd her Call.
Forth ruſh'd the bloody Power of Gothic War
War againſt Human-kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging Robbers in his Train:

Unliſtening, barbarous FORCE, to whom the Sword
Is Reaſon, Honour, Law: The FOE OF ARTS
By Monſters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd *their* Place. Outragious mix'd with *theſe*
Another Species of * Tyrannic Rule,
Unknown before, whoſe cancrous Shackles ſeiz'd
Th' envenom'd Soul; a wilder FURY, SHE
Even o'er her † ELDER SISTER tyranniz'd;
Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her Rage.
Dire was her Train, and loud: the SABLE BAND,
Thundering,—"Submit ye *Laity!* Ye prophane!
"Earth is the LORD's, and therefore OURS; let Kings
"Allow the common Claim, and Half be theirs;
"If not, behold! the ſacred Lightning flies:"
SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred Tongues,
For Science uttering jangling Words obſcure,
Where frighted Reaſon never yet could dwell:

Of

* Church Power, or Eccleſiaſtical Tyranny.
† Civil Tyranny.

Of peremptory Feature, CLERIC PRIDE,
Whoſe reddening Cheek no Contradiction bears;
And HOLY SLANDER, his Aſſociate firm,
On whom the *Lying Spirit* ſtill deſcends:
Mother of Tortures! PERSECUTING ZEAL,
High-flaſhing in her hand the ready Torch,
Or Ponyard bath'd in unbelieving Blood;
Hell's fierceſt Fiend! of Saintly Brow demure,
Aſſuming a celeſtial Seraph's Name,
While ſhe beneath the blaſphemous Pretence
Of pleaſing PARENT HEAVEN, the *Source of Love!*
Has wrought more Horrors, more deteſted Deeds,
Than all the reſt combin'd. Led on by Her,
And wild of head to work her fell Deſigns,
Came Idiot SUPERSTITION; round with Ears
Innumerous ſtrow'd, ten thouſand Monkiſh Forms
With Legends ply'd them, and with Tenets, meant
To charm or ſcare the Simple into Slaves,

And poiſon Reaſon; groſs, *She* ſwallows all,
The moſt abſurd believing ever moſt.
Broad o'er the Whole her univerſal Night,
The Gloom ſtill doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.

NOUGHT to be ſeen, but viſionary Monks
To Councils ſtrolling, and embroiling Creeds;
* *Banditti Saints*, diſturbing diſtant Lands;
And unknown Nations, wandering for a Home.
All lay revers'd: the ſacred Arts of Rule
Turn'd to flagitious Leagues againſt Mankind,
And Arts of Plunder more and more avow'd;
† Pure plain Devotion to a ſolemn Farce;
To holy Dotage Virtue, even to Guile,
To Murder, and a Mockery of Oaths;
Brave antient *Freedom* to the ‖ *Rage of Slaves*,
Proud of their State, and fighting for their Chains;

Diſ-

* Cruſaders. † The Corruptions of the Church of *Rome*.
‖ Vaſſalage, whence the Attachment of Clans to their Chief.

Diſhonour'd Courage to the * *Bravo*'s Trade,
To Civil Broil; and Glory to Romance.
Thus Human Life unhing'd to Ruin reel'd,
And giddy Reaſon totter'd on her Throne.

AT laſt HEAVEN's beſt inexplicable Scheme,
Diſcloſing, bad new brightening Æras ſmile.
The high Command gone forth, ARTS in my Train,
And Azure-mantled SCIENCE, ſwift WE ſpread
A ſounding Pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
With Indignation, urg'd her downward Flight.
On *Latium* firſt we ſtoop'd, for doubtful Life
That panted, ſunk beneath unnumber'd Woes.
Ah poor *Italia!* what a bitter Cup
Of Vengeance haſt thou drain'd? *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Huns*,
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every Land,
How many a ruffian Form haſt thou beheld?
What horrid Jargons heard, where Rage alone
Was all thy frighted Ear could comprehend?

* Duelling.

How frequent by the red inhuman Hand,
Yet warm with Brother's, Huſband's, Father's Blood,
Haſt thou thy Matrons and thy Virgins ſeen
To Violation dragg'd, and mingled Death?
What Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Ravage, Floods,
Have turn'd thy Cities into ſtony Wilds;
And ſuccourleſs, and bare, the poor Remains
Of Wretches forth to Nature's Common caſt?
Added to theſe, the ſtill continual Waſte
Of * inbred Foes, that on thy Vitals prey,
And, double Tyrants, ſeize the very Soul.
Where had'ſt thou Treaſures for this Rapine all?
Theſe hungry Myriads, that thy Bowels tore,
Heap'd Sack on Sack, and bury'd in their Rage
Wonders of Art; whence *this grey Scene* a Mine
Of more than Gold becomes and orient Gems,
Where *Egypt*, *Greece* and *Rome* united glow.

HERE

* The Hierarchy.

HERE SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, bent
From antient Models to reſtore their Arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they roſe.

AMID the hoary Ruins Sculpture firſt,
Deep-digging, from the Cavern dark and damp,
Their Grave for Ages, bad her Marble Race
Spring to new Light. Joy ſparkled in her Eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every Thought,
As ſhe the pleaſing Reſurrection ſaw.
In leaning Site, reſpiring from his Toils,
The well-known * *Hero*, who deliver'd *Greece*,
His ample Cheſt, all tempeſted with Force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She ſaw the Head,
Breathing the Hero, ſmall, of *Grecian* Size,
Scarce more extenſive than the ſinewy Neck;
The ſpreading Shoulders, muſcular, and broad;
The whole a Maſs of ſwelling Sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious Shape; ſhe ſaw, and joy'd.

* The *Hercules* of *Farneſe*.

The Yellow Hunter, *Meleager*, rais'd
His beauteous Front, and thro' the finiſh'd Whole
Shows what Ideas ſmil'd of old in *Greece*.
Of raging Aſpect, ruſh'd impetuous forth
The * *Gladiator*. Pityleſs his Look,
And each keen Sinew brac'd, the Storm of War,
Ruffling, o'er all his nervous Body frowns.
The † *Dying Other* from the Gloom ſhe drew.
Supported on his ſhorten'd Arm he leans,
Prone, agonizing; with incumbent Fate,
Heavy declines his Head; yet dark beneath
The ſuffering Feature ſullen Vengeance lowrs,
Shame, Indignation, unaccompliſh'd Rage,
And ſtill the cheated Eye expects his Fall.
All conqueſt-fluſh'd, from proſtrate *Python*, came
The ‖ *Quiver'd God*. In graceful Act he ſtands,
His Arm extended with the ſlacken'd Bow.

Light

* The *Fighting Gladiator*. † The *Dying Gladiator*.
‖ The *Apollo* of *Belviaere*.

Light flows his eaſy Robe, and fair diſplays
A manly-ſoften'd Form. The Bloom of Gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardleſs Cheek to wave.
His Features yet heroic Ardor warms;
And ſweet ſubſiding to a native Smile,
Mixt with the Joy elating Conqueſt gives,
A ſcatter'd Frown exalts his matchleſs Air.
On *Flora* mov'd; her full-proportion'd Limbs
Riſe thro' the Mantle fluttering in the Breeze.
The * *Queen of Love* aroſe, as from the Deep
She ſprung in all the melting Pomp of Charms.
Baſhful ſhe bends, her well-taught Look aſide
Turns in enchanting guiſe, where dubious mix
Vain conſcious Beauty, a diſſembled Senſe
Of modeſt Shame, and ſlippery Looks of Love.
The Gazer grows enamour'd, and the Stone,
As if exulting in it's Conqueſt, ſmiles.
So turn'd each Limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſoftening Art,

That

* The *Venus* of *Medici.*

That the deluded Eye the Marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt * *Maſterpiece* ſhe found,
That † *Maro* fir'd; the miſerable Sire,
Wrapt with his Sons in Fate's ſevereſt Graſp.
The Serpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent Folds
Inextricable tie. Such Paſſion here,
Such Agonies, ſuch Bitterneſs of Pain,
Seem ſo to tremble thro' the tortur'd Stone,
That the touch'd Heart engroſſes all the View.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt Proportions paſs,
That ever *Greece* beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt Eye th' imperious Paſſions ſeize:
The Father's double Pangs, both for himſelf
And Sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful Look,
Imploring Aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His fell Deſpair with Indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling Monſters from his ſide

His

* The Groupe of *Laocoon* and his two Sons, deſtroyed by two Serpents. † See *Æneid* II. Ver. 199,——227.

His full-extended Fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with vary'd Art, his Sons
All the ſoft Rage of younger Paſſions ſhow.
In a Boy's helpleſs Fate One ſinks oppreſs'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted Other tries
His Foot to ſteal out of the horrid Twine.

She bore no more, but ſtrait from *Gothic* Ruſt
Her Chiſel clear'd, and * Duſt and Fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as *it* went
From Son to Son, with more enlivening Touch,
From the brute Rock it call'd the breathing Form;
Till, in a Legiſlator's awful Grace
Dreſt, *Buonaroti* † bad a *Moſes* riſe,
And, looking Love immenſe, † a Saviour-God.

Of

* It is reported of *Michael Angelo Buonaroti*, the moſt celebrated Maſter in modern *Sculpture*, that he wrought with a kind of Inſpiration, or Enthuſiaſtical Fury, which produced the Effect here mentioned.

† Eſteemed the two fineſt Pieces of modern *Sculpture*.

Of *Theſe* obſervant, Painting felt the Fire
Burn inward. Then extatic She diffus'd
The Canvaſs, ſeiz'd the Pallet, with quick Hand
The Colours brew'd; and on the void Expanſe
Her gay Creation pour'd, her mimic World.
Poor was the Manner of her Eldeſt Race,
Barren, and dry; juſt ſtruggling from the Taſte,
That had for Ages ſcar'd in Cloyſters dim
The ſuperſtitious Herd: Yet glorious then
Were deem'd their Works; where undevelop'd lay
The future Wonders that enrich'd Mankind,
And a new Light and Grace o'er *Europe* caſt.
Arts gradual gather Streams. Enlarging *This*
To each his Portion of her various Gifts
The Goddess dealt, to none indulging All;
No, not to *Raphael.* At kind Diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like *Happineſs*, to tempt
Th' eternal Chace. In elegant Deſign

Improving Nature; in Ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine Antique;
In Attitude, Expreſſion, Airs divine;
Her Sons of *Rome* and *Florence* bore the Prize.
To thoſe of *Venice* She the magic Art
Of Colours melting into Colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing Maſs
Of Light and Shade, that ſettles round the Whole,
Or varies tremulous from Part to Part,
O'er all a binding Harmony to throw,
To raiſe the Picture, and repoſe the Sight.
The * *Lombard* School ſucceeding, mingled both.

MEAN-TIME dread *Fanes*, and *Palaces*, around,
Rear'd the magnific Front. MUSIC again
Her univerſal Language of the Heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive Vale,
To the full Concert ſpread, and ſolemn Quire.

EVEN

* The School of the *Caracci*.

EVEN Bigots ſmil'd; to their Protection took
ARTS not their own, and from them borrow'd Pomp:
For in a *Tyrant*'s Garden *theſe* a while
May bloom, tho' *Freedom* be their parent Soil.

AND now confeſt, with gently-growing Gleam,
The Morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd it's Light.
The MUSE awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay Bird of Dawn. Artleſs her Voice,
Untaught and wild, yet warbled thro' the Woods
Romantic Lays. But as her Northern Courſe
She, with her Tutor SCIENCE, in MY Train,
Ardent purſu'd, her Strains more noble grew:
While *Reaſon* drew the Plan, the *Heart* inform'd
The moral Page, and *Fancy* lent it Grace.

ROME and her circling Deſarts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great Sojourn.

ON * *Arno*'s fertile Plain, where the rich Vine
Luxuriant o'er *Etrurian* Mountains roves,
Safe in the Lap repos'd of private Bliſs,
I † ſmall Republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts,
Inſtead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little Cares, and ſav'd their Fate.

BEYOND the rugged *Apennines*, that roll
Far thro' *Italian* Bounds their wavy Tops,
My Path too I with public Bleſſings ſtrow'd:
Free States and Cities, where the *Lombard* Plain,
In ſpite of Culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep Boſom pours unbidden Joys,
And green o'er all the Land a Garden ſpreads.

THE

* The River *Arno* runs thro' *Florence*.

† The Republics of *Florence*, *Piſa*, *Lucca*, and *Sienna*. They formerly have had very cruel Wars together, but are now all peaceably ſubject to the *Great Duke* of *Tuſcany*, except it be *Lucca*, which ſtill maintains the Form of a Republic.

THE barren Rocks themſelves beneath MY FOOT,
Relenting bloom'd on the *Ligurian* Shore.
* Thick-ſwarming People there, like Emmets, ſeiz'd
Amid ſurrounding Cliffs, the ſcatter'd Spots,
Which Nature left in her † deſtroying Rage,
Made their own Fields, nor ſigh'd for other Lands.
There, in white Proſpect, from the rocky Hill
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd Shore,
By ME proud *Genoa*'s marble Turrets roſe.
And while MY genuine Spirit warm'd her Sons,
Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, She
Vy'd for the Trident of the narrow Seas,
E'er BRITAIN yet had open'd all the Main.

NOR be the then ‖ triumphant State forgot;
Where

* The *Genoeſe* Territory is reckoned very populous, but the Towns and Villages for the moſt part lie hid among the *Apennine* Rocks and Mountains.

† According to Dr. *Burnet*'s Syſtem of the Deluge.

‖ *Venice* was the moſt flouriſhing City in *Europe*, with regard to Trade, before the Paſſage to the *Eaſt-Indies* by the *Cape of Good Hope*, and *America*, were diſcovered.

Where *, puſh'd from plunder'd Earth, a Remnant
ſtill,
Inſpir'd by ME, thro' the dark Ages kept
Of MY old *Roman* Flame ſome Sparks alive:
The ſeeming God-built City! which MY Hand
Deep in the Boſom fix'd of wondering Seas.
Aſtoniſh'd Mortals ſail'd, with pleaſing Awe,
Around the Sea-girt Walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd,
And down the briny Street; where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable Waves,
The ſplendid Palace ſhines; and riſing Tides,
The green Steps marking, murmur at the Door.
To this fair *Queen* of *Adria*'s ſtormy Gulph,
The Mart of Nations! long, obedient Seas
Roll'd all the Treaſure of the radiant Eaſt.
But now no more. Than one great Tyrant worſe
(Whoſe ſhar'd Oppreſſion lightens, as diffus'd)
Each Subject tearing, many Tyrants roſe.

* Thoſe who fled to ſome Marſhes in the *Adriatic* Gulph, from the Deſolation ſpread over *Italy* by an Irruption of the *Huns*, firſt founded there this famous City, about the Beginning of the Fifth Century.

The Leaſt the Proudeſt. Join'd in dark Cabal,
They jealous, watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
Caſt o'er the whole indiſſoluble Chains:
The ſofter Shackles of luxurious Eaſe
They likewiſe added, to ſecure their Sway.
Thus *Venice* fainter ſhines; and *Commerce* thus,
Of Toil impatient, flags the drooping Sail.
Burſting, beſides, his antient Bounds, he took
* A larger Circle; found another † Seat,
Opening a thouſand Ports, and charm'd with Toil,
Whom nothing can diſmay, far other Sons.

The *Mountains* then, clad with eternal Snow,
Confeſs'd My Power. Deep as the rampant Rocks,
By Nature thrown inſuperable round,
I planted there a ‖ *League of friendly States*,
And bad *plain Freedom* their Ambition be.

There

* The *Main Ocean*. † *Great-Britain*.
‖ The *Swiſs Cantons*.

There in the Vale, where *rural Plenty* fills,
From Lakes, and Meads, and furrow'd Fields, her Horn,
* Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*,
Rare to be ſeen! unguilty Cities riſe,
Cities of Brothers form'd: while *equal Life*,
Accorded gracious with *revolving Power*,
Maintains them *free*; and, in their happy Streets,
Nor cruel Deed, nor Miſery, is known.
For Valour, Faith, and Innocence of Life,
Renown'd, a rough laborious People, There,
Not only give the dreadful *Alps* to ſmile,
And preſs their Culture on retiring Snows;
But, to firm Order train'd and patient War,
They likewiſe know, beyond the Nerve remiſs
Of *Mercenary Force*, how to defend
The taſteful Little their hard Toil has earn'd,

* *Geneva*, ſituated on the *Lacus Lemanus*, a ſmall *State*, but noble Example of the Bleſſings of Civil and Religious Liberty. It is remarkable, that ſince the founding of this *Republic*, not one Citizen has been ſo much as ſuſpected to have been guilty of *Corruption* or *public Rapine*. A *Virtue* this! meriting the Attention of every *Briton*.

And the proud Arm of *Bourbon* to defy.

Even, chear'd by Me, their ſhaggy Mountains charm,
More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* Plains;
And ſickening Fancy oft, when abſent long,
* Pines to behold their *Alpine* Views again:
The hollow-winding Stream: the Vale, fair-ſpread
Amid an Amphitheatre of Hills;
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden Tempeſt ſprings:
From Steep to Steep aſcending, the gay Train
Of Fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic Shapes:
The flitting Cloud, againſt the Summit daſh'd;
And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy Shower; hung o'er amazing Rocks,
The Mountain-Aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding Pine:
The ſnow-fed Torrent, in white Mazes toſt,
Down to the clear Ætherial Lake below:

And,

* It is reported of the *Swiſs*, that, after having been long abſent from their Native Country, they are ſeized with ſuch a violent Deſire of ſeeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languiſhing Indiſpoſition, called the *Swiſs Sickneſs*.

And, high o'er-topping all the broken Scene,
The Mountain fading into Sky; where ſhines
On Winter Winter ſhivering, and whoſe Top
Licks from their cloudy Magazine the Snows.

FROM theſe deſcending, as I wav'd MY Courſe
O'er vaſt *Germania*, the ferocious Nurſe
Of hardy Men and Hearts affronting Death,
I gave ſome favour'd * Cities there to lift
A nobler Brow, and thro' their ſwarming Streets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented Face to look *My Soul.*

THENCE the loud *Baltic* paſſing, black with Storm,
To wintry *Scandinavia*'s utmoſt Bound;
There, I the manly † Race, the Parent-Hive
Of the mixt Kingdoms, form'd into a State
More regularly free. By keener Air

* The *Hans Towns.* † The *Swedes.*

Their Genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by Froſt
Tempeſt and Toil their Nerves, the Sons of thoſe
* Whoſe only Terror was a bloodleſs Death,
They wiſe, and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain my Cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the South,
The whiſpering Zephyrs ſigh'd at my Delay.

HERE, with the *ſhifted Viſion*, burſt my Joy.
" O the dear Proſpect! O majeſtic View!
" See BRITAIN's Empire! Lo! the watry Vaſt
" Wide-waves, diffuſing the Cerulean Plain.
" And now, methinks, like Clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from Deeps of Æther, dawn
" My kindred Cliffs; whence, wafted in the Gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret Sweetneſs breathes.
" GODDESS, forgive!---My Heart, ſurpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial Fondneſs for the Land you bleſs."
As Parents to a Child complacent deign

Ap-

* See Note on Verſe 678.

Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS ſmil'd;
Then thus----As o'er the wave-reſounding Deep,
To my near Reign, the *happy Iſle*, I ſteer'd
With eaſy Wing; behold! from Surge to Surge,
Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.
Around him Clouds, in mingled Tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing Meteors crown'd his ſtarry Head;
And ready Thunder redden'd in his Hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy Cloud.
Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling Waves recoil'd:
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious Flood, and ſhook
From Shore to Shore, in Agitation dire,
It works his dreadful Will. To ME his Voice
(Like that hoarſe Blaſt that round the Cavern howls,
Mixt with the Murmurs of the falling Main)
Addreſs'd, began——" By Fate commiſſion'd, go,
" MY SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon *bleſt Iſle*,
" Henceforth the Partner of my rough Domain.

" All my dread Walks to BRITONS open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy Morn,
" Or yellow Evening, flame; thoſe that, profuſe
" Drunk by Equator-Suns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the Poles approaching, riſe
" In Billows rolling into *Alps* of Ice.
" Even, yet untouch'd by daring Keel, be theirs
" The vaſt *Pacific*; that on other Worlds,
" Their future Conqueſt, rolls reſounding Tides.
" Long I maintain'd inviolate my Reign;
" Nor *Alexanders* me, nor *Cæſars* brav'd.
" Still, in the Crook of Shore, the coward Sail
" 'Till now low-crept; and peddling *Commerce* ply'd
" Between near-joining Lands. For BRITONS, chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar-directed Prow,
" To dare the middle Deep, and drive aſſur'd
" To diſtant Nations thro' the pathleſs Main.
" Chief, for their fearleſs Hearts the Glory waits,

" Long

" Long Months from Land, while the black ſtormy
Night
" Around them rages, on the groaning Maſt
" With unſhook Knee to know their giddy Way;
" To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing Wave;
" To laugh at Danger. Theirs the Triumph be,
" By deep *Invention*'s keen pervading Eye,
" The Heart of *Courage*, and the Hand of *Toil*,
" Each conquer'd Ocean ſtaining with their Blood,
" Inſtead of Treaſure robb'd by ruffian War,
" Round ſocial Earth to circle fair Exchange,
" And bind the Nations in a golden Chain.
" To theſe I honour'd ſtoop. Ruſhing to Light
" A Race of Men behold! whoſe daring Deeds
" Will in Renown exalt my nameleſs Plains
" O'er thoſe of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
" In Terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage Heart
" Such Glories check, their unſubmitting Soul
" Would all my Fury brave, my Tempeſt climb,

And

" And might in ſpite of me my Kingdom force."
Here, waiting no Reply, the *Shadowy Power*
Eas'd the dark Sky, and to the Deeps return'd:
While the loud Thunder rattling from his Hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent *Gallia*'s Shore.

Of this Encounter glad, My Way to Land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling Sea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud Acclaims were heard;
And Muſic, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd Aſtoniſhment the lab'ring Hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd Furrow left,
And let the liſtening Steer forget his Toil.
Unſeen by groſſer Eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
And her *Aerial Train*, theſe Sounds of Joy.
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing Flood,
Urg'd by almighty Power, this favour'd Iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the Continent aſide,

Indented

Indented Shore to Shore reſponſive ſtill,
Its *Guardian* SHE---The GODDESS, whoſe ſtaid Eye
Beams the dark Azure of the doubtful Dawn.
Her Treſſes, like a Flood of ſoften'd Light
Thro' Clouds imbrown'd, in waving Circles play.
Warm on her Cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt Roſe.
Of high Demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding Grace
With every Motion. Full her riſing Cheſt;
And new Ideas, from her finiſh'd Shape,
Charm'd *Sculpture* taking might improve her Art.
Such the fair *Guardian* of an Iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as Vernal Blooms, the faireſt Dames.
High-ſhining on the Promontory's Brow,
Awaiting ME, ſhe ſtood; with Hope inflam'd,
By *my mixt Spirit* burning in her Sons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the State.

THE NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant ſmil'd.
COURAGE, of ſoft Deportment, Aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful,

Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting Child;
But, on juſt Reaſon, once his Fury rous'd,
No Lion ſprings more eager to his Prey:
Blood is a Paſtime; and his Heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing Fear. THAT VIRTUE known
By the relenting Look, whoſe equal Heart
For Others feels, as for another Self:
Of various Name, as various Objects wake,
Warm into Action, the kind Senſe within:
Whether the blameleſs Poor, the nobly Maim'd,
The Loſt to Reaſon, the Declin'd in Life,
The helpleſs Young that kiſs no Mother's Hand,
And the grey ſecond Infancy of Age,
She gives in public Families to live,
A Sight to gladden HEAVEN! whether *She* ſtands
Fair-beck'ning at the hoſpitable Gate,
And bids the Stranger take Repoſe and Joy:

Whether,

Whether, to ſolace honeſt Labour, *She*
Rejoices thoſe that make the Land rejoice:
Or whether to *Philoſophy*, and *Arts*,
(At once the Baſis and the finiſh'd Pride
Of Government and Life) *ſhe* ſpreads her Hand;
Nor knows her Gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her Bounty, that *ſhe* gives at all.
JUSTICE to *theſe* her awful Preſence join'd,
The Mother of the State! No low Revenge,
No turbid Paſſions in her Breaſt ferment:
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of Vice,
As the laſt Woe that can afflict Mankind,
She Puniſhment awards; yet of the Good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering Whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt Decree,
That, in his *judging Peers*, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own Doom. O happy Land!

Where reigns alone this *Juſtice of the Free!*
'Mid the bright Groupe SINCERITY his Front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled Eye
The Fount of Truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on Earth his fix'd Regard,
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the Sky.
The *Genius He* whence BRITAIN ſhines ſupreme,
The Land of Light, and Rectitude of Mind.
He too the Fire of Fancy feeds intenſe,
With all the Train of Paſſions thence deriv'd:
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient Blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound.
Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the Shade,
And INDEPENDANCE ſtood: the *generous Pair*,
That ſimple Life, the quiet-whiſpering Grove,
And the ſtill Raptures of the free-born Soul,
To Cates prefer by *Virtue* bought, not earn'd,

Proudly

Proudly prefer them to the ſervile Pomp,
And to the heart-embitter'd Joys of *Slaves.*
Or ſhould the *Latter*, to the Public Scene
Demanded, quit his *ſylvan Friend* a while;
Nought can his Firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His Zeal, ſtill active for the Common-Weal;
Nor ſtormy *Tyrants*, nor *Corruption's Tools*,
Foul Miniſters, dark-working by the Force
Of ſecret-ſapping Gold. All their vile Arts,
Their ſhameful Honours, their perfidious Gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and, if he muſt betray
His plunder'd Country, or his Power reſign,
A Moment's Parley were eternal Shame:
Illuſtrious into private Life again,
From dirty *Levees* he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in Senates ſtands the *Patriot's* ground,
Or draws new Vigour in the peaceful Shade.
Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,

Proving

Proving by ſweet Diſtruſt diſtruſted Worth.
Rough LABOUR clos'd the Train: and in his Hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with Toil,
Came manly INDIGNATION. Sour he ſeems,
And more than ſeems, by lawleſs Pride aſſail'd;
Yet kind at Heart, and juſt, and generous, There
No Vengeance lurks, no pale inſidious Gall:
Even in the very Luxury of Rage,
He ſoftening can forgive a gallant Foe;
The Nerve, Support, and Glory of the Land!
Nor be RELIGION, rational, and free,
Here paſs'd in Silence; whoſe enraptur'd Eye
Sees *Heaven* with *Earth* connected, Human Things
Link'd to Divine: who not from ſervile Fear,
By *Rites* for ſome weak Tyrant Incenſe fit,
The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a Heart
Effuſing Gladneſs, into pleaſing Awe
That now aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a Calm

Of

Of fearleſs Conſidence that ſmiles ſerene;
That lives Devotion, one continual Hymn,
And then moſt grateful, when HEAVEN's Bounty moſt
Is right enjoy'd. This ever-chearful *Power*
O'er the rais'd *Circle* ray'd ſuperior Day.

I joy'd to join the VIRTUES whence *my Reign*
O'er ALBION was to riſe. Each chearing Each,
And, like the circling Planets from the Sun,
All borrowing Beams from ME, a heighten'd Zeal
Impatient fir'd us to commence our Toils,
Or Pleaſures rather. Long the pungent Time
Paſs'd not in mutual Hails; but, thro' the Land
Darting our *Light*, we ſhone the *Fogs* away.

THE VIRTUES conquer with a ſingle Look.
Such Grace, ſuch Beauty, ſuch victorious Light,
Live in their Preſence, ſtream in every Glance,

That the Soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
Grows their own Image, pure Ætherial Flame.
Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppoſe our Reign,
Would ſtill from us deluded Mortals wrap;
Or in groſs Shades *they* drown the viſual Ray,
Or by the Fogs of Prejudice, where mix
Falſhood and Truth confounded, foil the Senſe
With vain refracted Images of Bliſs.
But chief around the Court of flatter'd Kings
They roll the duſky Rampart, Wall o'er Wall
Of Darkneſs pile, and with their thickeſt Shade
Secure the Throne. No ſavage *Alp*, the Den
Of Wolves, and Bears, and monſtrous Things obſcene,
That vex the Swain and waſte the Country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper Cloud.
Yet there we ſometimes ſend a ſearching Ray.
As, at the ſacred Opening of the Morn,
The prowling Race retire; ſo, pierc'd ſevere,

Before

Before our potent Blaze theſe DEMONS fly,
And all their *Works* diſſolve——The *whiſper'd Tale*,
That, like the fabling *Nile*, no Fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious Eye
Ne'er looks direct. The *Tongue that licks the Duſt*,
But, when it ſafely dares, as prompt to *ſting*:
Smooth *Crocodile Deſtruction*, whoſe fell Tears
Enſnare. The *Janus* Face of *courtly Pride*;
One to Superiors heaves ſubmiſſive Eyes,
On hapleſs Worth the other ſcouls Diſdain.
Cheeks that for ſome *weak Tenderneſs*, alone,
Some *virtuous Slip*, can wear a Bluſh. The *Laugh*
Prophane, when midnight Bowls diſcloſe the Heart,
At *Starving Virtue*, and at *Virtue's Fools*.
Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith;
Nay more, the *Godleſs Oath*, that knows no Ties.
Soft-buzzing *Slander*; *ſilky Moths*, that eat
An honeſt Name. The Harpy Hand, and Maw,

Of *Avaritious Luxury*; who makes
The Throne his Shelter, venal Laws his Fort,
And, by his Service, who betrays his King.

Now turn your View, and mark from *Celtic* Night
To preſent Grandeur how my BRITAIN roſe.

BOLD were thoſe BRITONS, who, the careleſs Sons
Of Nature, roam'd the Foreſt-Bounds, at once,
Their verdant City, high-embowering Fane,
And the gay Circle of their woodland Wars:
For by the † *Druid* taught, that Death but ſhifts
The vital Scene, they that prime Fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on Steel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-ſav'd Life that muſt again return.
Erect from *Nature*'s Hand, by *tyrant Force*,
And ſtill more *tyrant Cuſtom*, unſubdu'd,

Man

* GREAT BRITAIN was peopled by the *Celtæ* or *Gauls*.
† The *Druids*, among the antient *Gauls* and *Britons*, had the Care and Direction of all religious Matters.

Man knows no Maſter ſave creating HEAVEN,
Or ſuch as Choice and common Good ordain.
This general Senſe, with which the Nations I
Promiſcuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intenſe,
Of future Times prophetic. Witneſs, *Rome*,
Who ſaw'ſt thy *Cæſar*, from the naked Land,
Whoſe only Fort was *Britiſh* Hearts, repell'd,
To ſeek *Pharſalian* Wreaths. Witneſs, the Toil,
The Blood of Ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an * *Empire's* Yoke, a ſtubborn *Iſle*,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdu'd.
The † *North* remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who ſcorn'd
To ſtoop retir'd; and, to their keen Effort
Yielding at laſt; recoil'd the *Roman* Power.
In vain, unable to ſuſtain the Shock,
From Sea to Sea deſponding Legions rais'd

* The *Roman* Empire.

† *Caledonia*, inhabited by the *Scots* and *Picts*; whither a great many *Britons*, who would not ſubmit to the *Romans*, retired.

The * Wall immenſe, and yet, on Summer's Eve,
While ſport his Lambkins round, the Shepherd's Gaze.
Continual o'er it burſt the † *Northern Storm*,
As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarſe
A ſwift Return. But the devouring Flood
No more endur'd Controul, when, to ſupport
The laſt ‖ Remains of Empire, was recall'd
The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great Proof! how Men enfeeble into Slaves.
‡ The Sword behind him flaſh'd; before him roar'd,
Deaf to his Woes, the Deep. Forlorn, around
He roll'd his Eye, not ſparkling ardent Flame,

As

* The Wall of *Severus*, built upon *Adrian's* Rampart, which ran for eighty Miles quite croſs the Country from the Mouth of the *Tine* to *Solway* Frith.

† Irruptions of the *Scots* and *Picts*.

‖ The *Roman* Empire being miſerably torn by the Northern Nations, *Britain* was for ever abandon'd by the *Romans* in the Year 426 or 427.

‡ The *Britons* applying to *Ætius* the *Roman* General for Aſſiſtance, thus expreſſed their miſerable Condition—"We know not "which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive us to Sea, and the "Sea forces us back to the Barbarians; between which we have "only the Choice of two Deaths, either to be ſwallowed up by the "Waves, or butchered by the Sword.

As when * *Caractacus* to Battle led
Silurian Swains, and † *Boadicea* taught
Her raging Troops the Miſeries of Slaves.

THEN (ſad Relief!) from the bleak Coaſt, that hears
The *German* Ocean roar, deep-blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd *Saxon* came.
He came implor'd, but came with other Aim
Than to protect. For Conqueſt and Defence
Suffices the ſame Arm. With the fierce Race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating Stream,
Blood, where unquell'd a mighty Spirit glow'd.
Raſh War, and perilous Battle, their Delight;
And immature, and red with glorious Wounds,
Unpeaceful Death their Choice: ‖ deriving thence

* King of the *Silures*, famous for his great Exploits, and accounted the beſt General *Great-Britain* had ever produced. The *Silures* were eſteemed the braveſt and moſt powerful of all the *Britons*: They inhabited *Herefordſhire*, *Radnorſhire*, *Brecknockſhire*, *Monmouthſhire*, and *Glamorganſhire*.

† Queen of the *Iceni*: her Story is well known.

‖ It is certain, that an Opinion was fixed and general among them (the *Goths*) that Death was but the Entrance into another Life; that all Men who lived lazy and unactive Lives, and died natural Deaths, by Sickneſs or by Age, went into vaſt Caves under

A Right to feaſt, and drain immortal Bowls,
In *Odin*'s Hall; whoſe blazing Roof reſounds
The genial Uproar of thoſe Shades, who fall
In deſperate Fight, or by ſome brave Attempt;
And tho' more poliſh'd Times the *martial Creed*
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs Habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly Gifts of War their All.
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm Gradations of Art-nurſing Peace,
And matchleſs Orders, the deep Baſis ſtill
On which aſcends my BRITISH REIGN. Untam'd
To the refining Subtilties of Slaves,
They brought an happy Government along;
Form'd by that *Freedom*, which, with ſecret Voice,
Im-

der ground, all dark and miry, full of noyſome Creatures uſual to ſuch Places, and there for ever grovelled in endleſs Stench and Miſery. On the contrary, all who gave themſelves to warlike Actions and Enterprizes, to the Conqueſt of their Neighbours and the Slaughter of their Enemies, and died in Battle, or of violent Deaths upon bold Adventures or Reſolutions, went immediately to the vaſt Hall or Palace of *Odin*, their God of War, who eternally kept open Houſe for all ſuch Gueſts, where they were entertained at infinite Tables, in perpetual Feaſts and Mirth, carouſing in Bowls made of the Sculls of their Enemies they had ſlain; according to the Number of whom, every one in theſe Manſions of Pleaſure was the moſt honoured and beſt entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's *Eſſay on Heroic Virtue*

Impartial *Nature* teaches all her Sons,
And which of old thro' the whole *Scythian Maſs*
I ſtrong inſpir'd. *Monarchical* their State,
But prudently *confin'd*, and *mingled* wiſe
Of each harmonious Power: only, too much,
Imperious War into their Rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the *General-King*, and *Chieftain-Thanes.*

In many a Field, by civil Fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſcordant * *Heptarchy*; and long
(Educing Good from Ill) the Battle groan'd;
E'er, blood-cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* ſaw
† *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united Throne.

No ſooner dawn'd the fair diſcloſing Calm
Of brighter Days, when lo! the *North* anew,
With

* The Seven Kingdoms of the *Anglo-Saxons*, conſidered as being united into one Common Government, under a General in Chief or Monarch, and by the means of an Aſſembly General or *Wittenagemot.*

† *Egbert* King of *Weſſex*, who after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the *Heptarchy* under his Dominion, was the firſt King of *England.*

With ſtormy Nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a People felt.
The *Daniſh* * *Raven*, lur'd by annual Prey,
Hung o'er the Land inceſſant. Fleet on Fleet
Of barbarous Pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable Coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,
Far-ſeen, the *Demon* of devouring *Flame*;
Rapine, and *Murder*, all with Blood beſmear'd,
Without or Ear, or Eye, or feeling Heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the ſallow *Power*
Of deſolating *Famine*, who delights
In graſs-grown Cities, and in deſart Fields;
And purple-ſpotted *Peſtilence*, by whom
Even *Friendſhip* ſcar'd, in ſickening Horror ſinks
Each ſocial Senſe and Tenderneſs of Life.
Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary Race
Spread, from the *Humber*'s loud-reſounding Shore,

To

* A famous *Daniſh* Standard was called *Reafan* or *Raven*. The *Danes* imagined that, before a Battle, the Raven wrought upon this Standard clap'd its Wings or hung down its Head, in token of Victory or Defeat.

To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle Maze,
And with ſuperior Arm the *Saxon* aw'd.
But *Superſtition* firſt, and *Monkiſh* Dreams,
And *Monk-directed Cloyſter-ſeeking* Kings,
Had eat away his Vigour, eat away
His Edge of Courage, and depreſs'd the Soul
Of conquering *Freedom*, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel Ages paſs'd; and rare appear'd
White-mantled *Peace*, exulting o'er the Vale,
As when, with *ALFRED, from the Wilds ſhe came
To polic'd Cities and protected Plains.
Thus by degrees the *Saxon Empire* ſunk,
Then ſet intire in † *Haſtings* bloody Field.

COMPENDIOUS War! (on BRITAIN's Glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that deciſive Day,
The

* ALFRED the *Great*, renowned in War, and no leſs famous in Peace for his many excellent Inſtitutions, particularly that of *Juries*.

† The Battle of *Haſtings*, in which *Harold* II. the laſt of the *Saxon* Kings, was ſlain, and *William* the *Conqueror* made himſelf Maſter of *England*.

The haughty *Norman* ſeiz'd at once an Iſle,
For which thro' many a Century, in vain,
The *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Dane*, had toil'd, and bled.
Of *Gothic* Nations this the final Burſt;
And, mix'd the Genius of theſe People all,
Their Virtues mix'd in one exalted Stream,
Here the rich Tide of *Engliſh* Blood grew full.

AWHILE *my Spirit* ſlept; the Land awhile,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic Rage.
Inſtead of * *Edward*'s equal gentle Laws,
The furious Victor's partial Will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and, in the ſecret Shade,
Deep-ſtung but fearful *Indignation* gnaſh'd
His Teeth. Of *Freedom*, *Property*, deſpoil'd,
And of their Bulwark, *Arms*; with *Caſtles* cruſh'd,

With

* *Edward* III. the *Confeſſor*, who reduced the *Weſt-Saxon*, *Mercian*, and *Daniſh* Laws into one Body; which from that time became common to all *England*, under the name of *the Laws of Edward*.

With *Ruffians* quarter'd o'er the *bridled* Land;
The ſhivering Wretches, at the * *Curfew* Sound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid Beds,
And, thro' the mournful Gloom, of antient Times
Mus'd ſad, or dreamt of Better. Even to feed
A *Tyrant*'s idle Sport the Peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the *wild* Herd, the Paſture of the *Tame*,
The chearful Hamlet, ſpiry Town, was given,
And the brown † Foreſt roughen'd wide around.

BUT this ſo dead ſo vile Submiſſion, long,
Endur'd not. Gathering Force, MY gradual Flame
Shook off the Mountain of tyrannic Sway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of Controul,
Tyrants themſelves the *common Tyrant* check'd.
The *Church*, by *Kings* intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her Portion of the plunder'd State,

Or

* The *Curfew Bell* (from the *French Couvrefeu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the *Engliſh* to put out their Fires and Candles, under the Penalty of a ſevere Fine.

† The *New Foreſt* in *Hampſhire*; to make which, the Country for above thirty Miles in Compaſs was laid waſte.

Or tempted, by the Timorous and Weak,
To gain new Ground, firſt taught their Rapine Law.
The *Barons* next a nobler League began,
Both thoſe of *Engliſh* and of *Norman* Race,
In one fraternal Nation blended now,
The Nation of the Free! Preſs'd by a * Band
Of *Patriots*, ardent as the Summer's Noon
That looks delighted on, the *Tyrant* ſee!
Mark! how with feign'd Alacrity he bears
His ſtrong Reluctance down, his dark Revenge,
And gives the CHARTER, by which Life indeed
Becomes of Price, a Glory to be Man.

THRO' this and thro' ſucceeding Reigns affirm'd
Theſe long-conteſted Rights, the wholeſome Winds
Of *Oppoſition* † hence began to blow,

And

* On the 5*th* of *June* 1215, King *John*, met by the *Barons* on *Runnemede*, ſign'd the *Great Charter of Liberties*, or *Magna Charta*.

† The League formed by the *Barons*, during the Reign of *John*, in the Year 1213, was the firſt Confederacy made in *England* in Defence of the Nation's Intereſt againſt the King.

And often ſince have lent the Country Life.
Before their Breath *Corruption*'s Inſect-Blights,
The darkening Clouds of *evil Counſel* fly;
Or ſhould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid Court,
A peſtilential Miniſtry, they purge,
And ventilated States renew their Bloom.

THO' with the *temper'd Monarchy* here mix'd
Ariſtocratic Sway, the *People* ſtill,
Flatter'd by *This* or *That*, as Intereſt lean'd,
No full Protection knew. For ME reſerv'd,
And for *my Commons*, was that glorious Turn.
They crown'd my firſt Attempt, in * Senates roſe,
The Fort of Freedom! Slow 'till then, alone,

Had

* The Commons are generally thought to have been firſt repreſented in Parliament towards the end of *Henry* the third's Reign. To a Parliament called in the Year 1264, each County was ordered to ſend four Knights, as Repreſentatives of their reſpective Shires: And to a Parliament called in the Year following, each County was ordered to ſend, as their Repreſentatives, two Knights, and each City and Borough as many Citizens and Burgeſſes. Till then, Hiſtory makes no mention of them; whence a very ſtrong Argument may be drawn, to fix the Original of the Houſe of Commons to that Æra.

Had work'd that general *Liberty*, that Soul,
Which generous *Nature* breathes, and which, when left
By ME to Bondage was *corrupted Rome*,
I thro' the *Northern Nations* wide diffus'd.
Hence many a People, fierce with *Freedom*, ruſh'd
From the rude Iron Regions of the *North*,
To *Lybian* Deſarts Swarm protruding Swarm,
And pour'd new Spirit thro' a ſlaviſh World.
Yet, o'er theſe *Gothic States*, the *King* and *Chiefs*
Retain'd the high Prerogative of War,
And with enormous Property engroſs'd
The mingled Power. But on BRITANNIA's Shore
Now preſent, I to raiſe MY Reign began
By raiſing the *Democracy*, the third
And broadeſt Bulwark of the guarded State.
Then was the full the perfect Plan diſclos'd
Of BRITAIN's matchleſs *Conſtitution*, mixt
Of mutual checking and ſupporting Powers,

KING,

KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the Name of *Free*
Deſerving while the *Vaſſal-Many* droop'd:
For ſince the Moment of the Whole *They* form,
So, as depreſs'd or rais'd, the Ballance *They*
Of Public Welfare and of Glory caſt.
Mark from this Period the continual Proof.

WHEN Kings of narrow Genius, Minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful Worth for fawning Slaves;
Proudly regardleſs of their People's Plaints,
And poorly paſſive of inſulting Foes;
Double, not prudent, obſtinate, not firm,
Their Mercy Fear, Neceſſity their Faith;
Inſtead of generous Fire, preſumptuous, hot,
Raſh to reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and Slaves, imperious, mean,
To Want rapacious joining ſhameful Waſte;
By Counſels weak and wicked, eaſy rous'd

To paltry Schemes of abſolute Command,
To ſeek their Splendor in their ſure Diſgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd People Wealth:
When ſuch o'ercaſt the State, no Bond of Love,
No Heart, no Soul, no Unity, no Nerve,
Combin'd the looſe disjointed Public, loſt
To Fame abroad, to Happineſs at home.

But when an *Edward, and an †Henry, breath'd
Thro' the charm'd Whole one all-exerting Soul:
Drawn Sympathetic from his dark Retreat,
When wide-attracted Merit round them glow'd:
When Counſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
Amid the Maze of State, determin'd kept
Some *ruling Point* in View: when, on the Stock
Of Public Good and Glory grafted, ſpread
Their Palms, their Laurels; or, if thence they ſtray'd,

Swift

*Edward III. †Henry V.

Swift to return, and patient of Reſtraint:
When Regal State, Pre-eminence of Place,
They ſcorn'd to deem Pre-eminence of Eaſe,
To be luxurious Drones, that only rob
The buſy Hive: as in Diſtinction, Power,
Indulgence, Honour, and Advantage, Firſt;
When they too claim'd in Virtue, Danger, Toil,
Superior Rank; with equal Hand, prepar'd
To guard the Subject, and to quell the Foe:
When ſuch with ME their vital Influence ſhed,
No mutter'd Grievance, hopeleſs Sigh, was heard;
No foul Diſtruſt thro' wary Senates ran,
Confin'd their Bounty, and their Ardor quench'd:
On *Aid*, unqueſtion'd, liberal *Aid* was given:
Safe in their Conduct, by their Valour fir'd,
Fond where they led victorious Armies ruſh'd;
And * *Creſſy*, *Poitiers*, *Agincourt* proclaim

* Three famous Battles, gained by the *Engliſh* over the *French*.

What *Kings* ſupported by almighty *Love*,
And *People* fir'd with *Liberty*, can do.

BE veil'd the ſavage *Reigns, when kindred Rage
The numerous-once *Plantagenets* devour'd,
A Race to Vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
By private Feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
MY quivering Flame. But, in the Next, behold!
A † cautious *Tyrant* lend it Oil anew.

PROUD, dark, ſuſpicious, brooding o'er his Gold,
As how to fix his Throne he jealous caſt
His crafty Views around; pierc'd with a Ray,
Which on his timid Mind I darted full,
He mark'd the *Barons* of exceſſive Sway,
|| At pleaſure making and unmaking Kings;

And

* During the Civil Wars, betwixt the Families of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

† *Henry* VII.

|| The famous Earl of *Warwick*, during the Reigns of *Henry* VI. and *Edward* IV. was called the *King-Maker*.

And hence, to cruſh theſe *petty Tyrants*, plan'd
* A Law, that let them, by the ſilent Waſte
Of Luxury, their landed Wealth diffuſe,
And with that Wealth their implicated Power.
By ſoft Degrees a mighty Change enſu'd,
Even working to this Day. With Streams, deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd Floods, the Country ſmil'd.
As when impetuous from the Snow-heap'd *Alps*,
To Vernal Suns relenting, pours the *Rhine*;
While undivided, oft, with waſteful Sweep,
He foams along; but, thro' *Batavian* Meads,
Branch'd into fair Canals, indulgent flows;
Waters a thouſand Fields; and Culture, Trade,
Towns, Meadows, gliding Ships, and Villas mixt,
A rich a wondrous Landſkip riſes round.

His *furious* † *Son* the Soul-enſlaving ‖ Chain,

* Permitting the *Barons* to alienate their Lands.
† *Henry* VIII. ‖ Of *Papal Dominion.*

Which many a doating venerable Age
Had Link by Link ſtrong-twiſted round the Land,
Shook off. No longer could be born a Power,
From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void
Each ſolemn Tie, to plunder without Bounds,
To curb the generous Soul, to fool Mankind;
And, wild at laſt, to plunge into a Sea
Of Blood, and Horror. The returning Light,
That firſt thro' **Wickliff* ſtreak'd the *Prieſtly Gloom*,
Now burſt in open Day. Bare'd to the Blaze,
† Forth from the Haunts of *Superſtition* crawl'd
Her *motly Sons*, fantaſtic Figures all;
And, wide-diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid Wealth
In graceful Labour bloom'd, and Fruits of Peace.

TRADE, join'd to *theſe*, on every Sea diſplay'd

A

* *John Wickliff*, Doctor of Divinity, who towards the Cloſe of the fourteenth Century, publiſhed Doctrines very contrary to thoſe of the Church of *Rome*, and particularly denying the *Papal* Authority. His Followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

† Suppreſſion of Monaſteries.

A daring Canvaſs, pour'd with every Tide
A golden Flood. From other * Worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering Stores, whoſe fatal Charms,
By the plain *Indian* happily deſpis'd,
Yet work'd his Woe; and to the bliſsful Groves,
Where *Nature* liv'd herſelf among her Sons,
And *Innocence* and *Joy* for ever dwelt,
Drew *Rage* unknown to *Pagan* Climes before,
The worſt the *zeal-inflam'd Barbarian* drew.
Be no ſuch horrid Commerce, BRITAIN, thine!
But Want for Want, with mutual Aid, ſupply.

THE *Commons* thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
Againſt the *Barons* weigh'd. ELIZA then,
Amid theſe doubtful Motions, ſteady, gave
The Beam to fix. *She!* like the SECRET EYE
That never cloſes on a guarded World,
So *ſought*, ſo *mark'd*, ſo *ſeiz'd* the Public Good,

* The *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.*

That ſelf-ſupported, without one Ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling Foes.
Inſpir'd by ME, beneath her ſheltering Arm,
In ſpite of raging * *univerſal Sway*
And raging Seas repreſs'd, the *Belgic* States
My Bulwark on the *Continent*, aroſe.
Matchleſs in all the Spirit of her Days!
With Confidence unbounded fearleſs Love
Elate, her fervent People waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long threaten'd † *Fleet*,
And daſh'd the *Pride of Spain* around *their Iſle*.
Nor ceas'd the *Britiſh Thunder* here to rage:
The Deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful Call;
In Fire and Smoke *Iberian* Ports involv'd,
The trembling Foe even to the Centre ſhook
Of their new-conquer'd World, and ſkulking ſtole
By veering Winds their *Indian* Treaſure home.

Mean-

* The Dominion of the Houſe of *Auſtria*.

† The *Spaniſh Armada*. *Rapin* ſays, that after proper Meaſures had been taken, the Enemy was expected with uncommon Alacrity.

Mean-time, *Peace*, *Plenty*, *Juſtice*, *Science*, *Arts*,
With ſofter Laurels crown'd her happy Reign.

As yet uncircumſcrib'd the *Regal Power*,
And wild and vague *Prerogative* remain'd,
A wide voracious Gulph, where ſwallow'd oft
The helpleſs Subject lay. *This* to reduce
To the juſt Limit was MY great Effort.

BY Means, that evil ſeem to narrow Man,
Superior Beings work their myſtic Will:
From Storm and Trouble thus a ſettled Calm,
At laſt, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA ſmil'd.

THE gathering Tempeſt, HEAVEN-commiſſion'd, came,
Came in the * *Prince*, who, drunk with Flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific Counſels rul'd the World;
Tho' ſcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a Maze

Of

* *James* I.

Of fruitleſs Treaties; while at Home enſlav'd,
And by a worthleſs Crew inſatiate drain'd,
He loſt his People's Confidence and Love:
Irreparable Loſs! whence Crowns become
An anxious Burden. Years inglorious paſs'd:
Triumphant *Spain* the vengeful Draught enjoy'd:
Abandon'd *FREDERICK pin'd, and RALEIGH bled.
But nothing *That* to theſe *internal Broils*,
That *Rancour*, he began; while *lawleſs Sway*
He, with his *ſlaviſh Doctors*, try'd to rear
† On *Metaphyſic* on *enchanted* Ground,
And all the mazy *Quibbles* of the *Schools*:
As if for *One*, and ſometimes for the *Worſt*,
HEAVEN had Mankind in Vengeance only made.
Vain the Pretence! not ſo the dire Effect,
The fierce the fooliſh || Diſcord thence deriv'd,

That

* *Elector Palatine*, and who had been choſen King of *Bohemia*, but was ſtript of all his Dominions and Dignities by the Emperor *Ferdinand*, while *James* the Firſt, his Father in Law, being amuſed from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a Peace.

† The Monſtrous and till then unheard-of Doctrines of Divine Indefeaſible Hereditary Right, Paſſive Obedience, *&c.*

|| The Parties of *Whig* and *Tory*.

That tears the Country ſtill, by Party-Rage
And miniſterial Clamour kept alive.
In Action weak, and for the wordy War
Beſt fitted, faint this Prince purſu'd his Claim:
Content to teach the Subject-Herd, how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!

But his *unyielding* * *Son* theſe Doctrines drank,
With all a *Bigot's* Rage; (who never damps
By Reaſoning his Fire) and what they taught,
Warm, and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind Reſtraint apply'd:
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the Laws,
His Juſtice-dreading Miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their Bounds. Tir'd with the Check
Of *faithful Love*, and with the Flattery pleas'd
Of *falſe deſigning Guilt*, the † *Fountain* He
Of *Public Wiſdom* and of *Juſtice* ſhut.

Wide

* *Charles* I. † Parliaments.

Wide mourn'd the Land. Strait to the *voted Aid*
Free, cordial, large, of never-failing Source,
Th' *illegal Impoſition* follow'd harſh,
With Execration given, or ruthleſs ſqueez'd
From an inſulted People, by a Band
Of the worſt Ruffians, thoſe of tyrant Power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting Train: *Informers*, *Spies*,
Blood-Hounds, that ſturdy *Freedom* to the Grove
Purſue; *Projectors* of aggrieving Schemes,
* Commerce to load for unprotected Seas,
† To ſell the ſtarving Many to the Few,
And drain a thouſand Ways th' exhauſted Land.
Even from *that Place* whence healing *Peace* ſhould flow,
And *Goſpel Truth*, inhuman *Bigots* ſhed
Their ‖ Poiſon round; and on the *venal* Bench,
Inſtead of *Juſtice*, *Party* held the Scale,
And

* Ship-money. † Monopolies.

‖ The raging *High-Church* Sermons of theſe Times, inſpiring at once a Spirit of ſlaviſh Submiſſion to the Court, and of bitter Perſecution againſt thoſe whom they call Church and State *Puritans*.

And *Violence* the Sword. Afflicted Years,
Too-patient, felt at laſt their Vengeance full.

Mid the low Murmurs of ſubmiſſive Fear
And mingled Rage, My Hambden rais'd his Voice,
And to the *Laws* appeal'd; the Laws no more
In Judgment ſat, behov'd ſome other Ear.
When inſtant from the keen reſentive *North*,
By *long Oppreſſion* by *Religion* rous'd,
The *Guardian Army* came. Beneath its Wing,
Was call'd, tho' meant to furniſh hoſtile Aid,
The *more than Roman Senate*. There a Flame
Broke out, that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the Land.
In deep Emotion hurl'd, nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*,
Indignant burſting from a Tyrant's Chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated Soul
Strung every Nerve and flam'd in every Eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch *Light* and *Heat* combin'd!

Such

Such *Heads* and *Hearts!* Such dreadful *Zeal*, led on
By calm majeſtic *Wiſdom*, taught its Courſe
What Nuſance to devour; ſuch Wiſdom fir'd
With unabating Zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the *weedy State*, reſtore the *Laws*,
And for the Future to *ſecure* their Sway.

THIS then the Purpoſe of my *mildeſt Sons*.
But Man is blind. A Nation once inflam'd
(Chief, ſhould the Breath of *factious Fury* blow,
With the wild Rage of mad *Enthuſiaſt* ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From Breaſt to Breaſt,
From Eye to Eye, the kindling Paſſions mix
In heighten'd Blaze; and, ever wiſe and juſt,
High HEAVEN to gracious Ends directs the Storm.
Thus in one Conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
And by *Confuſion*'s lawleſs Sons deſpoil'd,
KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the Ground,

Succeſſive,

Succeſſive, ruſh'd—Lo! from their Aſhes roſe,
Gay-beaming radiant Youth, the * *Phœnix-State.*

THE grievous *Yoke* of *Vaſſalage*, the *Yoke*
Of *private Life*, lay by thoſe Flames diſſolv'd;
And, from the † *waſteful the luxurious King*,
Was purchas'd ‖ *That* which taught the young to bend.
Stronger reſtor'd, the *Commons* tax'd the *Whole*,
And built on that eternal Rock their Power.
The *Crown*, of its hereditary Wealth
Deſpoil'd, on *Senates* more dependant grew,
And they more frequent, more aſſur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full Vigour ſpread that bitter Root,
The Paſſive Doctrines, by their Patrons firſt
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themſelves.

THIS wild deluſive *Cant*; the raſh *Cabal*
Of

* At the *Reſtoration.* † *Charles* II. ‖ Court of *Wards.*

Of hungry Courtiers, ravenous for Prey;
The *Bigot*, reſtleſs in a double Chain
To bind anew the Land; the conſtant Need
Of finding faithleſs Means, of ſhifting Forms,
And flattering *Senates*, to ſupply his Waſte;
Theſe tore ſome Moments from the *careleſs Prince*,
And in his Breaſt awak'd the *kindred Plan.*
By dangerous Softneſs long he min'd his Way;
By ſubtle Arts, Diſſimulation deep;
By ſharing what *Corruption* ſhowr'd, profuſe;
By breathing wide the gay licentious Plague,
And pleaſing Manners, fitted to deceive.

At laſt ſubſided the delirious Joy,
On whoſe high Billow, from the *ſaintly Reign*,
The Nation drove too far. A penſion'd King,
Againſt his Country brib'd by *Gallic* Gold;
The * *Port* pernicious ſold, the *Scylla* ſince
And

* *Dunkirk.*

And fell *Charybdis* of the *Britiſh* Seas;
Freedom attack'd * abroad, with ſurer Blow
To cut it off at Home; the † *Saviour-League*
Of *Europe* broke; the Progreſs even advanc'd
Of *univerſal* || *Sway*, which to reduce
Such Seas of Blood and Treaſure BRITAIN coſt;
The Millions, by a generous People given,
Or ſquander'd vile, or to *corrupt*, *diſgrace*,
And *awe* the Land with ‡ Forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling *Church* herſelf betray'd;
All *theſe*, broad-glaring, ope'd the general Eye,
And wak'd *my Spirit*, the *Reſiſting Soul.*

MILD was, at firſt, and half-aſham'd, the Check
Of *Senates*, ſhook from the fantaſtic Dream
Of abſolute Submiſſion, Tenets vile!
Which Slaves would bluſh to own, and which, reduc'd

* The War, in Conjunction with *France*, againſt the *Dutch*.
† The *Triple Alliance*. || Under *Lewis* XIV.
‡ A Standing Army, raiſed without the Conſent of Parliament.

To Practice, always honeſt Nature ſhock.
Not even the Maſk remov'd, and the fierce Front
Of Tyranny diſclos'd; nor trampled Laws;
Nor ſeiz'd each * Badge of *Freedom* thro' the Land;
Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th'*unpubliſh'd Page*;
Nor on the Bench avow'd *Corruption* plac'd,
And *murderous Rage* itſelf, in *Jefferies'* Form;
Nor endleſs Acts of *Arbitrary Power*,
Cruel, and falſe, could raiſe the Public Arm.
Diſtruſtful, ſcatter'd, of combining Chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, 'till impell'd
To the near Verge of Ruin. Hence I rous'd
The † *Bigot King*, and hurry'd fated on
His Meaſures immature. But chief his Zeal,
Out-flaming *Rome* herſelf, portentous ſcar'd
The troubled Nation: *Mary's* horrid Days
To Fancy bleeding roſe, and the dire Glare
Of

* The Charters of Corporations. † *James* II.

Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in its Eyes anew.
Yet Silence reign'd. Each on another ſcowl'd
Rueful Amazement, preſſing down his Rage:
As, muſtering Vengeance, the deep Thunder frowns,
Awfully ſtill, waiting the high Command
To ſpring. Strait from *his Country*, *Europe*, ſav'd
To ſave BRITANNIA, lo! *my Darling Son*,
Than Hero more! the Patriot of Mankind!
Immortal NASSAU came. I huſh'd the Deep
By *Demons* rous'd, and bad the * liſted Winds,
Still ſhifting as behov'd, with various Breath,
Waft the DELIVERER to the longing Shore.
See! wide alive, the foaming † *Channel* bright
With ſwelling Sails, and all the Pride of War,

* The Prince of *Orange* in his Paſſage to *England*, tho' his Fleet had been at firſt diſpers'd by a Storm, was afterwards extremely favour'd by ſeveral Changes of Wind.

† *Rapin*, in his Hiſtory of *England*.——The third of *November* the Fleet entered the *Channel*, and lay by between *Calais* and *Dover*, to ſtay for the Ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a Council of War. It is eaſy to imagine what a glorious Show the Fleet made. Five or ſix hundred Ships in ſo narrow a Channel, and both the *Engliſh* and *French* Shores covered with numberleſs Spectators, are no common Sight. For my part, who was then on board the Fleet, I own it ſtruck me extremely.

Delightful View! when *Juſtice* draws the Sword:
And mark! diffuſing ardent Soul around,
And ſweet Contempt of Death, My ſtreaming * Flag.
Even adverſe † Navies bleſs'd the binding Gale,
Kept down the glad Acclaim, and ſilent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the Pomp, and not the Waſte of Arms
His Progreſs mark'd. The faint-oppoſing ‖ Hoſt
For once, in yielding their beſt Victory found,
And by Deſertion prov'd exalted Faith;
While his the bloodleſs Conqueſt of the Heart,
Shouts without Groan, and Triumph without War.

THEN dawn'd *the Period* deſtin'd to *confine*
The Surge of wild *Prerogative*, to raiſe
A Mound reſtraining its imperious Rage,
And bid the raving Deep no farther flow.

Nor

* The Prince placed himſelf in the main Body, carrying a Flag with *Engliſh* Colours, and their Highneſſes' Arms, ſurrounded with this Motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the Motto of the Houſe of *Naſſau*, JE MAINTIENDRAI, *I will maintain. Rapin.*

† The *Engliſh* Fleet. ‖ The King's Army.

Nor were, without that Fence, the ſwallow'd *State*
Better than *Belgian* Plains without their Dykes,
Suſtaining weighty Seas. This, often ſav'd
By more than human Hand, the Public ſaw,
And ſeiz'd the white-wing'd Moment. * Pleas'd to yield
Deſtructive Power, a wiſe heroic † Prince
Even lent his Aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their Happineſs, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.
What tho' not theirs the Boaſt, in dungeon Glooms,
To plunge bold *Freedom*; or, to chearleſs Wilds,
To drive him from the cordial Face of Friend;
Or fierce to ſtrike him at the midnight Hour,
By *Mandate blind*, not *Juſtice*, that delights
To dare the keeneſt Eye of open Day.
What tho' no Glory to controul the Laws,
And make *injurious Will* their only Rule,
They deem it. What tho', Tools of wanton Power,

 Peſtiferous

* By the *Bill of Rights*, and the *Act of Succeſſion*.
† *William* III.

Peſtiferous *Armies* ſwarm not at their Call.
What tho' they give not a relentleſs Crew
Of *Civil Furies*, proud *Oppreſſion*'s Fangs!
To tear at pleaſure the dejected Land,
With ſtarving Labour pampering idle Waſte.
To clothe the Naked, feed the Hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs Tear from lone Affliction's Eye;
To raiſe hid *Merit*, ſet th' alluring Light
Of *Virtue* high to View; to nouriſh *Arts*,
Direct the *Thunder* of an injur'd *State*,
Make a whole glorious People ſing for Joy,
Bleſs Human-Kind, and thro' the downward Depth
Of future Times to ſpread *that better Sun*
Which lights up *Britiſh Soul:* for Deeds like *Theſe*,
The dazling fair Career unbounded lies;
While (ſtill ſuperior Bliſs!) the dark Abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the Precipice of Ill.
Oh Luxury divine! Oh poor to this,

Ye giddy Glories of *Deſpotic* Thrones!
By *this*, by *this indeed*, is imag'd HEAVEN,
By boundleſs Good without the Power of Ill.

AND now behold! exalted as the Cope
That ſwells immenſe o'er many-peopled Earth,
And like it free, MY FABRICK ſtands compleat,
The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four Heavens
Four Gates impartial thrown, unceaſing Crouds,
With Kings themſelves the hearty Peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in. And tho' to different Ranks
Reſponſive Place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſheltering Roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the Whole.
Ye Floods deſcend! Ye Winds, *confirming*, blow!
Nor outward Tempeſt, nor corroſive Time,
Nought but the felon undermining Hand
Of dark CORRUPTION, can its Frame diſſolve,
And lay the Toil of Ages in the Duſt.

THE

PROSPECT:

Being the FIFTH PART of

LIBERTY.

A

POEM.

The CONTENTS of PART V.

AUthor addreſſes the GODDESS *of* LIBERTY, *marking the Happineſs and Grandeur of* GREAT-BRITAIN, *as ariſing from* HER *Influence; to Ver.* 88. SHE *reſumes* HER *Diſcourſe, and points out the chief* VIRTUES *which are neceſſary to maintain* HER ESTABLISHMENT *there; to Ver.* 374. *Recommends, as* ITS *laſt Ornament and Finiſhing,* SCIENCES, FINE ARTS, *and* PUBLIC WORKS. *The Encouragement of Theſe urged from the Example of* France, *tho' under a Deſpotic Government; to Ver.* 549. *The Whole concludes with a* PROSPECT *of future Times, given by the* GODDESS *of* LIBERTY: *this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in* VISION *before him.*

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interpoſing, as the GODDESS paus'd,—
" Oh bleſt BRITANNIA! in THY Preſence bleſt,
" THOU Guardian of Mankind! whence ſpring, alone,
" All human Grandeur, Happineſs and Fame:
" For Toil, by THEE protected, feels no Pain;
" The poor Man's Lot with Milk and Honey flows;
" And, gilded with thy Rays, even Death looks gay.
" Let other Lands the potent Bleſſings boaſt
" Of more exalting Suns. Let *Aſia*'s Woods,
" Untended, yield the vegetable Fleece:

And

" And let the little Inſect-Artiſt form,
" On higher Life intent, its ſilken Tomb.
" Let wondering Rocks, in radiant Birth, diſcloſe,
" The various-tinctur'd Children of the Sun.
" From the prone Beam let more delicious Fruits
" A Flavour drink, that in one piercing Taſte
" Bids each combine. Let *Gallic* Vineyards burſt
" With Floods of Joy, with mild balſamic Juice
" The *Tuſcan* Olive. Let *Arabia* breathe
" Her ſpicy Gales, her vital Gums diſtil.
" Turbid with Gold, let *ſouthern* Rivers flow;
" And *orient* Floods draw ſoft, o'er Pearls, their Maze.
" Let *Afric* vaunt her Treaſures; let *Peru*,
" Deep in her Bowels her own Ruin breed,
" The yellow Traitor that her Bliſs betray'd,—
" Unequall'd Bliſs! —and to unequall'd Rage!
" Yet nor the gorgeous *Eaſt*, nor golden *South*,
" Nor, in full Prime, that *new-diſcover'd World*,

Where

" Where flames the falling Day, in Wealth and Praiſe,
" Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while, GODDESS, ſhe
" Derives her Praiſe from THEE, her matchleſs Charms.
" Her hearty Fruits the Hand of *Freedom* own;
" And, warm with Culture, her thick-cluſtering Fields
" Prolific teem. Eternal Verdure crowns
" Her Meads; her Gardens ſmile eternal Spring.
" She gives the Hunter-Horſe, unquell'd by Toil,
" Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid Chace:
" She, whitening o'er her Downs, diffuſive, pours
" Unnumber'd Flocks: She weaves the fleecy Robe,
" That wraps the Nations: She, to luſty Droves,
" The richeſt Paſture ſpreads; and, Her's, deep-wave
" Autumnal Seas of pleaſing Plenty round.
" Theſe her Delights: and by no baneful Herb,
" No darting Tyger, no grim Lion's Glare,
" No fierce-deſcending Wolf, no Serpent roll'd
" In Spires immenſe progreſſive o'er the Land,

" Diſturb'd.

" Diſturb'd. Enlivening Theſe, add Cities, full
" Of Wealth, of Trade, of chearful toiling Crouds:
" Add thriving Towns: add Villages and Farms,
" Innumerous ſow'd along the lively Vale,
" Where bold unrival'd Peaſants happy dwell:
" Add ancient Seats, with venerable Oaks
" Emboſom'd high, while kindred Floods below
" Wind thro' the Mead; and Thoſe of modern Hand,
" More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar:
" Need I her limpid Lakes, her Rivers name,
" Where ſwarm the finny Race? Thee, chief, O *Thames!*
" On whoſe each Tide, glad with returning Sails,
" Flows in the mingled Harveſt of Mankind?
" And thee, thou *Severn*, whoſe prodigious Swell,
" And Waves, reſounding, imitate the Main?
" Why need I name her deep capacious Ports,
" That point around the World? And why her Seas?
" All Ocean is her own, and every Land

" To

" To whom her ruling Thunder Ocean bears.
" She too the Mineral feeds: th' obedient Lead,
" The Warlike Iron, nor the Peaceful leſs,
" Forming of Life art-civiliz'd the Bond;
" And * *That* the *Tyrian* Merchant ſought of old,
" Not dreaming then of BRITAIN's brighter Fame.
" She rears to *Freedom* an undaunted Race:
" Compatriot zealous, hoſpitable, kind,
" Her's the warm CAMBRIAN: Her's the lofty SCOT,
" To Hardſhip tam'd, active in Arts and Arms,
" Fir'd with a reſtleſs an impatient Flame,
" That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls:
" And ENGLISH MERIT Her's; where meet, combin'd,
" Whate'er high Fancy, ſound judicious Thought,
" An ample generous Heart, undrooping Soul,
" And firm tenacious Valour can beſtow.
" Great Nurſe of Fruits, of Flocks, of Commerce, SHE!
" Great Nurſe of Men! by THEE, O GODDESS, taught,
" Her

* Tin.

" Her old Renown I trace, diſcloſe her Source
" Of Wealth, of Grandeur, and to BRITONS ſing
" A Strain the *Muſes* never touch'd before."

" BUT *how ſhall this* THY *mighty* KINGDOM *ſtand?*
" *On what unyielding Baſe? how finiſh'd ſhine?*"

AT this HER Eye, collecting all its Fire,
Beam'd more than human; and HER awful Voice,
Majeſtic thus SHE rais'd——" To BRITONS bear
" This cloſing Strain, and with intenſer Note
" Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd Ear."

ON VIRTUE *can alone* MY KINGDOM *ſtand,*
On PUBLIC VIRTUE, EVERY VIRTUE JOIN'D.
For, loſt this ſocial Cement of Mankind,
The greateſt Empires, by ſcarce-felt Degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away; 'till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total Ruin ruſh.

Unbleſt

Unbleſt by VIRTUE, *Government a League*
Becomes, a *circling Junto of the Great,*
To rob by Law; *Religion* mild a *Yoke*
To tame the ſtooping Soul, a *Trick of State*
To maſk their Rapine, and to ſhare the Prey.
What are without IT *Senates*, ſave a Face
Of Conſultation deep and Reaſon free,
While the determin'd Voice and Heart are ſold?
What boaſted *Freedom*, ſave a ſounding Name?
And what *Election*, but a Market vile
Of Slaves ſelf-barter'd? VIRTUE! without THEE,
There is no ruling Eye, no Nerve, in States;
War has no Vigour, and no Safety Peace:
Even Juſtice warps to Party, Laws oppreſs,
Wide thro' the Land their weak Protection fails,
Firſt broke the Ballance, and then ſcorn'd the Sword.
Thus Nations ſink, Society diſſolves;
Rapine and Guile and Violence break looſe,

Everting Life, and turning Love to Gall;
Man hates the Face of Man, and *Indian* Woods
And *Lybia*'s hiſſing Sands to him are tame.

By thoſe THREE VIRTUES be the Frame ſuſtain'd,
Of BRITISH FREEDOM: INDEPENDENT LIFE;
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all
Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.

HAIL! INDEPENDANCE, hail! HEAVEN's next beſt Gift,
To that of Life and an immortal Soul!
The Life of Life! that to the Banquet high
And ſober Meal gives taſte; to the bow'd Roof
Fair-dream'd Repoſe, and to the Cottage Charms.
Of *public Freedom*, hail, thou *ſecret Source!*
Whoſe Streams, from every Quarter confluent, form
MY *better Nile*, that nurſes human Life.
By Rills from Thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,

The

The *private Field* looks gay, with *Nature*'s Wealth
Abundant flows, and blooms with each Delight
That *Nature* craves. Its happy Maſter there,
The ONLY FREE-MAN, walks his pleaſing Round:
Sweet-featur'd *Peace* attending; fearleſs *Truth*;
Firm *Reſolution*; *Goodneſs*, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; *Contentment*, ſureſt Friend;
And, ſtill freſh Stores from *Nature*'s Book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, Companion ever-new.
Theſe chear his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into Action call'd, his buſy Hours.
Mean time *true-judging moderate Deſires*,
Oeconomy and *Taſte*, combin'd, direct
His clear Affairs, and from *debauching Fiends*
Secure his little Kingdom. Nor can Thoſe
Whom *Fortune* heaps, without *theſe Virtues*, reach
That Truce with Pain, that animated Eaſe,
That Self-Enjoyment ſpringing from within,

That INDEPENDANCE, active, or retir'd,
Which make the ſoundeſt Bliſs of Man below:
But, loſt beneath the Rubbiſh of their Means,
And drain'd by Wants to *Nature* all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched Train,
Tho' rich, are Beggars, and tho' noble, Slaves.

Lo! damn'd to Wealth, at what a groſs Expence,
They purchaſe Diſappointment, Pain and Shame.
Inſtead of hearty hoſpitable Chear,
See! how the Hall with brutal Riot flows;
While in the foaming Flood, fermenting, ſteep'd,
The Country maddens into Party-Rage.
Mark! thoſe diſgraceful Piles of Wood and Stone;
Thoſe Parks and Gardens, where, his Haunts betrimm'd,
And *Nature* by preſumptuous *Art* oppreſs'd,
The *woodland Genius* mourns. See! the full Board
That ſteams Diſguſt, and Bowls that give no Joy:

No *Truth* invited there, to feed the Mind;
Nor *Wit*, the Wine rejoicing Reaſon quaffs.
Hark! how the Dome with *Inſolence* reſounds,
With thoſe retain'd by *Vanity* to ſcare
Repoſe and Friends. To tyrant *Faſhion* mark!
The coſtly Worſhip paid, to the broad Gaze
Of Fools. From ſtill deluſive Day to Day,
Led an eternal Round of Lying Hope,
See! ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the Town, a miſerable Wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling Eunuch turn'd,
With *Midas'* Ears they croud; or to the Buzz
Of Maſquerade unbluſhing: or, to ſhow
Their Scorn of *Nature*, at the Tragic Scene
They mirthful ſit, or prove the Comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling Board,
The civil Robbers rang'd; and even the Fair,
The tender Fair, each Sweetneſs laid aſide,

As fierce for Plunder as all-licens'd Troops
At ſome ſack'd City. Thus diſſolv'd their Wealth,
Without one generous Luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs Want,
At the throng'd Levee bends the venal Tribe:
With fair but faithleſs Smiles each varniſh'd o'er,
Each ſmooth as Thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their Falſhood each deſpiſing each;
'Till ſhook their Patron by the wintry Winds,
Wide flies the wither'd Shower, and leaves him bare.
O far ſuperior *Afric*'s ſable Sons,
By Merchant pilfer'd, to theſe *willing Slaves!*
And, rich, as unſqueez'd Favourite, to them,
Is he who can his *Virtue* boaſt alone!

BRITONS! be firm!—nor let *Corruption* ſly
Twine round your Heart indiſſoluble Chains!
The Steel of BRUTUS burſt the groſſer Bonds

By

By *Cæſar* caſt o'er ROME; but ſtill remain'd
The ſoft enchanting Fetters of the Mind,
And *other Cæſars* roſe. *Determin'd*, hold
Your INDEPENDANCE; for, *That* once deſtroy'd,
Unfounded, FREEDOM is a morning Dream,
That flits aerial from the ſpreading Eye.

FORBID it HEAVEN! that ever I need urge
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE on MY Sons;
Inculcate common Honour——not to rob——
And whom?——the gracious the confiding Hand,
That laviſhly rewards; the toiling Poor,
Whoſe Cup with many a bitter Drop is mixt;
The Guardian Public; every Face they ſee,
And every Friend; nay, in Effect, themſelves.
As in familiar Life, the Villain's Fate
Admits no Cure; ſo, when a deſperate Age
At *This* arrives, I the devoted Race

Indignant ſpurn, and hopeleſs ſoar away.

BUT, ah too little known to modern Times!
Be not the nobleſt Paſſion paſt unſung;
That Ray peculiar, from UNBOUNDED LOVE.
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic Soul;
DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious Flame!
Celeſtial Ardor! in what unknown Worlds,
Profuſely ſcatter'd thro' the blue Immenſe,
Haſt *Thou* been bleſſing Myriads, ſince in ROME,
Old virtuous ROME, ſo many deathleſs Names
From *Thee* their Luſtre drew? ſince, taught by *Thee*,
Their Poverty put Splendor to the Bluſh,
Pain grew luxurious, and even Death Delight?
O wilt *Thou* ne'er, in *thy* long Period, look,
With Blaze direct, on this MY *laſt Retreat?*

'TIS not enough, from *Self* right underſtood
Reflected, that *thy* Rays inflame the Heart:

Tho'

Tho' VIRTUE not diſdains Appeals to *Self*,
Dreads not the Trial; all her Joys are true,
Nor is there any real Joy ſave Her's.
Far leſs the tepid the declaiming Race,
Foes to *Corruption*, to it's Wages Friends,
Or thoſe whom private Paſſions, for a while,
Beneath MY Standard liſt, can *they* ſuffice
To raiſe and fix the Glory of MY REIGN?

AN active Flood of *univerſal Love*
Muſt ſwell the Breaſt. Firſt, in Effuſion wide,
The reſtleſs Spirit roves Creation round,
And ſeizes *every Being*: Stronger then
It tends to *Life*, whate'er the kindred Search
Of Bliſs allys: then, more collected ſtill,
It urges *Human-kind*: a Paſſion grown,
At laſt, the central *Parent-Public* calls
It's utmoſt Effort forth, awakes each Senſe,

The

The Comely, Grand and Tender. Without This
This awful Pant, ſhook from ſublimer Powers
Than thoſe of *Self*, this HEAVEN-infus'd Delight,
This *moral Gravitation*, ruſhing prone
To preſs the *public Good*, MY Syſtem ſoon,
Traverſe, to ſeveral *ſelfiſh* Centers drawn,
Will reel to Ruin: while for ever ſhut
Stand the bright Portals of deſponding *Fame*.

FROM *ſordid Self* ſhoot up no ſhining Deeds,
None of thoſe ancient Lights, that gladden Earth,
Give Grace to Being, and arrouſe the Brave
To *juſt Ambition*, VIRTUE's quickening Fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-buſtling Round,
Fill'd up with Actions animal and mean,
A dull Gazette! Th' impatient Reader ſcorns
The poor hiſtoric Page; 'till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a People's Shame.

Not

Not ſo the Times when, Emulation-ſtung,
GREECE ſhone in *Genius, Science,* and in *Arts,*
And ROME in *Virtues* dreadful to be told!
To live was Glory *then!* and charm'd Mankind,
Thro' the deep Periods of devolving Time,
Thoſe, raptur'd, copy; *Theſe,* aſtoniſh'd, read.

TRUE, a *corrupted State,* with every Vice
And every Meanneſs foul, *this Paſſion* damps.
Who can, unſhock'd, behold the cruel Eye?
The pale inveigling Smile? The ruffian Front?
The Wretch abandon'd to relentleſs Self,
Equally vile if Miſer or Profuſe?
Powers not of GOD, aſſiduous to *corrupt?*
The fell deputed Tyrant, who devours
The Poor and Weak, * at diſtance from Redreſs?

Delirious

* Lord MOLESWORTH in his Account of *Denmark* ſays,—It is obſerved, that in limited Monarchies and Commonwealths, a Neighbourhood to the Seat of the Government is advantageous to the Subjects; whilſt the diſtant Provinces are leſs thriving, and more liable to Oppreſſion.

Delirious Faction bellowing loud My Name?
The falſe fair-ſeeming Patriot's hollow Boaſt?
A Race reſolv'd on Bondage, fierce for Chains,
My ſacred Rights a Merchandize alone
Eſteeming, and to work their Feeder's Will
By Deeds, a Horror to Mankind, prepar'd,
As were the *Dregs of Romulus* of old?
Who *Theſe* indeed can undeteſting ſee?——
But who unpitying? To the generous Eye
Diſtreſs is *Virtue*; and, tho' Self-betray'd,
A People ſtruggling with their Fate muſt rouze
The Hero's Throb. Nor can a Land, at once,
Be loſt to *Virtue* quite. How glorious then!
Fit Luxury for Gods! to ſave the Good,
Protect the Feeble, daſh bold Vice aſide,
Depreſs the Wicked, and reſtore the Frail.
Poſterity, beſides, the Young are pure,
And Sons may tinge their Father's Cheek with Shame.

SHOULD then the Times arrive (which HEAVEN avert!)
That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the Force
Of Arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by *Corruption*'s Soul-dejecting Arts,
Arts impudent! and groſs! by *their own* Gold,
In Part beſtow'd, to *bribe* them to give *All.*
With *Party* raging, or immers'd in *Sloth*,
Should they BRITANNIA's well-fought Laurels yield
To *ſlily conquering Gaul*; even from her Brow
Let *her own Naval Oak* be baſely torn,
By ſuch as tremble at the ſtiffening Gale,
And nerveleſs ſink while others ſing rejoic'd.
Or (darker Proſpect! ſcarce one Gleam behind
Diſcloſing) ſhould the broad *corruptive Plague*
Breathe from the City to the fartheſt Hut,
That ſits ſerene within the Foreſt-Shade;
The fever'd People fire, inflame their Wants,
And their luxurious Thirſt, ſo gathering Rage,

That,

That, were a Buyer found, they ſtand *prepar'd*
To ſell their Birthright for a cooling Draught.
Should *ſhameleſs Pens* for *plain Corruption* plead;
The hir'd Aſſaſſins of the Commonweal!
Deem'd the declaiming Rant of GREECE and ROME,
Should *Public Virtue* grow the *Public Scoff*,
'Till *Private*, failing, *ſtaggers* thro' the Land:
'Till round the City looſe *mechanic Want*,
Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful Haunts
Of Men more hideous than *Numidian* Wilds,
Nor from its Fury ſleeps the Vale in Peace;
And *Murders*, *Horrors*, *Perjuries* abound:
Nay, 'till to loweſt Deeds the Higheſt ſtoop;
The Rich, like ſtarving Wretches, thirſt for Gold;
And thoſe, on whom the vernal Showers of HEAVEN
All-bounteous fall, and that *prime Lot* beſtow,
A Power to live to *Nature* and *Themſelves*,
In ſick Attendance wear their anxious Days,

With

With Fortune, joyleſs, and with Honours, mean.
Meantime, perhaps, *Profuſion* flows around,
The *Waſte of War*, without the *Works of Peace*;
No Mark of Millions in the Gulph abſorpt
Of *uncreating Vice*, none but the Rage
Of *rouz'd Corruption* ſtill demanding *more*.
That very Portion, which (by faithful Skill
Employ'd) might make the ſmiling Public rear
Her ornamented Head, drill'd thro' the Hands
Of *mercenary Tools*, ſerves but to nurſe
A Locuſt-Band within, and in the Bud
Leaves ſtarv'd each Work of Dignity and Uſe.

I paint the worſt. But ſhould theſe Times arrive,
If any *nobler Paſſion* yet remain,
Let all MY *Sons* all *Parties* fling aſide,
Deſpiſe their *Nonſenſe*, and together join;
Let *Worth* and *Virtue* ſcorning low Deſpair,

Exerted

Exerted full, from every Quarter ſhine,
Commix'd in heighten'd Blaze. Light flaſh'd to Light,
Moral, or Intellectual, more intenſe
By giving glows. As on poor Winter's Eve,
Gradual, the Stars effulge; fainter, at firſt,
They, ſtraggling, riſe; but when the radiant Hoſt,
In thick Profuſion pour'd, ſhine out immenſe,
Each caſting vivid Influence on each,
From Pole to Pole a glittering Deluge plays,
And Worlds above rejoice, and Men below.

But why to Britons this ſuperfluous Strain?—
Good-nature, honeſt Truth even ſomewhat blunt,
Of crooked Baſeneſs an indignant Scorn,
A Zeal unyielding in their Country's Cauſe,
And ready Bounty, wont to dwell with them—
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the Land diffus'd,
In many a bleſt Retirement ſtill they dwell.

To ſofter Proſpect turn we now the View,
To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS,
That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely Pride,
Grandeur and Grace. Of ſullen Genius he!
Curs'd by the *Muſes!* by the *Graces* loath'd!
Who deems beneath the Public's high Regard
Theſe laſt enlivening Touches of MY *Reign.*
However puff'd with Power, and gorg'd with Wealth,
A Nation be; let Trade enormous riſe,
Let *Eaſt* and *South* their mingled Treaſure pour,
Till, ſwell'd impetuous, the *corrupting Flood*
Burſt o'er the City and devour the Land:
Yet *Theſe* neglected, *Theſe recording Arts,*
Wealth rots, a Nuſance; and, oblivious, ſunk,
That Nation muſt *another Carthage* lie.
If not by *Them,* on monumental Braſs,
On ſculptur'd Marble, on the deathleſs Page,
Impreſt, Renown had left no Trace behind:

In vain, to future Times, the Sage had thought,
The Legiſlator plann'd, the Hero found
A beauteous Death, the Patriot toil'd in vain.
Th' Awarders *They* of *Fame*'s immortal Wreathe,
They rouze Ambition, *they* the Mind exalt,
Give great Ideas, lovely Forms infuſe,
Delight the general Eye, and, dreſt by *Them*,
The *moral Venus* glows with double Charms.

SCIENCE, MY cloſe Aſſociate, ſtill attends
Where-e'er I go. Sometimes, in ſimple Guiſe,
She walks the Furrow with the *Conſul-Swain*,
Whiſpering unletter'd Wiſdom to the Heart,
Direct; or, ſometimes, in the pompous Robe
Of *Fancy* dreſt, *She* charms *Athenian Wits*,
And a whole ſapient City round *Her* burns.
Then o'er *her* Brow MINERVA's Terrors nod:
With XENOPHON, ſometimes, in dire Extremes,

She

She breathes deliberate Soul, and makes * *Retreat*
Unequall'd Glory: with the *Theban* Sage,
EPAMINONDAS, *Firſt* and *Beſt* of Men!
Sometimes *She* bids the deep-embattled Hoſt,
Above the vulgar Reach, reſiſtleſs form'd,
March to ſure Conqueſt——never gain'd before! †
Nor on the treacherous Seas of giddy State
Unſkilful *She*: when the triumphant Tide
Of high-ſwoln *Empire* wears one boundleſs Smile,
And the Gale tempts to new Purſuits of Fame,
Sometimes, with SCIPIO, *She* collects her Sail,
And ſeeks the bliſsful Shore of rural Eaſe,
Where, but th' *Aonian Maids*, no *Syrens* ſing,
Or ſhould the deep-brew'd Tempeſt muttering riſe,
While Rocks and Shoals perfidious lurk around,

* The famous *Retreat of the Ten Thouſand* was chiefly conducted by XENOPHON.

† *Epaminondas*, after having beat the *Lacedemonians* and their Allies, in the Battle of *Leuctra*, made an Incurſion at the head of a powerful Army, into *Laconia*. It was now ſix hundred Years ſince the *Dorians* had poſſeſſed this Country, and in all that time the Face of an Enemy had not been ſeen within their Territories. *Plutarch* in *Ageſilaus*.

With TULLY *She* her wide-reviving Light
To *Senates* holds, a *Catiline* confounds,
And ſaves awhile from *Cæſar* ſinking ROME.
Such the kind Power, whoſe piercing Eye diſſolves
Each *mental Fetter*, and ſets *Reaſon* free;
For ME inſpiring an *enlighten'd* Zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
How happy *Freemen*, and how wretched *Slaves*.
To BRITONS not unknown, to BRITONS full
The GODDESS ſpreads her Stores, the ſecret Soul
That quickens Trade, the Breath unſeen that wafts
To them the Treaſures of a *ballanc'd* World.
But FINER ARTS (ſave what the MUSE has ſung
In daring Flight, above all modern Wing)
Neglected droop the Head; and PUBLIC WORKS,
Broke by *Corruption* into *private Gain*,
Not ornament, diſgrace, not ſerve, deſtroy.

SHALL

SHALL BRITONS, by their own JOINT WISDOM rul'd
Beneath one ROYAL HEAD, whoſe vital Power
Connects, enlivens and exerts the WHOLE;
In FINER ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, ſhall *They*
To *Gallia* yield?—yield to a Land that bends,
Depreſt, and broke, beneath the Will of *One?*
Of *One*—who, ſhould th' unkingly Thirſt of Gold,
Or tyrant Paſſions, or Ambition, prompt,
Calls *Locuſt-Armies* o'er the blaſted Land:
Drains from its thirſty Bounds the Springs of Wealth,
His own inſatiate Reſervoir to fill:
To the lone Deſart *Patriot-Merit* frowns,
Or into Dungeons *Arts*, when They, their Chains,
Indignant, burſting, for their *nobler Works*
All other *Licence* ſcorn but TRUTH's and MINE.
Oh ſhame to think! ſhall BRITONS, in the Field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the *better Laurel* loſe?
Even in *that* * *Monarch*'s Reign, who vainly dreamt,

* *Lewis* XIV.

By giddy Power, betray'd, and flatter'd Pride,
To graſp *unbounded Sway*; while, ſwarming round,
His Armies dar'd all *Europe* to the Field;
To hoſtile Hands while Treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great Source of Treaſure, Subjects' Blood,
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every Land;
From BRITAIN, chief, while MY *ſuperior Sons*,
In Vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle Hopes,
And bad his agonizing Heart be low:
Even *then*, as in the golden Calm of Peace,
What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS aroſe!
What various SCIENCE ſhone! what GENIUS glow'd!

'TIS not for ME to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair Extents of Land, the ſhining Road;
The Flood-compelling Arch; the long * Canal,
Thro' Mountains piercing and uniting Seas;

The

* The Canal of *Languedoc*.

The * Dome reſounding ſweet with Infant Joy,
From Famine ſav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,
And † *That* where *Valour* counts his noble Scars;
The Land where *ſocial Pleaſure* loves to dwell,
Of the fierce *Demon*, *Gothic Duel*, freed;
The Robber from his fartheſt Foreſt chas'd;
The turbid City clear'd, and, by Degrees,
Into ſure Peace the beſt Police refin'd,
Magnificence, and Grace, and decent Joy.
Let *Gallic* Bards record, how honour'd ARTS,
And SCIENCE, by deſpotic Bounty bleſs'd,
At Diſtance flouriſh'd from MY PARENT-EYE.
Reſtoring ancient Taſte, how BOILEAU roſe.
How the big ROMAN Soul ſhook, in CORNEILLE,
The trembling Stage. In elegant RACINE;
How the more powerful tho' more humble Voice
Of Nature-painting GREECE, reſiſtleſs, breath'd
The whole-awaken'd Heart. How MOLIERE's Scene,

* † The Hoſpitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

Chaſtis'd and regular, with well-judg'd Wit,
Not ſcatter'd wild, and native Humour, grac'd,
Was Life itſelf. To public Honours rais'd,
How Learning in warm * Seminaries ſpread;
And, more for Glory than the ſmall Reward,
How Emulation ſtrove. How their pure Tongue
Almoſt obtain'd what was deny'd their Arms.
From *Rome*, awhile, how PAINTING, courted long,
With POUSSIN came; *Ancient Deſign*, that lifts
A fairer Front, and looks another Soul.
How the kind † *Art*, that, of unvalu'd Price,
The fam'd and *only* Picture, eaſy, gives,
Refin'd her Touch, and, thro' the ſhadow'd Piece,
All the live Spirit of the Painter pour'd.
Coyeſt of *Arts*, how *Sculpture* northward deign'd
A Look, and bad her GIRARDON ariſe.
How *laviſh Grandeur* blaz'd; the barren Waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd,

* The Academies of *Sciences*, of the *Belles Lettres* and of *Painting*.
† Engraving.

Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden Palace ſwell,
And Fountains ſpout amid it's arid Shades.
For Leagues, bright Viſtas opening to the View,
How Foreſts in majeſtic Gardens ſmil'd.
How *menial Arts*, by their *gay Siſters* taught,
Wove the deep Flower, the blooming Foliage train'd
In joyous Figures o'er the ſilky Lawn,
The Palace chear'd, illum'd the Story'd Wall,
And with the Pencil vy'd the glowing Loom *.

These Laurels, Louis, by the Droppings rais'd
Of thy Profuſion, it's Diſhonour ſhade,
And, green thro' future Times, ſhall bind thy Brow;
While the vain Honours of perfidious War
Wither abhorr'd, or in Oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing Vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper Root, by the full Tide
Of War-ſunk Millions fed? Superiour ſtill,

How

* The Tapeſtry of the *Gobelins*.

How had they branch'd luxuriant to the Skies,
In BRITAIN planted, by the potent Juice
Of *Freedom* ſwell'd? Forc'd is the Bloom of ARTS,
A falſe uncertain Spring, when *Bounty* gives,
Weak without ME, a tranſitory Gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery Days, enticing Skies
Of Favour ſmile, and courtly Breezes blow;
'Till ARTS, betray'd, truſt to the flattering Air
Their tender Bloſſom:——then malignant riſe
The Blights of *Envy*, of thoſe Inſect-Clouds,
That, blaſting *Merit*, often cover *Courts:*
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind MÆCENAS aid
The doubtful Beamings of his PRINCE's Soul,
His wav'ring Ardor fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm Beneficence around;
Yet Death, at laſt, and wintry Tyrants come,
Each Sprig of *Genius* killing at the Root.
But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,

Wide

Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring;
While mingled Autumn every Harveſt pours
Of every Land; whate'er *Invention*, *Art*,
Creating Toil and *Nature* can produce.

HERE ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent Wings,
Dipt in the Colours of the heavenly Bow,
Stood waving Radiance round, for ſudden Flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my Prayer.
" Oh forming Light of Life! Oh better Sun!
" Sun of Mankind! by whom the cloudy *North*,
" Sublim'd, not envies *Languedocian* Skies,
" That, unſtain'd Æther all, diffuſive ſmile:
" *When ſhall we call theſe ancient Laurels Ours?*
" *And when* THY WORK *complete?*" Strait with HER Hand,
Celeſtial red, SHE touch'd my darken'd Eyes.
As at the Touch of Day the Shades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty Circle clear'd,

That

That dims the Dawn of Being here below:
The Future ſhone diſclos'd, and, in long View,
Bright riſing Æras inſtant ruſh'd to Light.

" THEY come! GREAT GODDESS! I the TIMES
behold!
" The TIMES our Fathers, in the bloody Field,
" Have earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs Renown,
" In the warm Struggles of the Senate-Fight.
" The TIMES I ſee! whoſe Glory to ſupply,
" For toiling Ages, *Commerce* round the World
" Has wing'd unnumber'd Sails, and from each Land
" Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with ROME
" Might vie our *Grandeur*, and with GREECE our *Art*.

" LO! PRINCES I behold! contriving ſtill,
" And ſtill conducting firm ſome brave Deſign;
" KINGS! that the narrow joyleſs Circle ſcorn,
" Burſt the Blockade of falſe deſigning Men,

" Of treacherous Smiles, of Adulation fell,
" And of the blinding Clouds around them thrown:
" Their Court rejoicing Millions; *Worth*, alone,
" And *Virtue* dear to them; their beſt Delight,
" In juſt Proportion, to give general Joy;
" Their jealous Care THY KINGDOM to maintain;
" The public Glory Theirs; unſparing Love
" Their endleſs Treaſure; and their Deeds their Praiſe.
" With THEE They work. Nought can reſiſt YOUR Force:
" *Life* feels it quickening in her dark Retreats:
" Strong ſpread the Blooms of *Genius*, *Science*, *Art*;
" His baſhful Bounds diſcloſing *Merit* breaks;
" And, big with Fruits of *Glory*, *Virtue* blows
" Expanſive o'er the Land. Another Race
" Of GENEROUS YOUTH, of PATRIOT-SIRES, I ſee!
" Not thoſe vain Inſects fluttering in the Blaze
" Of Court and Ball and Play; thoſe venal Souls,
" *Corruption*'s veteran unrelenting Bands,

That,

" That, to their Vices Slaves, can ne'er be free.

" I ſee the FOUNTAIN's purg'd! whence Life derives
" A clear or turbid Flow; ſee the young Mind
" Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd,
" Or by ſcholaſtic Jargon bloated proud,
" But fill'd and nouriſh'd by the Light of Truth.
" Then beam'd thro' Fancy the refining Ray,
" And pouring on the Heart, the Paſſions feel
" At once informing Light and moving Flame;
" 'Till moral, public, graceful Action crowns
" The Whole. Behold! the fair Contention glows,
" In all that Mind or Body can adorn,
" And form to Life. Inſtead of barren Heads,
" Barbarian Pedants, wrangling Sons of Pride,
" And Truth-perplexing metaphyſic Wits,
" Men, Patriots, Chiefs and Citizens are form'd.

" Lo!

" Lo! JUSTICE, like the liberal Light of Heaven,
" *Unpurchas'd* ſhines on All, and from her Beam,
" Appalling Guilt, retire the ſavage Crew,
" That prowl amid the Darkneſs they themſelves
" Have thrown around the Laws. *Oppreſſion* grieves,
" See! how her *Legal Furies* bite the Lip,
" While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep Snares
" detect,
" And ſeize ſwift Juſtice thro' the Clouds they raiſe.

" See! ſocial LABOUR lifts his *guarded* Head,
" And Men not yield to Government in vain.
" From the *ſure* Land is rooted ruffian Force,
" And, the lewd Nurſe of Villains, idle Waſte;
" Lo! raz'd their Haunts, down daſh'd their
" maddening Bowl,
" A Nation's Poiſon! Beauteous Order reigns!
" Manly Submiſſion, unimpoſing Toil,
" Trade without Guile, Civility that marks
" From the foul Herd of brutal Slaves THY Sons,

" And

" And fearleſs Peace. Or ſhould affronting War
" To ſlow but dreadful Vengeance rouſe the Juſt,
" Unfailing *Fields* of *Freemen* I behold!
" That know, with their own proper Arm, to guard
" Their own bleſt Iſle againſt a leaguing World.
" Deſpairing *Gaul* her boiling Youth reſtrains,
" Diſſolv'd her Dream of *Univerſal Sway:*
" The Winds and Seas are BRITAIN's wide Domain;
" AND not a Sail, but by Permiſſion, ſpreads.

" Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing Suns,
" Gay COLONIES extend; the calm Retreat
" Of undeſerv'd Diſtreſs, the better Home
" Of Thoſe whom *Bigots* chaſe from foreign Lands.
" Not built on *Rapine*, *Servitude* and *Woe*,
" And, in their turn ſome petty Tyrant's Prey;
" But, bound by *ſocial Freedom*, firm they riſe;
" Such as, of late, an OGLETHORPE has form'd,

" And

" And, crouding round, the charm'd *Savannah* ſees.

" HORRID with Want and Miſery, no more
" Our Streets the tender Paſſenger afflict.
" Nor ſhivering Age, nor Sickneſs without Friend,
" Or Home, or Bed to bear his burning Load,
" Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
" Its guiltleſs Pangs, I ſee! The Stores, profuſe,
" Which *Britiſh Bounty* has to Theſe aſſign'd,
" No more the ſacrilegious Riot ſwell
" Of Cannibal Devourers! Right apply'd,
" No ſtarving Wretch the Land of *Freedom* ſtains:
" If poor, Employment finds; if old demands,
" If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable Due;
" And will, if young, repay the fondeſt Care.
" Sweet ſets the Sun of ſtormy Life, and ſweet
" The Morning ſhines, in *Mercy*'s Dews array'd.
" Lo! how they riſe! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN!

" * *That!* chief, (but why—ye *Bigots!*—why ſo late?)
" Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing Age:
" What Smiles of Praiſe! And, while their Song aſcends,
" The liſtening Seraph lays his Lute aſide.

" HARK! the gay MUSES raiſe a nobler Strain,
" With active Nature, warm impaſſion'd Truth,
" Engaging Fable, lucid Order, Notes
" Of various String, and heart-felt Image fill'd.
" Behold! I ſee the dread delightful *School*
" Of *temper'd Paſſions*, and of *poliſh'd Life*,
" Reſtor'd: behold! the well-diſſembled Scene
" Calls from embelliſh'd Eyes the lovely Tear,
" Or lights up Mirth in modeſt Cheeks again.
" Lo! vaniſh'd *Monſter-land*. Lo! driven away
" Thoſe that *Apollo*'s ſacred Walks profane:
" Their wild Creation ſcatter'd, where a World
" Unknown to *Nature*, Chaos more confus'd,
" O'er

* An Hoſpital for Foundlings.

" O'er the brute Scene its * *Ouran-Outangs* pours;
" Deteſted Forms! that, on the Mind impreſt,
" Corrupt, confound and barbarize an Age.

" BEHOLD! all *thine again* the SISTER-ARTS,
" Thy *Graces* They, knit in harmonious Dance.
" Nurs'd by the Treaſure from a Nation drain'd
" Their Works to purchaſe, They to Nobler rouze
" Their untam'd Genius, their unfetter'd Thought;
" Of pompous Tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
" The gaudy Tools, and Priſoners, no more.

" LO! Numerous DOMES a BURLINGTON confeſs:
" For *Kings* and *Senates fit*, the *Palace* ſee!
" The *Temple* breathing a religious Awe;
" Even fram'd with Elegance the *plain Retreat*,
" The private Dwelling. Certain in his Aim,
" *Taſte*, never idly working, ſaves Expence.

* A Creature which, of all Brutes, moſt reſembles Man.—See Dr. *Tyſon*'s Treatiſe on this Animal.

" See! Sylvan Scenes, where *Art*, alone, pretends
" To dreſs her *Miſtreſs*, and diſcloſe her Charms:
" Such as a Pope in Miniature has ſhown;
" A Bathurst o'er the widening * Foreſt ſpreads;
" And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiswick,
Stowe.

" August, around, what public Works I ſee!
" Lo! ſtately *Streets*, lo! *Squares* that court the Breeze,
" In ſpite of Thoſe to whom pertains the Care,
" Ingulphing more than founded *Roman Ways*,
" Lo! ray'd from Cities o'er the brighten'd Land,
" Connecting Sea to Sea, the Solid *Road*.
" Lo! the Proud *Arch* (no vile Exactor's Stand)
" With eaſy Sweep beſtrides the chafing Flood.
" See! long *Canals*, and *deepen'd Rivers* join
" Each Part with each, and with the circling Main
" The whole enliven'd Iſle. Lo! *Ports* expand,
" Free

* *Olely* Woods, near *Cirenceſter*.

" Free as the Winds and Waves, their ſheltering Arms.
" Lo! ſtreaming Comfort o'er the troubled Deep,
" On every pointed Coaſt the *Light-houſe* tow'rs;
" And, by the broad imperious *Mole* repell'd,
" Hark! how the baffled Storm indignant roars."

As thick to View THESE VARIED WONDERS roſe,
Shook all my Soul with Tranſport, unaſſur'd,
The VISION broke; And, on my waking Eye,
Ruſh'd the ſtill RUINS of dejected ROME.

A

POEM,

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

LORD *TALBOT*,

Late Chancellor of *Great Britain*.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

LORD TALBOT.

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

LORD *TALBOT*.

WHILE, with the Public, you MY LORD, lament
A Friend and Father loſt; permit the *Muſe*,
The *Muſe* aſſign'd of old a double Theme,
To praiſe dead Worth and humble living Pride,
Whoſe generous Taſk begins where Int'reſt ends,
Permit her on a TALBOT's Tomb to lay
This cordial Verſe ſincere, by Truth inſpir'd,
Which means not to beſtow but borrow Fame.
Yes, ſhe may ſing his matchleſs Virtues now —
Unhappy!

Unhappy! that ſhe *may*.——But where begin?
How from the Diamond ſingle out each Ray,
That, tho' they tremble with ten thouſand Hues,
Effuſe one poignant undivided Light?

LET the Low-minded of theſe narrow Days
No more preſume to deem the lofty Tale
Of antient Times, in Pity to their Own,
Romance. In TALBOT we united ſaw
The piercing Eye, the quick enlighten'd Soul,
The graceful Eaſe, the flowing Tongue of *Greece*,
Join'd to the Virtues and the Force of *Rome*.

ETERNAL WISDOM, that All-quick'ning Sun,
Whence every Life, in juſt Proportion, draws
Directing Light and actuating Flame,
Ne'er with a larger Portion of its Beams
Awaken'd mortal Clay. Hence ſteady, calm,
Diffuſive,

Diffuſive, deep and clear, his Reaſon ſaw,
With inſtantaneous View, the Truth of Things;
Chief what to Human Life and Human Bliſs
Pertains, that kindeſt Science, fit for Man:
And hence, reſponſive to his Knowledge, glow'd
His ardent Virtue. Ignorance and Vice,
In Conſort foul, agree; Each heightning Each;
While Virtue draws from Knowledge nobler Fire,
Is Knowledge of true Pleaſure, prov'd by Deeds.

WHAT grand, what comely, and what tender Senſe,
What Talent, and what Virtue was not His?
All that can render Man or great, or good,
Give uſeful Worth, or amiable Grace?
Nor could he brook in ſtudious Shade to lie,
In ſoft Retirement, indolently pleas'd
With ſelfiſh Peace. The SYREN of the Wiſe,
(Who ſteals th' *Aonian* Song, and, in the ſhape

Of

Of Virtue, wooes them from a worthleſs World)
Tho' deep he felt her Charms, could never melt
His ſtrenuous Spirit, recollected, calm,
As ſilent Night, yet active as the Day.
The more the Bold, the Buſtling, and the Bad,
Uſurp the Reins of Power, the more behoves,
Becomes it Virtue, with indignant Zeal,
To check their Conjuration. Shall low Views
Of ſneaking Int'reſt or luxurious Vice,
The Villain's Paſſions, quicken more to Toil,
And dart a livelier Vigour thro' the Soul,
Than Thoſe that, mingled with our trueſt Good,
With preſent Honour and immortal Fame,
Involve the Good of All? An empty Form,
Vain is the Virtue, that amid the Shade
Lamenting lies, with future Schemes amus'd,
While *Wickedneſs* and *Folly*, *kindred Powers*,
Confound the World. A TALBOT's, different far,

Sprung

Sprung into Action: Action, that diſdain'd
To loſe, in living Death, one Pulſe of Life,
That might be ſav'd; diſdain'd, for Coward Eaſe,
And her inſipid Pleaſures, to reſign
The Prize of Glory, the keen Sweets of Toil,
And thoſe high Joys that teach the truly Great
To live for others, and for others die.

EARLY behold! he breaks benign on Life.
Not breathing more Beneficence, the Spring
Leads, in her ſwelling Train, the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind Her, ſmiles the kindling Waſte
Of ruffian Storms and Winter's lawleſs Rage.
In Him *Aſtrea*, to this dim Abode
Of ever-wandering Men, return'd again:
To bleſs them his Delight, to bring them back,
From thorny Error, from unjoyous Wrong,
Into the Paths of kind primeval Faith,

Of

Of Happineſs and Juſtice. All his Parts,
His Virtues all, collected, ſought the Good
Of Human-kind. For That he, fervent, felt
The Throb of Patriots, when they model States:
Anxious for That, nor needful Sleep could hold
His ſtill-awaken'd Soul; nor Friends had Charms
To ſteal, with pleaſing Guile, an healing Hour;
Toil knew no Languor, no Attraction Joy.
The common Father Such of erring Men!
A froward Race! inceſſant in Purſuit
Of flying Good, or of fallacious Bliſs:
Still as they thwart and mingle in the Chace,
Now Fraud, now Force, now Cruelty and Crimes,
Attempting All to ſeize a Brother's Prize;
He ſits ſuperior to the little Fray,
Detects the Legal Snares of mazy Guile,
With the proud Mighty bids the Feeble cope,
And into ſocial Life the Villain daunts.

Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers, no more!
Vaniſh, ye Human Comets! ſhrink your Blaze!
Ye that your Glory to your Terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing deſolated Earth,
You ſcatter Famine, Peſtilence and War;
Vaniſh! before this vernal Sun of Fame,
Effulgent Sweetneſs! beaming Life and Joy.

How the Heart liſten'd while he, pleading, ſpoke!
While on th'enlighten'd Mind, with winning Art,
His gentle Reaſon ſo perſuaſive ſtole,
That the charm'd Hearer thought it was his own.
Ah! when, ye ſtudious of the Laws, again
Shall ſuch enchanting Leſſons bleſs your Ear?
When ſhall again the darkeſt Truths, perplext,
Be ſet in ample Day? Again the Harſh
And Arduous open into ſmiling Eaſe?
The Solid mix with elegant Delight?

To him the pureſt Eloquence indulg'd
Eternal Treaſure, Light and Heat combin'd,
At once to pour Conviction on the Soul,
And mould, with lawful Flame, th' impaſſion'd Heart.
That dangerous Gift, which to the ſtrictly Juſt,
And Good, alone, belongs, lay ſafe with Him
Repos'd. He ſacred to his Country's Cauſe,
To trampled Want and Worth, to ſuffering Right,
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's Woes,
Reſerv'd the mighty Charm. With equal Brow,
Deſpiſing then the Smiles or Frowns of Power,
He all that nobleſt Eloquence effus'd,
Which wakes the tender or exalting Tear,
When generous Paſſions, taught by Reaſon, ſpeak.
Then ſpoke the Man; and, over barren Art,
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom Then
His Client was, Humanity and Truth.

PLAC'D on the Seat of Juſtice, There he reign'd,
In a ſuperior Sphere of cloudleſs Day,
A pure Intelligence. No Tumult There,
No dark Emotion, no intemp'rate Heat,
No Paſſion e'er diſturb'd the clear Serene
That round Him ſpread. A Zeal for Right, alone,
The Love of Juſtice, like the ſteady Sun,
Unbating Ardor lent; and now and then,
Againſt the Sons of Violence, of Pride,
And bold Deceit, his Indignation gleam'd.
As Intuition quick, he ſnatch'd the Truth,
Yet with progreſſive Patience, Step by Step,
Self-diffident, or to the Slower kind,
He thro' the Maze of Falſehood urg'd it on,
Till, at the laſt evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the Loſer own'd the juſt Decree.

BUT when, in Senates, HE, to FREEDOM firm,
Enlighten'd FREEDOM, plann'd ſalubrious Laws,
His various Learning, his wide Knowledge, Then,
His Inſight deep into BRITANNIA's Weal,
Spontaneous ſeem'd from ſimple Senſe to flow,
And the plain Patriot ſmooth'd the Brow of Law.
No ſpecious Swell, no frothy Pomp of Words
Fell on the cheated Ear; no ſtudy'd Maze
Of Declamation, to perplex the Right,
He darkening threw around: ſafe in itſelf,
In its own Force, almighty Reaſon ſpoke;
While on the great the ruling Point, at once,
He ſtream'd deciſive Day, and ſhow'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear Debate.
Conviction breathes Conviction; to the Heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in Eloquence *unbid*,
The Heart attends: for let the *Venal* try
Their every hard'ning ſtupifying Art,

Truth

Truth muſt prevail, Zeal will enkindle Zeal,
And Nature, ſkilful touch'd, is honeſt ſtill.

BEHOLD Him in the Councils of his Prince.
What faithful Light he lends? How rare, in Courts,
Such Wiſdom! ſuch Abilities! and join'd
To Virtue ſo determin'd, Public Zeal,
And Honour of ſuch adamantine Proof,
As even CORRUPTION, hopeleſs, and o'er-aw'd,
Durſt not have tempted. Yet of Manners mild,
And winning every Heart, he knew to pleaſe,
Nobly to pleaſe; while equally he ſcorn'd
Or Adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the State! where wakes a ruling Eye
Of ſuch Inſpection keen, and general Care.
Beneath a Guard ſo vigilant, ſo pure,
All-truſted, All-rever'd, and All-belov'd,
Toil may reſign his careleſs Head to Reſt,

And ever-jealous FREEDOM ſleep in Peace.
Ah! loſt untimely! loſt in *downward* Days!
And many a Patriot Counſel with him loſt!
Counſels, that might have humbled BRITAIN's Foe,
Her *native* Foe, from eldeſt Time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a TALBOT's Arms.

LET Learning, Arts, let univerſal Worth,
Lament a Patron loſt, a Friend and Judge.
Unlike the Sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the Patron's proſtituted Name,
Dare ſacrifice a worthy Man to Pride,
And fluſh Confuſion o'er an honeſt Cheek.
Oblig'd when he oblig'd, it ſeem'd a Debt
Which he to Merit, to the Public, paid,
That can, alone, by Virtue, ſtation'd high,
Recover Fame; to his own Heart a Debt,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of Good.

The

The gracious Flood, that chears the letter'd World,
Is not the noiſy Gift of Summer's Noon,
Whoſe ſudden Current, from the naked Root,
Waſhes the little Soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the bluſhing Flowers:
No, 'tis the ſoft-deſcending Dews at Eve,
The ſilent Treaſures of the vernal Year,
Indulging deep their Stores, the ſtill Night long;
Till, with returning Morn, the freſhen'd World
Is Fragrance all, all Beauty, Joy and Song.

STILL let me view him in the pleaſing Light
Of private Life, where Pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded Soul is ſeen.
Not only There moſt amiable, beſt,
But with that trueſt Greatneſs He appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the ſoft Graces of the friendly Scene,

Inſpiring ſocial Confidence and Eaſe.
As free the Converſe of the Wiſe and Good,
As joyous, diſentangling every Power,
And breathing mixt Improvement with Delight,
As when amid the various-bloſſom'd Spring,
Or gentle-beaming Autumn's penſive Shade,
The Philoſophic Mind with Nature talks.
Say, ye his SONS, his dear Remains, with Whom
The Father laid ſuperfluous State aſide,
Yet ſwell'd your filial Duty thence the more,
With Friendſhip ſwell'd it, with Eſteem, with Love,
Beyond the Ties of Blood, oh! ſpeak the Joy,
The pure Serene, the chearful Wiſdom mild,
The virtuous Spirit, which his vacant Hours,
In Semblance of Amuſement, thro' the Breaſt
Infus'd. And thou, ORUNDLE! lend thy Strain,
Thou darling Friend! thou Brother of his Soul!
In whom the Head and Heart their Stores unite,

Whatever

Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digeſts, the well-tun'd Boſom feels,
Truth natural moral or divine has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muſes ſing.
Lend me the Plaint, which, to the lonely Main,
With Memory converſing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled Shore you, penſive, ſtray,
Where *Derry*'s Mountains a bleak Creſcent form,
And mid their ample Round receive the Waves,
That from the frozen Pole, reſounding, ruſh,
Impetuous. Tho' from native Sun-ſhine driven,
Driven from your Friends, the Sun-ſhine of the Soul,
By ſlanderous Zeal, and Politics infirm,
Jealous of Worth; yet will you bleſs your Lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious Fate,
Whence TALBOT's *Friendſhip* glows to future Times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred Tempers born;
Nurs'd, by Experience, into ſlow Eſteem,

Calm Confidence unbounded, Love not blind,
And the ſweet Light from mingled Minds diſclos'd,
From mingled Chymic Oils as burſts the Fire.

I too remember well that mental Bowl,
Which round his Table flow'd. The Serious, There,
Mix'd with the Sportive, with the Learn'd the Plain;
Mirth ſoften'd Wiſdom, Candor temper'd Mirth;
And Wit its Honey lent, without the Sting.
Not ſimple Nature's unaffected Sons,
The blameleſs *Indians*, round their Foreſt-Chear,
In ſunny Lawn or ſhady Covert ſet,
Hold more unſpotted Converſe: nor, of old,
Rome's awful Conſuls, her Dictator-Swains,
As on the Product of their *Sabine* Farms
They far'd, with ſtricter Virtue fed the Soul:
Nor yet in *Athens*, at an Attic Meal,
Where SOCRATES preſided, fairer Truth,

More

More elegant Humanity, more Grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper Science reign'd.

BUT far beyond the little vulgar Bounds
Of Family, of Friends, of Country, Kind,
By juſt Degrees, and with proportion'd Flame,
Extended his Benevolence: a Friend
To Human-kind, to Parent Nature's Works.
Of free Acceſs, and of engaging Grace,
Such as a Brother to a Brother owes,
He kept an open judging Ear for All,
And ſpread an open Countenance, where ſmil'd
The fair Effulgence of an open Heart;
While on the Rich, the Poor, the High, the Low,
With equal Ray, his ready Goodneſs ſhone:
For *Nothing human foreign was to Him.*

THUS to a dread Inheritance, MY LORD,
And hard to be ſupported, you ſucceed:

But,

But, kept by Virtue, as by Virtue gain'd,
It will, thro' lateſt Time, enrich your Race,
When groſſer Wealth ſhall moulder into Duſt,
And with their Authors in Oblivion ſunk
Vain Titles lie, the *ſervile Badges* oft
Of mean Submiſſion, not the Meed of Worth.
True genuine Honour its large Patent holds
Of all Mankind, thro' every Land and Age,
Of univerſal Reaſon's various Sons,
And even of GOD himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
Who ſees with other Eyes than flattering Men.
Mean-time theſe nobleſt Honours of the Mind
On rigid Terms deſcend: the high-plac'd Heir,
Scan'd by the Public Eye, that, with keen Gaze,
Malignant ſeeks out Faults, cannot thro' Life,
Amid the nameleſs Inſects of a Court,
If ſuch to Life belong, unheeded, ſteal:
He muſt be glorious or he muſt be baſe.

This Truth to you, who merit well to bear
A Name to BRITONS dear, th' officious *Muſe*
May ſafely ſing, and ſing without Reſerve.

VAIN were the Plaint, and ignorant the Tear
That ſhould a TALBOT mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
Our *ſinking Country*, *Human-kind enſlav'd*,
We may lament. But let us, grateful, joy,
That e'er ſuch Virtues gave our Days to ſhine,
Above the dark Abyſs of modern Time;
That we ſuch Virtues knew, ſuch Virtues felt,
And feel them ſtill, teaching our Views to riſe
Thro' ever-bright'ning Scenes of future Worlds.
Be dumb, ye worſt of Zealots! Ye that, prone
To thoughtleſs Duſt, renounce that generous Hope,
Whence every Joy below its Spirit draws,
And every Pain its Balm: a TALBOT's Light,
A TALBOT's Virtues claim another Source,

Than

Than the blind Maze of undeſigning Blood;
Nor when that vital Fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid Stream.

METHINKS I ſee his mounting Spirit, freed
From tangling Earth, regain the Realms of Day,
Its native Country, whence, to bleſs Mankind,
ETERNAL GOODNESS, on this darkſom Spot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous JUDGE of Heaven and Earth,
And to th' ALMIGHTY FATHER's Preſence join'd,
Whoſe Smile creative beams ſuperior Life,
He takes his Rank, in Glory, and in Bliſs,
Amid the Human Worthies. Glad around
Croud his compatriot Shades, and point him out,
With noble Pride, BRITANNIA's blameleſs Boaſt.
Ah! who is He, that with a fonder Eye
Meets Thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of Sons!

The

The beſt of Friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
That Hope, which once forbad thy Tears to flow!
Mean-while the kindred Souls of every Land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful Days
Of Prejudice and Error) mingled now,
In one ſelected never-jarring State,
Where GOD Himſelf their only Monarch reigns,
Partake the Joy; yet, ſuch the Senſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly Woes, for us below,
And for our Loſs, they drop a pitying Tear.
But ceaſe preſumptuous *Muſe*, nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy Sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal Hand to trace theſe Scenes,
Scenes, that our groſs Ideas groveling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt Language dumb.

FORGIVE, IMMORTAL SHADE! if aught from Earth,
From Duſt low-warbled, to thoſe Groves can riſe,

Where

Where flows unbidden Harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous Verſe. With deep-felt Voice,
On every Heart impreſs'd, thy Deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy Praiſe. Thy Praiſe the Widow's Sighs,
And Orphan's Tears embalm. The Good the Bad,
The Sons of Juſtice and the Sons of Striſe,
All that or FREEDOM or that Intereſt prize,
A deep-divided Nation's Parties all,
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs Praiſe to Heaven.
They catch it There; and, to ſeraphic Lyre,
Celeſtial Voices thy Arrival hail.
How vain this Tribute then! this lowly Lay!
Yet nothing vain which Gratitude inſpires.
The *Muſe*, beſides, her Duty thus approves
To Virtue, to her Country, to Mankind,
To FORMING NATURE, that, in glorious Charge,
As to her Prieſteſs, has it given, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON.

A

TRAGEDY.

A

TRAGEDY.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Princeſs of *Wales.*

MADAM,

I HUMBLY beg leave to put this Tragedy under the Protection of Your Royal Highneſs; and hope You will condeſcend to accept of it, as a Teſtimony of the moſt

DEDICATION.

most unfeigned and zealous Reſpect, due, no leſs to Your Amiable Virtues, than to Your High Rank, from,

TO HER

MADAM,

ROYAL HIGHNESS

Your Royal Highness's

Princess of Wales.

Moſt Dutiful and moſt

MADAM,

Obedient Humble Servant,

I HUMBLY beg leave to put this Tragedy under the Protection of Your Royal Highness, and will condescend to accept of it, as a Teſtimony of the moſt

James Thomson.

PROLOGUE.

By the Author of EURYDICE.

Spoken by Mr. *Quin*.

WHEN this deciſive Night, at length, appears,
The Night of every Author's Hopes and Fears;
What Shifts, to bribe Applauſe, poor Poets try?
In all the Forms of Wit they court and lye:
Theſe meanly beg it, as an Alms; and Thoſe,
By boaſtful Bluſter, dazzle and impoſe.
Nor poorly fearful, nor ſecurely vain;
Ours would, by honeſt Ways, that Grace obtain:
Would, as a Free-born Wit, be fairly try'd:
And then--let Truth and Candour, fair, decide.
He courts no Friend, who blindly comes to praiſe;
He dreads no Foe---but whom his Faults may raiſe.
Indulge a generous Pride, that bids him own,
He aims to pleaſe, by noble Means, alone:
By what may win the Judgment, wake the Heart,
Inſpiring Nature, and directing Art.
By Scenes, ſo wrought, ſo rais'd, as may command
Applauſe, more from the Head, than from the Hand.
Important is the Moral we wou'd teach:
(Oh may this Iſland practiſe what we preach!)
Vice, in its firſt Approach, with Care to ſhun;
The Wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater Crimes, and link ſo ſtreight,
What firſt was Accident, at laſt is Fate:
Th' unhappy Servant ſinks into a Slave;
And Virtue's laſt ſad Strugglings cannot ſave.
" *As ſuch our fair Attempt, we hope to ſee*
" *Our Judges, --here at leaſt,--from Influence free;*
" *One Place,--unbiaſs'd yet by Party-Rage, ---*
" *Where only Honour votes,--the* Britiſh *Stage.*
" *We aſk for Juſtice, for Indulgence ſue:*
" *Our laſt beſt Licence muſt proceed from you.*

Persons represented.

Agamemnon,	by	Mr. *Quin.*
Egiſthus,		Mr. *Milward.*
Meliſander,		Mr. *Cibber.*
Arcas,		Mr. *Wright.*
Oreſtes,		Mr. *Green.*
Talthybius Herald,		Mr. *Havard.*
Officers, &c.		

Clytemneſtra,	by	Mrs. *Porter.*
Caſſandra,		Mrs. *Cibber.*
Electra,		Miſs *Bret.*
Attendant of Clytemneſtra,		Mrs. *Furnival.*
Trojan Captives, &c.		

SCENE.

The Palace of *Agamemnon*, in *Mycena*.

AGAMEMNON.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA *sitting in a diſconſolate Poſture, and her* ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

O *Clytemneſtra!* O my royal Miſtreſs!
Can then no Comfort ſooth your Woes a while?
E'er ſince that flaming Signal of ſackt *Troy*,
That Signal fix'd and promis'd by the King,
Was ſeen ſome Nights ago, nor Food has paſs'd
Your loathing Lips, nor Sleep has bleſs'd your Eyes,
Or if, perhaps, a tranſient Slumber huſh'd
Your Sighs a moment, and reſtrain'd your Tears;
Sudden, you, ſtarting wildly, would exclaim

Of Guilt, *Egiſthus*, *Troy* and *Agamemnon*.
Sure, 'tis too much, my Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Away! away!
Since my loſt State admits of no Relief,
To that ſad Comfort of the Wretched leave me,
To yield me to my Sorrows.

ATTENDANT.

Hear me, Madam,
Once the dear Burden of theſe aged Arms!
My tender Care from Life's firſt opening Bud!
My Joy! my Glory! hear your faithful Servant,
And let me add your Friend. — In Reaſon's Eye,
That never judges on a partial View,
Far leſs than your Misfortune is your Guilt. ---
Your Guilt --- Forgive me, 'tis too harſh a Word,
For what deſerves Compaſſion more than Blame.
I know the treacherous Ways by which you ſunk,
From pleaſing Peace, to theſe unhappy Fears,
This anxious Tumult. ———

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hide me from the View!
All Comfort is in vain. ---- Away!

ATTENDANT.

Allow me,
To plead your injur'd Cauſe againſt yourſelf.
When *Agamemnon* led the *Greeks* to *Troy*,
And left you, Madam, for the Pomp of War;
Left you the Pride of *Greece*, in full-blown Beauty,
The kindeſt Mother, and the fondeſt Wife;
If Fame ſays true, for *Trojan* Captives left you ---
But that apart. --- How did he leave you, ſay?
Afflicted, outrag'd, as a Queen and Mother,
Betray'd to *Aulis* with your firſt-born Hope,
The blooming *Iphigenia*, under Feint
Of her immediate Marriage to *Achilles*;
And there no ſooner at the wind-bound Fleet
Arriv'd, but you beheld her ſpotleſs Blood

Stream on the ſully'd Altar of *Diana*,
The Price of Winds, of a dear-purchas'd Gale,
To bear them on to *Troy*. Thus pierc'd with Grief,
Then fir'd by turns to Rage, almoſt to Vengeance,
At an ambitious cruel haughty Huſband;
While all your Paſſions were together mix'd,
And ready for a Change; was you not left
In a ſubmiſſive ſoothing Lover's Power,
Ordain'd your Partner in the ſovereign Rule
O'er *Argos* and *Mycenæ*, but to you
As pliant ſtill as *Agamemnon* ſtately?

CLYTEMNESTRA, *riſing*.

Alas! too true! You touch the Source of Woe.
Why did you leave me, barbarous *Agamemnon*?
Why leave me weeping o'er a murder'd Daughter?
Why helpleſs leave me to a troubled Mind?
Ah! why yourſelf betray me to a Lover?
What Arts *Egiſthus* us'd too well I know;
All that can ſoftly ſteal, or gayly charm,
The Heart of Woman —— Hence, dear ſad Ideas!
Deſtroyers hence! And dare you tempt me ſtill,
Perfidious *Syrens!* in that very Moment (ever?
When your falſe Charms have wreckt my Peace for
Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we form'd
One Contradiction? the continual Sport
Of fighting Powers? Oh! wherefore haſt thou ſown
Such War within us, ſuch unequal Conflict,
Between ſlow Reaſon and impetuous Paſſion?
Paſſion reſiſtleſs hurries us away,
Ere lingering Reaſon to our Aid can come,
And to upbraid us then it only ſerves.
Tormentor, ceaſe!

ATTENDANT.

You wrong yourſelf too much.
Think, Madam, how for Years you baffled Love:
Nor could *Egiſthus*, tho' he touch'd your Heart,
Tho' many a midnight Tear, and ſecret Sigh,
To me, and me alone, diſclos'd the Pangs,

That dim'd your fading Cheek; yet could he not,
With all his Arts, his Love, Submiſſion, Charms,
O'ercome the ſtruggling Purpoſe of your Soul;
Till *Meliſander*, to a deſart Iſle,
He baniſh'd from your Ear.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah *Meliſander!*
Given to the Beaſts a Prey, or wilder Famine;
Ah periſh'd Friend! ſerene directing Light,
By *Agamemnon* left to guide my Councils;
Whom every Science every Muſe adorn'd,
While the good honeſt Heart enrich'd them all;
Oh hadſt thou ſtill remain'd, then I, this Day,
Had been as glorious as I now am wretched!
There breathes a felt Divinity in Virtue,
In candid unaſſuming generous Virtue,
Whoſe very Silence ſpeaks; and which inſpires,
Without proud formal Leſſons, a Diſdain
Of mean injurious Vice. But loſt with him,
With *Meliſanuer*, Reaſon, Honour, Pride,
Truth, ſound Advice, my better Genius fled;
I friendleſs, flatter'd, importun'd and charm'd
Was leſt alone with all-ſeducing Love;
Love to the Future blind, each ſober Thought
Each Conſequence deſpiſing, ſcorning all,
Save what its own enchanting Dreams ſuggeſt.
What could I do? — Away! Self-flattering Guilt!
I ſhould have thought, when Honour once is ſully'd,
Not weeping Mercy's Tears can waſh it clean;
And that one Blot on mine diffus'd a Stain
O'er the proud Honour of a wedded King,
And o'er my Children's, my poor blameleſs Children's!
Whoſe Cheeks will kindle at their Mother's Name:
I ſhould have thought --- Would I could think no [more!
To think is Torture!

ATTENDANT.

What avails it, Madam ---

CLY-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O *Meliſander!* If the Dead could hear,
I would invoke thy friendly Influence now,
Would wiſh thee preſent in this Hour of Trouble.
Perhaps there is in Wiſdom, gentle Wiſdom,
That knows our Frailties, therefore can forgive,
Some healing Comfort for a guilty Mind,
Some Power to charm it into Peace again,
And bid it ſmile anew with right Affections.
No! fruitleſs Wiſh! --- It cannot, cannot be!
Egiſthus, who may henceforth give me Laws,
Dread of Diſcovery, that worſt Tyrant, Shame,
And my own conſcious blotted Heart forbid it,
Forbid Retreat ---

ATTENDANT.

Madam, behold the Man,
Who, then upon the Watch, obſerv'd the Signal
Of conquer'd *Troy*, and now attends your Orders
To give a full Account of what he ſaw.

SCENE II.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *her* ATTENDANTS, *and the* MAN *who obſerv'd the Signal.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you then ſure that you beheld this Signal?
Or was it not ſome Viſion of the Brain,
That painted, while you ſlept, your waking Wiſh?
Or elſe perhaps ſome Meteor of the Night?

MAN.

Madam, *Troy* doubtleſs lies one Heap of Ruins;
I ſaw the Signal of its Fate diſtinctly.
The Night was dark and ſtill. A heavier Gloom
Ne'er cover'd Earth. In low'ring Clouds, the Stars
Were muffled deep; and not one Ray, below,
O'er all *Mycenæ* glimmer'd, or around it.

When

When ſtrait, at fartheſt Eaſt, a ruddy Light
Sprung up, and, wide-encreaſing, roll'd along;
By turns diminiſh'd, and by turns renew'd,
A Wave of Fire: at laſt, it flam'd confeſs'd,
From Iſle to Iſle, and beachy Point to Point;
Till the laſt Blaze at *Nauplia* ended, plain.
A glorious Sight! and as a *Greek* rejoic'd me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How ſits the Wind?

MAN.

It blows from *Troy*, direct;
A bold and ſteady Gale.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis well. --Retire.
Your Care and faithful Pains ſhall be rewarded.

SCENE III.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *her* ATTENDANT.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He comes! he comes! the hapleſs Victor comes!
Even now his trophy'd Veſſel ſtreaks the Main,
And ploughs the Billows with triumphant Prow;
Or, by glad Crouds receiv'd, perhaps, he hails
His native Shore, and preſſes on to Shame.
Even now with Glory charg'd, with Conqueſt gay,
Crown'd with the Laurels of ten famous Years,
He dreams to join them to the peaceful Olive;
And, after rugged Toils and perilous War,
Soft to repoſe him on the Myrtle Bed
Of calm domeſtic Bliſs. How vain the Hopes!
How ſhort the Proſpect of believing Man!
I dare not look before me, dare not paint
The riſing Storm.

ATTENDANT.

Behold *Egiſthus*, Madam.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leave me.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS.

EGISTHUS, *after ſome Silence.*

And is it thus, O *Clytemneſtra*,
Thus that, in Hours of Danger, Lovers meet?
[*pauſing.*
Still coldly ſilent, ſtill the Look averted,
Where not one Softneſs glows? While Anger, Fear,
Diſguſt and ſick Repentance, ſhifting, cloud
Your vary'd Cheek. 'Tis plain you never lov'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh that I never had!

EGISTHUS.

You never did.
The very Power to wiſh it proves you did not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He ne'er deſerv'd my Love, who dares ſuſpect it.

EGISTHUS.

Not to ſuſpect it Weakneſs were and Folly.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nor only doubt; believe your Doubts.

EGISTHUS.

I do.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

You do!

EGISTHUS.

Nay more, am of their Truth aſſur'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis baſe, ungrateful, an ungenerous Inſult,
To tell me this. Urge not too far, *Egiſthus*,
Urge not too far my guilt-dejected Spirit.
Tho' you have trampl'd on my haughty Virtue,
That noble Pride of Soul, which knows no Fear,
And bears no Inſult; yet to you, at leaſt,
To you of all Mankind, I will be bold,

As

As I had never err'd, will be a Queen,
The Blood of *Jove*, be *Clytemneſtra* ſtill.

EGISTHUS.

Be temperate, Madam: I have told you nothing,
But that I am not worthy of your Love.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Curſe on that Pride! which, with affected Brow,
Humility conceals. And am I then ſo vile,
So loſt to Reaſon, Honour, common Honour;
As without Love, that all-compelling Fury,
Without debaſing, thoughtleſs, blind blind Love;
To bow me from the Height of happy Life,
To this low fearful State of coward Shame?
Miſtake me not—I would not waſte one Word,
One paſſing Word, affronted thus, to ſave you
From Jealouſy's worſt Rage; did not, alas!
A kind of mournful Juſtice to my ſelf
Tear from my ſwelling Heart the mean Confeſſion.
How art thou fallen! to what Diſhonour fallen!
Unhappy *Clytemneſtra!*

EGISTHUS.

Harſh Conſtruction!
And yet theſe Frowns delight, that Anger charms me.
O more than lovely! O majeſtic Fair-one!
Since you then know the jealous Force of Love,
Forgive its tender Fears, its fond Offence;
Offence I could not mean.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill-fated ſhe!
Who muſt forgive.

EGISTHUS.

Nay rather caſt me from you,
Than thus upbraid me with ſo forc'd a Pardon.
O *Clytemneſtra!* where are now thoſe Looks,
Thoſe Looks of ſmiling Heaven, of radiant Sweetneſs,
That wak'd our Morn of Love? Within whoſe Sphere,
No Evil durſt approach, no Sadneſs dwell;
While the charm'd Gazer knew nor Fear nor Danger?

And ſet they then at laſt in gloomy Quarrels?
Let us not quarrel. Why ſhould Lovers quarrel?
Life is for that too ſhort, too precious Time;
Theſe Moments chiefly, theſe impetuous Moments,
That to the Brink of Ruin ſeem to roll
Our mingled Fate. Even now——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis true! 'Tis true!
Alas! methinks, in every hollow Blaſt,
That ſhakes this Palace, *Agamemnon* comes.
Yes, yes, *Egiſthus*, ſtill a Proof remains,
A matchleſs Proof of Love, I mean to give you.
Glad will I throw this regal Pomp aſide,
And, inſtant, with you ſeek ſome diſtant Country,
Some gloomy *Thracian* Dale, where piny *Hemus*
May wrap us in impenetrable Shade:
There, there, the coarſeſt Life, fed by hard Toil,
Will be luxurious Eaſe to what I feel,
To this big Pang that labours at my Heart,
And fires my mingling Paſſions into Anguiſh.
Quick! let us fly, *Egiſthus*, fly this Moment!
The next may ſeize us, bind us down to Shame,
Deteſted Shame!

EGISTHUS.

What! *Clytemneſtra!* fly!
That is indeed the Road direct to Shame,
To Infamy for ever. He who flies,
In War or Peace, who his great Purpoſe yields,
He is the only Villain of this World:
But he who labours firm and gains his Point,
Be what it will; who crowns him with Succeſs;
He is the Son of Fortune and of Fame,
By thoſe admir'd, thoſe ſpecious Villains moſt,
That elſe had bellow'd out Reproach againſt him.
Beſides your Huſband, your vain-glorious Huſband,
Proud *Agamemnon*, who ten Years has warr'd
At *Troy*, to ſcourge your Siſter *Helen*'s Rape,

Dream you that he would not purſue our Flight,
Tho' we took ſhelter in *Cimmerian* Shades,
And drag us back, the Scorn of hiſſing *Greece*,
To then deſerv'd, to true unpity'd Shame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Excuſe my weaker Heart. But how, *Egiſthus*,
How ſhall I bear an injur'd Huſband's Eye?
The fierceſt Foe wears not a Look ſo dreadful,
As does the Man we wrong.

EGISTHUS.

Madam, your Fears
Caſt a falſe Glare upon your troubled Reaſon,
That blinds it quite.—— An injur'd Huſband he!
He wrong'd! No, *Clytemneſtra* never, never,
Can never wrong her Tyrant *Agamemnon*,
Tyrant of common *Greece*; can never wrong
The Man who leaves her ten regardleſs Years,
For the vain Honours of a fooliſh War;
Nay, who conſum'd thoſe Years, if Fame ſpeaks true,
In nothing leſs than War; inſtead of War,
In ſhameful Squabbles with his nobler Friends,
About their Captive Females, training out,
An amorous Revel rather than a War,
Far from his Country, Family and Queen.
And can you wrong this Falſe-one? Think of *Aulis*.
How baſely to that Port you was betray'd,
And what dire Nuptials waited there your Daughter.
Think with what Price he bought his cruel Trophies.
Behold the firſt-born Bloſſom of your Youth.
Your *Iphigenia*, her mild Eyes dejected,
Her Cheek o'ercaſt with Fear, her boſom bare,
An helpleſs, harmleſs uncomplaining Victim,
Stab'd by the murderous *Calchas*; whilſt her Father,
Her unrelenting Father, to protect
The Sacrifice, ſtands by. Behold, ſhe bleeds,
Pours the rich Stream ſhe drew from that fair Boſom,
Falls like a drooping Flower untimely cut,
And all to purchaſe for her Sire's Impatience,

From

From ſome fell Demon that bely'd *Diana*,
A riſing Gale. The Gale begins to blow,
The Pendants flutter; when away he goes,
Gayly he goes; and leaves a wretched Mother,
To weep her murder'd Child. — If yet one Spark
Of wonted Spirit burns in *Clytemneſtra*,
If ſhe ſtill lives to Juſtice and to Nature,
Theſe theſe are Wrongs, that call aloud for Vengeance;
And there are Hands that boldly -- ſtart not, Madam --
That will with Pride avenge you.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! what Hands?
What Vengeance, ſay? Touch not ſo wild a String;
It wakes new Diſcord in my jarring Soul.
To the juſt Gods, not us, pertaineth Vengeance.
I cannot, will not, e'er conſent to — Gods!
Where roves my Tongue?--You did not mention that,
You did not mean it ſure — Oh ſpare, *Egiſthus*,
In pity ſpare my laſt Remains of Virtue!
Oh make me not beyond Recovery vile!
A Horror to myſelf!—How wretched they,
Who feel, yet cannot ſave, their dying Virtue!
[*A Shout heard.*
What means this Tranſport of the madning People?
Oh my preſaging Heart!—Save me!— Again!
Ah! little think they how their Joy diſtracts me!

EGISTHUS.

Some move this way--Reſume your Temper, Madam

SCENE V.

To CLYTEMNESTRA *an* OFFICER *belonging to the Court.*

OFFICER.

Madam, the King is near, from *Nauplia* comes;
But ſuch rejoicing Crouds around him throng,

As makes his Journey ſlow. Juſt now arriv'd,
Talthybius brings the News, and craves Admittance.

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Conduct him hither.

SCENE VI.

CLYTEMNESTRA, *alone.*

Oh too faithful Signal!
Now muſt I take another Step in Vice.
Down, ſtubborn Heart! and learn Diſſimulation:
Yes learn to ſmile, tho' Sorrow wrap thee round;
Learn to be Friends with Baſeneſs. --- See! how gay
This Herald ſtrides along! Miſtaken Man!

SCENE VII.

CLYTEMNESTRA, TALTHYBIUS, *with ſome* Grecian *Soldiers that attend him.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Welcome, *Talthybius*; welcome, ye brave *Greeks*.
How fares the King?

TALTHYBIUS.

Madam, the King is well;
Health Happineſs and Glory join to crown him.
His Heart, impatient to confer with yours,
Sends me before him with its warmeſt Wiſhes,
Its warmeſt Gratulations. Tell, he ſaid,
" Go tell my *Clytemneſtra*, that the Thoughts
" Of meeting her awake a dearer Joy
" Than Conqueſt ever gave: even tedious ſeems
" My People's Love, that loſes me a Moment.
This Crown which circled once the Royal Brows
Of *Hecuba*, of *Priam*'s lofty Queen,
He prays you to accept.

CLYTEM-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There, ſet it down.
I own, *Talthybius*, the ſoft Moiſture fills
My Woman's Eyes, while on the ſudden Turns
Of Fate I think, on Fortune's ſad Reverſes.
Oft when blind Mortals think themſelves ſecure,
In height of Bliſs, they touch the Brink of Ruin.
But ſure your Voyage has been wond'rous quick,
Not three full Days. — Is all the Fleet return'd?

TALTHYBIUS.

No, Madam; none, except this ſingle Ship,
Which bore the King: the reſt are ſcatter'd wide.
When to the joyous Breeze we ſpread our Sails,
And left that Bay, where *Simois* and *Scamander*
Mix with the rapid *Helleſpont*; while *Troy*,
Or what was *Troy*, yet wreathing ſmoak to Heaven,
And *Ida*'s woody Top, receding, ſunk
Beneath the trembling Main: the Sky was fair;
And, wing'd our Courſe with ſlender Airs, we ſail'd,
Till Night, in goodly Company, along.
But ſtrait, as Evening fell, the fluttering Gale,
Encreaſing gradual, from the red North-Eaſt,
Blew ſtiff and fierce. At laſt the Tempeſt howl'd.
Next Morning, nought but angry Seas and Skies
Appear'd, conflicting, round. Mean time, right on,
Our ſtrong-ribb'd Veſſel drove before the Blaſt,
That, falling ſomewhat of its Fury, gave us
A quick auſpicious Voyage. Safe, we paſs'd
The *Cyclade* Iſles, that, o'er the troubled Deep,
Seem'd then to float amidſt the mingling Storm:
Only at one, with much ado, we touch'd,
Nor without riſque.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And why?

TALTHYBIUS.

Madam, compell'd
By ſacred Pity. On the foaming Beach,
A miſerable Figure beck'ning ſtood,

Horrid

Horrid and wild, with Famine worn away.
His plaintive Voice, half by the murmuring Surge
Abſorpt, juſt reach'd our Ears. In *Greek* he call'd,
And ſtrong adjur'd us by the gentle Gods,
That make the Wretched their peculiar Care,
To bear him thence, from ſavage Solitude,
Into the chearful Haunts of Man again.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What?—Of Condition look'd He?

TALTHYBIUS.

So he ſeem'd;
Tho' dim'd by helpleſs ſolitary Life.
The King regards him much---Forgive me, Madam;
I ſee the rueful Image but diſturbs
Your generous Soul.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I thank you, good *Talthybius*;
And from the King himſelf will learn the reſt.
This Ring, on which a Victory is carv'd,
With curious Art, befits the News you bring:
I am your Debtor ſtill; and, Soldiers, yours.

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

ARriv'd ſo ſoon! I am not half prepar'd:
My Features all are ſunk with conſcious Shame;
My Eyes are yet too tender to diſſemble.

ATTENDANT.

Madam, be firm. Wipe off theſe gloomy Tears,
In which too plain is read your troubled Soul.
Juſt now the Trumpet ſpoke the King's Approach.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis come, at laſt, the trying Hour is come!
Oh that my Heart were hard, and Features falſe!—
Again theſe Trumpets ſwell—

ATTENDANT.

A moment, Madam,
A moment will betray you.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Open, Earth,
And ſwallow up my Shame!—What can I do?
Where look? what ſay? Confuſion! Torture!

ATTENDANT.

Madam—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, Coward that I am! Was there no Dagger,
To ſave this ten-fold Death?

ATTENDANT.

Hark! loud and near,
The Triumph comes.

CLY-

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well.--- give me Breath---

[*Endeavouring to compoſe her Agitation.*

AGAMEMNON, *behind the Scenes.*

A Moment,

Leave me, my Friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! heard you not his Voice?

Yes, yes, 'tis he! Go, bring my Children hither:

They may relieve me.

ATTENDANT.

O remember!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Heavens!

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA.

AGAMEMNON.

Where is my Life! my Love! my *Clytemneſtra!*

O let me preſs Thee to my fluttering Soul,

That is on wing to mix itſelf with thine!

O thou, for whom I live, for whom I conquer,

Than Glory brighter! O my *Clytemneſtra!*

Now, in this dear Embrace, I loſe the Toils

Of ten Years War; Abſence, with all its Pains,

Is by this charming Moment wip'd away.

All-bounteous Gods! Sure, never was a Heart

So full, ſo bleſt as mine.--- [*Diſcovering her Diſorder.*

But whence, my Faireſt!

What mean theſe Tears?--Not Tears of happy Love,

Such as I ſhed.---What means that clouded Look,

Whoſe downcaſt Sweetneſs will not ſhine upon me?

Why this cold Meeting? Why unkindly damp'd

My Ardor thus?- Oh ſpeak, my *Clytemneſtra!*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Forgive me, *Agamemnon*; but I cannot,

Alas!

Alas! I cannot ſee your Face again,
Without reflecting where I ſaw you laſt.
Aulis is preſent to my Eyes anew,
The Ships, the Chiefs, the Guards, the bloody *Calchas*,
All the dire Pomp of Sacrifice around:
Anew my Daughter bleeds, baſely deceiv'd!
And when I ſee that awful Brow, that doom'd Her,
Need *Agamemnon* wonder at my Tears!

AGAMEMNON.

Why will my *Clytemneſtra* add new Stings
To what here rankles but too deep already?
Ah! why impute to me the Work of Fate?
'Tis not indulging private Inclination,
The ſelfiſh Paſſions that ſuſtains the World,
And lends its Rulers Grace; no, 'tis not thence
That Glory ſprings, and high immortal Deeds:
The Public Good, the Good of others, ſtill,
Muſt bear fond Nature down, in him who dares
Aſpire to worthy Rule; imperious Honour
Still o'er the moſt Diſtinguiſh'd lords it moſt.
Was it for me? -- Let even your Paſſions judge —
For *Agamemnon* was it, when ordain'd,
By common Voice, the General of the *Greeks*;
While twenty Kings beneath my Banner march'd;
And while around me full aſſembled *Greece*,
Indignant, kindled at your Siſter's Rape,
On her old native Foe demanding Vengeance,
On faithleſs *Aſia*: Was it then for me,
To quench this glorious Flame? And to refuſe
One Life to Thouſands, to thoſe generous Thouſands,
That for my Honour, for the dearer Honour
Of *Clytemneſtra*'s Family, ſtood all
Prepar'd to die? If to the mingled Voice
Of Honour, Duty, Glory, Public Good,
Of the commanding Gods, I had been deaf;
And, in the feeble Father, poorly ſunk
The *Greek*, the Chief, the Patriot and the King,
Greater than King, the General of the *Greeks*;

Then you yourſelf, my *Clytemneſtra*'s Self, [me,
Muſt (let her Heart avow the Truth) have ſcorn'd
Nor think it was an eaſy Reſignation.
Oh *Clytemneſtra!* Had you ſeen within,
What here within my tortur'd Boſom paſs'd;
To that my Battles ſince were only Sport.
No, not the kindeſt Mother, bath'd in Tears,
As o'er her agonizing Babe ſhe hangs,
Feels what I ſuffer'd then — You may remember --
Again the Father melts me at the Thought ---
You may remember how I hid my Face;
Aſham'd to let the *Greeks* around behold
The Tears, that miſbecame their General's Cheek.
Then ceaſe to blame what rather merits Pity,
I might add Praiſe. — He, who the Father's Heart
More tender has than mine, too tender has it.
I love my Children, as a Father ſhould;
Beſides, I love them from a ſofter Cauſe,
I love my *Clytemneſtra*,

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Had, alas!
Had *Agamemnon* lov'd me, would He, nay,
Could he have left me in the Rage of Grief,
My Daughter yet freſh bleeding in my ſight?
Left me ſo long? Love ſurely muſt have found,
In the wide Round of ten revolving Years,
Some way to ſee me, to prevent theſe Sorrows —
Why was I thus abandon'd, *Agamemnon?*

AGAMEMNON.

Let me kiſs off theſe Tears -- O beauteous Tears!
If ſhed by doubting Love, if ſhed for Abſence.
Inſtead of theſe Reproaches, aſk me rather,
How I that Abſence bore: and here all Words
All Eloquence is dumb, to ſpeak the Pangs,
That lurk'd beneath the rugged Brow of War,
When glaring Day was clos'd, and huſh'd the Camp,
Oh! then, amid ten thouſand other Cares,
Thoſe ſtung the keeneſt that remember'd Thee,

That

That on my long-left *Clytemneſtra* thought,
On what wild Seas and Mountains lay between us.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Unhappy Man!

AGAMEMNON.

What ſays my *Clytemneſtra?*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Unhappy Mortals! by vain Words deceiv'd,
To their own Pride, to joyleſs Honour Slaves.

AGAMEMNON.

He, he, alone, can claim a Right to Bliſs,
Who has fulfill'd the painful Taſk of Honour.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But what avails a Right to vaniſh'd Bliſs?

AGAMEMNON.

Let me once more adjure thee, *Clytemneſtra*,
By every tender Name of Love adjure Thee,
To loſe in kind Oblivion theſe our paſt---
I would not call them Quarrels--- Ah! there was,
There was a Time--- I will indulge the Thought---
When everlaſting Tranſport tun'd our Souls:
When join'd to vernal Life, the Spring of Love
Around us gayly blow'd; and Heaven and Earth,
All ſmiling Nature look'd delighted on.
Yet, would my *Clytemneſtra* lend her Aid,
I know a Paſſion ſtill more deeply charming
Than fever'd Youth e'er felt; and that is Love,
By long Experience mellow'd into Friendſhip.
How far beyond that froward Child of Fancy!
With Beauty pleas'd awhile, anon diſguſted,
Seeking ſome other Toy; how nobler far
Is this bright Offſpring of unchanging Reaſon,
That fonder grows with Age and Charms for ever!
It is not often, *Clytemneſtra*, thus,
That I ſubmit to double my Intreaties;
But, oh deſtroy not the collected Hopes
Of Life and Love! Oh make not Conqueſt hateful!
I ſhall abhor it, if it coſt me thee,

Coſt me thy Love. A Daughter was too much,
And ten Years Abſence from my *Clytemneſtra.*
Add not to theſe a Loſs I cannot bear,
The Loſs of thee, thou lovelieſt of thy Sex!
And once the kindeſt!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh!

AGAMEMNON.

Turn not away;
There is relenting Goodneſs in thy Look.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Alas! untimely Fondneſs——*Agamemnon!*
Too generous *Agamemnon!* you diſtreſs me.
Would you were not ſo kind, ſo tender, now!
Or ne'er had been ſo cruel!

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis unjuſt
To call me cruel. Fate, the Gods, our Fortune
Were cruel to us both — What could I more
To ſooth our parting Woes, and eaſe my Abſence?
I left you *Meliſander* to adviſe you,
Left you the wiſeſt, faithfulleſt and beſt——
Oh whiſp'ring Nature! Are not theſe my Children?

SCENE III.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, ELECTRA, ORESTES.

AGAMEMNON.

My Daughter! my *Electra!*

ELECTRA.

O my Father!

AGAMEMNON.

Come to my Arms, my Boy! my dear *Oreſtes!*
In whom I live anew, my younger Self!
And thou, *Electra,* in thy opening Cheek
I mark thy Mother's Bloom: even ſo ſhe look'd,
Such the mild Light with which her Beauty dawn'd.

Oh

Oh thou ſoft Image of my *Clytemneſtra!*
My other *Iphigenia!*

ELECTRA.

Oh my Father!
My Joy! my Pride! my Glory! whom, in Dreams,
I oft have ſeen, as if return'd from *Troy*;
But ſtill unwelcome Morning, with a Tear,
Wip'd out the dear Illuſion of the Night.
And is it then no more a faithleſs Viſion?
Oh 'tis my Father! whoſe Departure hence,
And *Iphigenia*'s Death I juſt remember.
How glorious, *Iphigenia*, was thy Death!
A Death I envy rather than lament.
Who would not die to gain immortal Fame,
Deliver *Greece*, and crown a Father's Glory?

AGAMEMNON.

Come to my Arms again, my generous Daughter!
And Thou my Son! O that thy tender Years
Had ſuffer'd thee to ſhare our Toils at *Troy!*
'Tis War that forms the Prince: 'tis Hardſhip, Toil;
'Tis ſleepleſs Nights, and never-reſting Days;
'Tis Pain, 'tis Danger, 'tis affronted Death;
'Tis equal Fate for all, and changing Fortune;
That rear the Mind to Glory, that inſpire
The nobleſt Virtues and the gentleſt Manners.
Where ſhall I find, to teach Thee theſe, *Oreſtes*,
Another *Troy?*

ORESTES.

How happy had I been!
To have beheld what I muſt only hear.
But I will hear it often, every Day;
Will learn your Story, ſtudy your Example;
Will try to mix your Virtues with your Blood,
And not diſgrace the Laurels I inherit.
My Boſom flutters with I know not what——
——Forgive me, Sir, I am too young to ſay it——
But ſomething here I feel, which bids me hope
That I ſhall not betray my Father's Honour.

AGA-

AGAMEMNON.

Son of my Soul!—Look here, my *Clytemneſtra!*
Look here and weep with Tenderneſs and Tranſport!
What is all taſteleſs Luxury to this?
To theſe beſt Joys, which holy Love beſtows?
O Nature! Parent Nature! Thou, alone,
Art the beſt Judge of what can make us happy!

Enter an Officer belonging to the Court.

OFFICER.

Egiſthus, Sir, attends.

AGAMEMNON.

Go, bid him enter.
Retire, my *Clytemneſtra*, my dear Children:
We ſoon ſhall meet again, 'till then farewel.

SCENE IV.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey me, Features, for one ſupple Moment:
You ſhall not long be tortur'd. Here, in Courts,
We muſt not wear the Soldier's honeſt Face.
He little thinks I have him in the Snare
Of *Meliſander*, whom, in my return,
I from that deſart Iſland chanc'd to ſave,
To which the Ruffian——

SCENE V.

AGAMEMNON, EGISTHUS.

EGISTHUS.

Health to *Agamemnon!*
And Happineſs reſponſive to his Glory!

AGAMEMNON.

Couſin, I greet you well.

EGISTHUS.

Forgive me, Sir,
You have ſurpriz'd us with this quick Return:
For by that Signal, whoſe illuſtrious Flame

Rejoic'd

Rejoic'd all *Greece*, we did not hope your Preſence
Theſe three days hence. Forgive, that, unprepar'd,
We only with that Joy, that Tranſport, wonder,
Which ſwell each *Grecian* Boſom, thus receive you.
And truly ſuch a Burſt I have not ſeen
Of that beſt Triumph. City, Country, all,
Is in a gay triumphant Tempeſt toſt.
I ſcarce could preſs along. The Trumpet's Voice
Is loſt in loud repeated Shouts that raiſe
Your Name to Heaven. Ten thouſand Eyes, below,
Ake to behold the Conqueror of *Troy*.

AGAMEMNON.

The nobleſt Praiſe that can ſalute my Ear,
The ſweeteſt Muſic, is my People's Joy.
But ſure your Tongue has done it ample Juſtice;
Truſt me, you blazon a Deſcription well.
I have not heard ſo much obliging Speech
Theſe many Years.

EGISTHUS.

Miſconſtrue not my Zeal:
On the full Heart obedient Language waits.
I feel ſo deep your Glory, *Agamemnon*,
As mingles with my Joy a ſort of Paſſion,
That almoſt touches Envy. O ye Gods!
Has, while I liv'd, a War, the moſt renown'd
Which any Age e'er ſaw, or ſhall again
Be ſeen; a War, whoſe never-dying Fame
Will cover Earth, and reach remoteſt Time,
Has ſuch a War adorn'd my Days, and I
Not ſhar'd its Glory? Pining here, unknown,
In nameleſs Peace—how have I loſt my Life!

AGAMEMNON.

This Ardor is the Mode. But know, *Egiſthus*,
That ruling a free People well in Peace,
Without or yielding or uſurping Power;
Maintaining firm the Honour of the Laws,
Yet ſometimes ſoftening their too rigid Doom,
As Mercy may require; ſteering the State,

Thro'

Thro' factious Storms, or the more dangerous Calms
Of Peace, by long Continuance grown corrupt;
Beſides the fair Career which Fortune opens,
To the mild Glories of protected Arts,
To Bounty, to Beneficence, to Deeds
That give the Gods themſelves their brighteſt Beams:
Yes, know, that theſe are, in true Glory, equal,
If not ſuperior, to deluding Conqueſt;
Nor leſs demand they Conduct, Courage, Care,
And perſevering Toil.

EGISTHUS.

Say thankleſs Toil,
Harſh and unpleaſing; that, inſtead of Praiſe
And due Reward, meets oftner Scorn, Reproach,
Fierce Oppoſition to the cleareſt Meaſures;
Injuſtice, Baniſhment, or Death itſelf:
Such is the Nature of malignant Man.
Not ſo the Victor's Meed: Him all approve,
Him all admire.

AGAMEMNON.

Yet tho' a toilſome Taſk,
Tho' an ungrateful Labour oft to rule;
I not ſo hardly of Mankind, *Egiſthus*,
Preſume to judge. Truth, Wiſdom, Courage, Juſtice,
Beneficence, and to the Public Good
A conſtant Tenor of well-laid Deſigns;
Theſe muſt be awful in the worſt of Times,
Be amiable, dear; while Worth, at laſt
Will light up Worth, and Virtue kindle Virtue.
You was however eas'd of half the Toil,
By him I left to counſel *Clytemneſtra*,
By *Meliſander*.

EGISTHUS.

Would to Heaven I had!

AGAMEMNON.

You much amaze me.——Is not *Meliſander*
Wiſe, juſt and faithful?

EGISTHUS.

EGISTHUS.

Sir, I own
He wore a ſpecious Maſk---

AGAMEMNON.

Beware, *Egiſthus*;
I know his ſtedfaſt Worth, and will not bear
The fartheſt hint that ſtains the Man I love.

EGISTHUS.

Then urg'd by Truth and in my own Defence,
I boldly will aſſert him, *Agamemnon*,
To be more apt to trouble and embroil,
Than ſerve a State. A certain ſtubborn Virtue,
I would ſay Affectation of blunt Virtue,
Beneath whoſe outſide Froth, fermenting lay
Pride, Envy, Faction, Turbulence of Soul,
And Democratic Views, in ſome ſort made him
A ſecret Traitor, equally unfit
Or to obey or rule. But that I check'd
His early Treaſons, here at your Return,
You might have found your Kingdom a Republic.

AGAMEMNON, [*Aſide.*

O I ſhall loſe all Patience!---
You do well,
To give your Accuſation open Speech.
Meantime, remember you muſt fully prove it,
You muſt!---And he who *Meliſander* proves
The Wretch you have deſcrib'd, proves Man is vain,
And ſaps the broad Foundations of all Truſt.
I know he would not patiently look on,
And ſuffer ill Deſigns to gather Strength,
Awaiting gentle Seaſons; yes, I know
He had a troubleſome old-faſhion'd way,
Of ſhocking courtly Ears with horrid Truth.
He was no civil Ruffian: none of thoſe,
Who lye with twiſted Looks, betray with Shrugs---
I wax too warm---But he was none of thoſe,
Is none of thoſe duſt-licking, reptile, cloſe,
Inſinuating, ſpeckled, ſmooth Court-Serpents,

That make it ſo unſafe, chiefly for Kings,
To walk this weedy World---Pardon my Heat---
I wander from the Purpoſe---You *Egiſthus*,
Muſt prove your Charge, to *Meliſander*'s Face
Muſt prove it.

EGISTHUS.

Surely---Since the Princely Faith
Of your own Blood you doubt---

AGAMEMNON.

Friendſhip and Truth
Are more a-kin to me than Blood.

EGISTHUS.

You ſhall,
You ſhall have Proof; but to his Face you cannot.

AGAMEMNON.

But to his Face I will!---I cannot! why?

EGHISTHUS.

He wanders far from hence, I know not where.
For when I found him an undoubted Traitor,
Tho' he the heavieſt Puniſhment deſerv'd,
Yet in regard to that Eſteem, which, once,
You deign'd to bear him, Baniſhment alone
Was all I did inflict.

AGAMEMNON.

I thank you, Sir---
O you are wond'rous good!---But tell me, how,
How durſt you meddle in the Sphere aſſign'd
To *Clytemneſtra?* He was left to Her;
To be her Counſellor I left my Friend,
Left *Meliſander*; left a Man, whom long,
Whom well I knew; perhaps, to check you, left him:
And you pretend, you!---But I will be calm---
Theſe Paſſions in a King to his Inferiors,
Who cannot anſwer equal, are not comely.
Forgive my Tranſport---A more quiet Hour
Shall ſift this Matter to the bottom, ſhall
Do *Meliſander* or *Egiſthus* Juſtice.

SCENE VI.

EGISTHUS.

Now go thy way, weak open-hearted Man,
Thus to declare the Ruin thou intendeſt.
Go, rate thy *Trojan* Slaves; and elſewhere practiſe
This Inſolence of Camps. Tame, as I ſeem,
Submiſſive, mild, and patient of thy Threats,
Yet, ere to-morrow's Sun beholds *Mycenæ*,
My ſure-aim'd Blow ſhall pierce thy ſwelling Heart,
And cool this Tyrant's Fever in thy Veins.
Were not our Blood our Kindred Blood at variance,
And therefore burning with immortal Hate:
Had not thy Father *Atreus*, at a Banquet,
A dreadful Banquet! from whoſe Sight the Sun
Turn'd back eclips'd, ſerv'd--Monſtrous!--up to mine,
To his own Brother, to the pale *Thyeſtes*,
His murder'd Sons: didſt thou not wear a Crown
Then by thy Father raviſh'd from our Line,
Mycenæ's Crown, which he unjuſtly ſeiz'd,
And added to his own, to that of *Argos*:
Had I not ſtain'd thy Bed with *Clytemneſtra*:
Tho' Safety did not urge, and Self-defence:
Yet this vile Treatment, Treatment fit for Slaves;
Thanks to thy Fury! this has fix'd thy Doom.
Some fooliſh Scruples, that ſtill hung about me,
Are by this friendly Tempeſt blown away.—
But *Clytemneſtra* comes. How ſhall I calm
Her troubled Mind? How bring her to my Purpoſe?

SCENE VII.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Here let me kneel, *Egiſthus*, graſp thy Knees;
Here let me grow till my Requeſt be granted.
Now is the very Criſis of my Fate.

EGISTHUS.

What Sight is this I ſee? Riſe, *Clytemneſtra!*
Thou faireſt moſt majeſtic of thy Sex!
It miſbecomes thee much this ſuppliant Poſture.
O there is nothing, nothing, ſure, which you
Need ſtoop to aſk! ſpeak, and command it, Madam.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then let us henceforth be, as if this Love
Had never been betwixt us.

EGISTHUS.

Ceaſe to love thee!
What wild Demand! Impoſſible!——Even now,
Endear'd by Danger, by Diſtreſs endear'd,
I for thee feel a fonder Pang, than e'er
I felt before.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No! theſe deluding Words
Can charm no longer; their Enchantment flies;
And in my Breaſt the guilty Paſſions jar,
Unkind, unjoyous, unharmonious all.
Ah me! from real Happineſs we ſtray,
By Vice bewilder'd; Vice, which always leads,
However fair at firſt, to Wilds of Woe.

EGISTHUS.

Ah! *Clytemneſtra!* didſt thou love——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No more!
Seduce my Soul no more! Here will I ſtop——
Beyond this Line 'tis Miſery, 'tis Madneſs,

The

The Furies flaſh their Torches, Vultures tear,
The mingled Tortures of the Damn'd await me.
Oh! if your Paſſion be not merely ſelfiſh,
If the leaſt Tenderneſs for me you feel,
Drive me no farther down the Gulph of Woe!
To Happineſs I bid a laſt farewell;
I aſk not Happineſs: no, that I leave
To Innocence and Virtue; Peace, alone,
Some poor Remains of Peace is all I aſk,
Not to be greatly wretched, plung'd in Horrors!
And yet, who knows, the heavenly Spark, that ſleeps
Beneath theſe Embers, yet may ſpread anew
Its chearful Luſtre——All may yet be well——
For *Agamemnon* was ſo kind, ſo gentle,
With ſuch a holy tender Flame he burn'd,
As might have kindled in a barbarous Breaſt
Humanity and Virtue.

EGISTHUS.

All Pretence.
I gueſs his Aim; I penetrate his Purpoſe.
On you he laviſh'd Fondneſs, while on me
He lowr'd Deſtruction. Doubtleſs, with his Ear,
Some Villain has been buſy; and he means
Firſt to divide us, then with greater Eaſe,
To ruin both.——And can you then be caught,
Caught with theſe common proſtituted Speeches,
That oft have ſicken'd on the glowing Lip
Of many a *Trojan* Slave? *Chryſeïs* had them;
Briſeïs too: and now *Caſſandra*, ſhe,
Who, liker a triumphant Queen than Captive,
Is every hour expected——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What *Caſſandra?*

EGISTHUS.

O it imports you little what *Caſſandra!*
Thus poorly, tame you ne'er will want *Caſſandra's.*
What is become of *Clytemneſtra*'s Spirit,
That ſhe can thus forget her high Deſcent,

Forget

Forget her Rank, her Honour, nay forget
Her Injuries?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But what *Caſſandra*, ſay?

EGISTHUS.

Why *Priam*'s Daughter, the prophetic Princeſs,
The proud, the young, the beautiful *Caſſandra*:
So vain of Heart, ſhe dreamt *Apollo* lov'd her,
And, on her plighted Faith to crown his Love,
Beſtow'd the Gift of Prophecy; the Gift
In her poſſeſſion, ſhe deceiv'd the God;
Whence he, provok'd, with this Condition daſh'd it,
Of never gaining Credit. So the Tale,
The Fable runs—Yet, on my Soul, I think,
Did ſhe give out, ſhe ſhould be Queen of *Argos*,
She were indeed a Propheteſs.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis well.
You mean it for an Inſult this, you do.
What elſe could tempt you to deride me, Sir,
With ſuch Extravagance?

EGISTHUS.

Miſtake me not,
I mean it, Madam, for a ſerious Truth,
I mean it for a Certainty, if thus
You droop, unnerv'd with theſe dejecting Fears.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Caſſandra Queen of *Argos!*

EGISTHUS.

Yes, of *Argos*;
While *Clytemneſtra* in a Priſon pines;
Where ſhe may weep, and moralize at leiſure.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By Heavens! ſhe viſits firſt her Father's Shade!

EGISTHUS.

There ſhone your native Self. Let bright Revenge,
I ſhould ſay Juſtice, diſſipate theſe Clouds,
Theſe melancholy Whims of ill-judg'd Virtue,

And

And ſhow you burning with your former Luſtre.
Madam, our Fates are blended: know, we ſtand
Or fall together. Shame Contempt and Ruin,
Or Safety Love and Glory, is our Choice.
And need we doubt a Moment?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But, *Egiſthus*—

EGISTHUS.

I know the Purpoſe of thy pleading Eye.
Of that hereafter—We ſhall meet again——
My Preſence now is wanted in the City.
Fear nothing—Thou ſhalt know before we act,
Thou, for whoſe ſake alone I act and live!

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARCAS, MELISANDER.

ARCAS.

AND have I found my long-loſt Friend again?
My *Meliſander!* But ſo chang'd your Look,
So ſickly'd with a kind of thoughtful Sadneſs,
So ſunk each Feature, by ſeven drooping Years
Spent in that deſart Iſle, as baffled quite
My wandering Recollection.

MELISANDER.

True, dear *Arcas:*
For what a helpleſs Creature, by himſelf,
Is the proud Lord of this inferior World,
Vain feeble Man! The Commoners of Nature,
Each Wing that flits along the ſpacious Sky,
Is leſs dependant than their boaſted Maſter.
Hail ſocial Life! into thy pleaſing Bounds
Again I come, to pay the common Stock
My Share of Service; and, in glad Return,
To taſte thy Comforts, thy protected Joys.

ARCAS.

O greatly welcome! You deſerve them well,
You well deſerve the ſocial Life you poliſh.
Still on my thought your ſtrange Delivery dwells.
By *Agamemnon* left to aid the Queen,
With faithful Counſel, while he warr'd at *Troy*;
And thus by *Agamemnon* to be ſav'd,
Returning from that Conqueſt! Wondrous Chance!
Or rather wondrous Conduct of the Gods!
By Mortals, from their Blindneſs, Chance miſnam'd.

Mean time, inſtruct me, while the King repoſes,
How was you ſnatch'd away? And how, ſo long,
Could you this dreadful Solitude ſupport?
I burn to know the whole.

MELISANDER.

'Tis thus, my Friend.
While ſunk in unſuſpecting Sleep I lay,
Some midnight Ruffians ruſh'd into my Chamber,
Sent by *Egiſthus*, who my Preſence deem'd
Obſtructive (ſo I ſolve it) to his Views;
Black Views I fear, as you perhaps may know.
Sudden they ſeiz'd, and, muffled up in Darkneſs,
Strait bore me to the Sea, whoſe inſtant Prey
I did conclude my ſelf, when firſt, around
The Ship unmoor'd, I heard the chiding Wave.
But theſe fell Tools of cruel Power, it ſeems,
Had orders in a deſart Iſle to leave me;
There hopeleſs, helpleſs, comfortleſs, to prove
The utmoſt Gall and Bitterneſs of Death.
Thus Malice often overſhoots it ſelf,
And ſome unguarded Accident betrays
The Man of Blood.—Next Night—a dreary Night!
Caſt on the wildeſt of the *Cyclade Iſles*,
Where never human Foot had mark'd the Shore,
Theſe Ruffians left me---Yet, believe me, *Arcas*,
Such is the rooted Love we bear Mankind,
All Ruffians as they were, I never heard
A Sound ſo diſmal as their parting Oars.---
Then horrid Silence follow'd, broke alone
By the low Murmurs of the reſtleſs Deep,
Mixt with the doubtful Breeze, that now and then
Sigh'd thro' the mournful Woods. Beneath a Shade
I ſat me down, more heavily oppreſs'd,
More deſolate at Heart, than e'er I felt
Before. When *Philomela*, o'er my Head,
Began to tune her melancholy Strain,
As piteous of my Woes; till, by degrees,

The balmy Sleep on wounded Nature ſhed
A kind but ſhort Relief. At early Morn,
Wak'd by the Chaunt of Birds, I look'd around
For uſual Objects: Objects found I none,
Except before me ſtretch'd the toiling Main,
And Rocks and Woods, in ſavage View, behind.
Wrapt for a Moment in amaz'd Confuſion,
My Thought turn'd giddy round; when, all at once,
To Memory full my dire Condition ruſh'd.

ARCAS.

But of each Comfort each Convenience void,
How could you Life ſuſtain? how fence againſt
Inclement Skies?

MELISANDER.

A moſſy Cave, that fac'd
The Southern Sea, and in whoſe deep Receſs
Boil'd up a lovely Fountain, was my Home.
Herbs were my Food, thoſe bleſſed Stores of Health!
Only when Winter, from my daily Search,
Withdrew my verdant Meal, I was oblig'd
In faithleſs Snares to ſeize, which truly griev'd me,
My ſylvan Friends; that ne'er till then had known,
And therefore dreaded leſs the Tyrant Man.
But theſe low Hardſhips ſcarce deſerve Regard:
The Pangs, that ſharpeſt ſtung, were in my Mind;
There Deſolation reign'd; and there, cut off
From ſocial Life, I felt a conſtant Death.
And yet theſe Pangs at laſt forgot to throb:
What cannot lenient gentle Time perform?
I eat my lonely Meal without a Tear;
Nor ſigh'd to ſee the dreadful Night deſcend.
In my own Breaſt, a World within my ſelf,
In Streams, in Groves, in ſunny Hill and Shade;
In all that blooms with vegetable Life,
Or joys with kindred animal Senſation;
In the full-peopled Round of azure Heaven;

Where'er

Where'er I, ſtudious, look'd, I found Companions.
But, chief, the Muſes lent their ſoftning Aid.
At their enchanting Voice my Sorrows fled,
Or learn'd to pleaſe; while, thro' my troubled Heart,
They breath'd the Soul of Harmony anew.
Thus, of the great Community of Nature,
A Denizen I liv'd; and oft, in Hymns,
And rapturous Thought, even with the Gods converſ'd,
That not diſdain ſometimes the Walks of Man.
So paſs'd the Time, when, lo! within my Call,
Arriv'd the Ship, which Hope had often promis'd---
The Ship!---O it ſurpaſs'd my fondeſt Dream,
E'er to imagine the gay Ship that came!
As on the Deck I *Agamemnon* ſaw,
All glorious with the Spoils of conquer'd *Troy*;
Ye Gods! what Tranſport, what Amazement ſeiz'd me!
What Adoration of your wondrous Ways!
Expreſſion ſinks beneath them.

ARCAS.

Sweet Reward
Of manly Patience! that, to Fortune ſtill
Superior, ſcorns Deſpair.

MELISANDER.

This Theme, my Friend,
Will better ſuit a leiſurable Hour.
The high Concerns of Life now claim our Care.
I have already to the King imparted
Suſpicions of *Egiſthus*, and remain
In this Diſguiſe, not to alarm his Guilt,
Till it more full appear, and proper Steps
To puniſh his Miſgovernment be taken.
If he has ill Deſigns, you, *Arcas*, you
Muſt, while you ſeem'd regardleſs, muſt have pierc'd them.

Your calm but keen Inſpection, not diſturb'd
By the vain Flutter of ill-tim'd Diſcourſe,
Muſt reach the very Bottom of his Purpoſe.
In you the King confides, of you demands,
As of his beſt-lov'd Subject in *Mycenæ*,
The Truth.

ARCAS.

O, I have precious Truths in ſtore!
And that beſt Treaſure will unlock before him.
Long has my ſilent Obſervation trac'd
Egiſthus, thro' the doubling Maze of Treaſon,
But now his ill Deſigns are too too plain,
To all *Mycenæ* plain: and who, indeed,
Who can have good ones, that corrupts a People?
It was, however, hard, a bitter Taſk!
To wink at publick Villany; to wipe
Each honeſt Paſſion from my livid Face,
To bind my Hands, and ſeal my quivering Lips,
While my Heart burn'd with Rage, and treaſur'd up
A Storm of Indignation----

MELISANDER.

Give it way!
O 'tis a glorious Luxury! Oppreſt,
For Years, beneath a Load of wicked Power,
To heave it off indignant, and aſſert
The dear dear Freedom of a virtuous Mind.
Curſe on the Coward or perfidious Tongue,
That dares not, even to Kings, avow the Truth!
Let Traitors wrap them in deluſive Incenſe,
On Flattery Flattery heap, on Falſhood Falſhood:
Truth is the living liberal Breath of Heaven;
That ſweeps theſe Fogs away, with all their Vermin.
And, on my Soul, methinks, that *Agamemnon*
Deſerves ſome touch of Blame. To put the Power,
The Power of bleſſing or oppreſſing *Millions*,
Of doing or great Good or equal Miſchief,
Even into doubtful Hands, is worſe than careleſs.

Ye

Ye Gods, avert the Miſeries that hence
On him and on his Family may fall!
But, ſee, the King.

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER, ARCAS.

AGAMEMNON.

Nay, *Arcas* to my Boſom, (*Arcas kneeling.*)
Come, let me proudly take a faithful Heart!

ARCAS.

Thrice welcome, Sir, to *Argos* and *Mycenæ!*
To Virtue welcome!

AGAMEMNON.

In my own Dominions,
I am a Stranger, *Arcas.* Ten full Years,
Or even one Day, is Abſence for a King,
Without ſome mighty Reaſon, much too long.
For me a juſt and memorable War,
Whoſe Actions future Times perhaps may ſing,
My own, my Brother's, and my People's Honour,
With that of common *Greece*, muſt plead my Pardon.
Now ſhall my Cares attend the Works of Peace:
Calm Deeds, that glare not on the vulgar Eye;
And yet it equal Courage oft demands,
To quell Injuſtice, Riot, factious Rage,
Dark-working blind Cabals and bold Diſorder,
As to confront the rigid Face of War.
Then tell me, *Arcas*, for, till ſelf-inform'd,
I mean to ſee with your diſcerning Eyes,
And ſure I am they never will miſlead me;
Have I much Subject for this peaceful Courage?
This Fortitude of State?

ARCAS.

Too much, my Lord.
Would

Would to the Gods, our Virtues, here at home,
Could anſwer your Heroic Deeds abroad!
You, doubtleſs, from the rugged School of War,
Have brought ſound manly Hearts, and generous Spirits:
While we, alas! we rot in weedy Peace,
In ſlothful Riot, Luxury, Profuſion,
And every Meanneſs to repair that Waſte---
I ſee the noble Blood, indignant, mount,
At this Relation, to my Sovereign's Cheek:
But, as Affairs now preſs, I were a Traitor,
If with a ſparing Tongue I ſpoke the Truth.

AGAMEMNON.

Immortal Gods! have I, theſe ten long Years,
Suſtain'd a War at *Troy*; fill'd every day
With Cares inceſſant, Councils, Dangers, Toils,
Exploits of daring Brow, and ſignal Deeds,
To cheriſh Villains in licentious Eaſe?
Have I thus ſquander'd vile, on *Phrygian* Plains,
The braveſt Blood of *Greece* to ſhelter ſuch;
And to aſſert their Honour who have none?
It was not well, methought, when *Meliſander*
I in a deſart Iſland pining found,
Abandon'd there, by Cruelty ſupreme;
Methought it was not well. Foul is the State,
And ill Deſigns ferment, when honeſt Eyes
With Woods alone converſe, and rural Scenes.
But what can this perfidious, this *Egiſthus*,
What can he, ſay, by ſuch looſe Rule propoſe
Is it his native Bent? Or does he puſh
Some dark Deſign, by theſe deteſted Means?

ARCAS.

There is no Vice a Stranger to his Heart,
Conceal'd beneath refin'd Diſſimulation;
Diſſimulation, that on you your ſelf
Impos'd. Meantime, Sir, his outragious Views
Devour the Throne of *Argos* and *Mycenæ*.

AGA-

AGAMEMNON.

Said you the Throne of *Argos* and *Mycenæ?*
Already have I loſt my nobleſt Throne,
If he has robb'd me of my People's Virtue;
'Tis but vain Pomp, a Tyrant's Toy, the other.
And dares he bear a giddy Look ſo high,
As to my Throne? The Villain! ſure he dares not.

ARCAS.

Nay more, my Lord----He ſcales the dazzling Height,
And almoſt graſps with impious Hands your Sceptre.

AGAMEMNON.

To touch it is Perdition!--- What! *Egiſthus!*
Egiſthus ſeize my Throne!

ARCAS.

So means the Traitor.

AGAMEMNON.

That Creature of my Power! That Inſect! rais'd
By the warm Beams of my miſtaken Bounty!
Whom, when my Father's Vengeance raz'd his Race,
I ſav'd, train'd up, with Favours, Honours heap'd;
And truſted in his hands at laſt a Jewel,
Too precious for the faithleſs Heart of Man---
O groſs groſs Blindneſs--Half my Kingly Pow'r!
Ay, there breaks out his Father's treacherous Blood!
There, there, too late, I find the baſe *Thyeſtes!*
Forgive me, *Atreus!* Oh my royal Father!
Forgive my truſting thus the Seed of him,
Of an abhor'd an execrable Brother,
Who even profan'd thy Bed---But, ere yon Orb
Shall from the purpled Ocean riſe again,
Oh injur'd *Atreus!* by thy ſacred Shade
I ſwear, to make for this a full Atonement.

Is then this People, *Arcas*, grown ſo vile,
So very vile, that he dares entertain
The ſmalleſt Hope to rival me in Empire?
I like not vaunting----But, ungrateful People!
Can you prefer a nameleſs thing to me?
Am I not rough with Scars on your account?
And for the careful Love I always bore you,
Your Father nam'd? And yet prefer to me,
One who ne'er ſaw the glorious Front of War,
For nothing famous but corrupting Peace,
And whoſe ſole Merit was my ill-judg'd Favour?
Can you---away! --- Diſhonour ſtains the Thought!
How ſhould this be?

ARCAS.

Not many, Sir, ſtand fix'd
On the deep Principles of reaſon'd Virtue,
Whom Time nor ſteals, nor Paſſion bears away.
Mankind, in general, float along the Stream
Of Cuſtom, good or bad; and oft the Mind
To that familiar grows, by gradual Uſe
And ſtill-encroaching Vice, whoſe firſt Regard
Gave Horror. Hence ten looſely-govern'd Years
Have wrought ſuch ſtrange Events, that you no more
Behold your antient *Argos* and *Mycenæ*.
Theſe Cities now with Slaves and Villains ſwarm.
At firſt *Egiſthus*, popular and fair,
All Smiles and Softneſs, as if each Man's Friend,
By hidden Ways proceeded, mining Virtue:
He Pride, he Pomp, he Luxury diffus'd;
He taught them Wants, beyond their private Means:
And ſtrait, in Bounty's pleaſing Chains involv'd,
They grew his Slaves. Who cannot live on little,
Or as his various Fortune ſhall permit,
Stands in the Market ready to be ſold.

AGAMEMNON.

O damn'd deteſted Traffick! --- But proceed.

ARCAS.

ARCAS.

While the luxurious Fever thus increas'd,
Still, in proportion as it gather'd Rage,
He lent it Fewel; and, more bold, diſclos'd
His Noon-day Treaſon. Murmurs went about,
And ſpread at laſt into the common Talk,
That you was proud, ſevere, beneath the Maſk
Of holding firm the Helm of State, a Tyrant;
That in vain Wars, which nought imported them,
You ſpent their Treaſure, ſhed their nobleſt Blood;
And that, *Troy* conquer'd once, to her rich Plains
You meant from *Argos* to tranſplant your Empire.
Mean time, in private, all, whom wild Debauch
Has ſet adrift from every human Tie;
Whom Riot, Want, and conſcious Guilt inflame,
Holding the Gods and Virtue in contempt,
Amidſt their Bowls; ſuch are his Boſom-Friends:
And, join'd to them, a meaner ruffian Band,
Whoſe Trade is Murder, and whoſe Harveſt Crimes,
Hang in black Cloud around him; whence, I fear,
A ſudden Tempeſt is prepar'd to burſt.
This, Sir, from Duty and unfeigned Zeal,
I plain unfold: nor on my word, alone,
Believe theſe Accuſations; clear as day,
I for them will produce the ſtrongeſt Proof.

AGAMEMNON.

I thank thee, *Arcas*. Truth, tho' ſometimes clad
In painful Luſtre, yet is always welcome,
Dear as the Light, that ſhows the lurking Rock:
'Tis the fair Star that, ne'er into the Main
Deſcending, leads us ſafe thro' ſtormy Life.--
Gods! how it tears me from each calmer Thought!
To think this Traitor, that this double Traitor,
This Traitor to my ſelf and to my People,
Should by ſuch ſneaking ſuch unmanly Ways,
Thus filch away my Crown! ---
Why ſtand I chafing here? One timely Deed

Is worth ten thouſand Words----Come then, my Friends,
Come and behold me ſeize amidſt his Guards,
His Coward Guards---Guilt ever was a Coward---
This Rival-King, and with him crown my Triumph.
Till then *Troy* ſmoaks in vain, and *Agamemnon*
Cannot be ſaid to conquer.

MELISANDER.

Sir, beware---

AGAMEMNON.

Of what beware? Where am I, *Meliſander?*
Am I not in *Mycenæ?* in my Palace?
Are not theſe Crouds, that ſtream along the Streets,
My Subjects all? Of what ſhould I beware?
Not ſeize a Traitor in my own Dominions?
Yes I will ſeize him, *Meliſander*,---will!

MELISANDER.

What Grace to Kings ſuch generous Ardor gives!
But tho' brave Deeds be warm at firſt conceiv'd,
Let the beſt Purpoſe cool, nor miſs your Blow.
More firm and ſure the Hand of Courage ſtrikes,
When it obeys the watchful Eye of Caution.
You hear from *Arcas*, Sir, what ruffian Bands,
What ſecret Deaths, what Daggers lurk around him:
Be cautious then; for Virtue's, Glory's ſake!
And, when you ſtrike, ſtrike home.

AGAMEMNON.

O for thoſe *Greeks!*
That this rude Day are toſſing on the Seas;
Thoſe hardy *Greeks*, whom ten Years War has ſteel'd;
With Toils, with Danger, and with Death familiar:
Then ſhould you ſee what Chaff before the Wind
Are theſe weak Sons of ſoft enfeebling Peace;
While I the ſweeteſt Morſel of the Gods
Enjoy'd, on proud triumphant Vice juſt Vengeance.

MELISA'NDER.

But ſince, my Lord, you cannot now exert
This nobler Force, let Prudence take its place.
Have patience, only, till you ſafely can,
And ſurely, ſeize him.

AGAMEMNON.

Well, till then I will.
And, tho' not made of patient Mold, in This
I will have patience, will, ſome tedious Hours,
Repreſs my Vengeance ——— [*pauſing.*]
Yes, I like the Thought---
He may be ſeiz'd this Evening at the Banquet,
Be there ſurpriz'd with eaſe---and ſhall! ---
For by th' eternal Gods that rule Mankind!
The Sleep of Death alone ſhall ſeal theſe Eyes,
While ſuch a Wretch holds power in my Dominions.
Oh *Clytemneſtra!* to the publick, now,
Succeeds the private Pang---At thought of Thee,
New Rage new Vengeance ſhake my inmoſt Soul!
Was my Belov'd, my Queen, my *Clytemneſtra*,
So long abandon'd in a Villain's power,
Who knows, it ſeems, no Limits, owns no Laws,
Save thoſe one Vice impoſes on another?
And now the ſecret Cauſe, I fear, is plain,
Of that unuſual Damp, that ſtrange Dejection,
Which clouded her at Meeting. Still the more
I pour'd my Fondneſs, ſtill the more diſtreſs'd
She ſeem'd; and, turning from my tender Gaze,
The copious Shower ſtole down her troubled Cheek;
As if ſhe pity'd theſe my blind Endearments,
And in her Breaſt ſome horrid Secret ſwell'd---
Should it be ſo---Confuſion! --- Can I ſtoop
Even to ſuppoſe it! --- How from ſlight Miſtakes
Great Evils ſpring! But the moſt fruitful Source
Of every Evil---O that I, in Thunder,
Could ſound it o'er the liſtning Earth to Kings! ---
Is Delegating Power to wicked Hands.

MELISANDER.

My Lord, let no Suſpicions of the Queen
E'er taint your Boſom: if I judge aright---

AGAMEMNON.

No, *Meliſander*, no; I am not jealous;
In me that Paſſion and Contempt were one:
No, 'tis her Situation gives me Horror,
Her dreadful Situation!---But of This
Enough---Then tell me, *Arcas*, tell me truely;
Are there a Few, ſay, do there yet remain
A Faithful Few! to ſave the ſinking State?
Can you, ere Night, collect an honeſt Band,
A Band of ſuch as worthy are to reſcue
Their King and Country from impending Fate?
Ah! little thought I, that amidſt my Subjects,
Emboſom'd ſweet in Peace, I, like a Tyrant,
Should e'er have needed Guards.

ARCAS.

Yes, Sir, I know
A Band of generous Youth, whom native Virtue,
Unbroken yet by Avarice and Meanneſs,
Fits for our purpoſe: Theſe I can collect--

AGAMEMNON.

About it quickly, *Arcas*; loſe no time:
Go, bring me to the Banquet theſe brave Youths:
I long for their Acquaintance. Till that Hour,
Domeſtick Cares and Joys demand my Preſence:
The Father's Heart now bears me to my Children.
Farewell! My All depends upon your Conduct.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER.

AGAMEMNON.

DOmeſtick Pleaſures ſpread their Charms in vain---
O for the Hour of Vengeance! I, till then,
But ſtalk about, the Shadow of a King.
Heard you from *Arcas* aught?

MELISANDER.

Be patient, Sir.
As yet the Time permits not his Return.
Arcas is zealous ardent in your Service,
And will not fail his Duty.

Enter an Officer belonging to the Court.

OFFICER.

Sir, *Caſſandra*
Is juſt arriv'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Conduct the Princeſs hither.
This *Priam*'s faireſt Daughter, *Meliſander*,
Is a young Princeſs of engaging Beauty,
Rais'd by Diſtreſs; of noble Senſe and Spirit ..
But, by Poetic Viſions led aſtray,
She dreamt *Apollo* lov'd her, and the Gift
Of Prophecy beſtow'd, to gain her Promiſe:
The Gift once her's, the chaſtly-faithleſs Maid
Deceiv'd the God; who therefore, in Revenge,
Since he could not recall it, made it uſeleſs,
For ever doom'd to meet with Diſregard.

E'er

E'er-ſince the lovely Viſionary raves,
With Dignity ; foretels the Fate of Nations ;
And, judging of the Future from the Paſt,
Has oft been wond'rous happy in her Gueſſes.
Some ſtrange ſome recent Inſtances of This,
Confirm her in her venerable Madneſs.

MELISANDER.

Be not too raſh in judging, *Agamemnon* ;
For we, blind Mortals, but a little know
Of boundleſs Nature---Hark! the Princeſs comes :
I hear her Voice, I hear the Voice of Sorrow.

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, MELISANDER,
CASSANDRA *attended by* Trojan *Captives.*

CASSANDRA, *entering.*

O hoſtile Roofs! O *Ilium!* O my Country!

AGAMEMNON.

I cannot blame your Grief, unhappy Princeſs!
But, if it can relieve you, here be ſure
Of an Aſylum, ſafe as *Priam*'s Palace.

CASSANDRA.

O ſweet Abode! O Palace of my Fathers!
My Heart bleeds Tranſport while I think of Thee;
Think of the Days of Innocence and Joy,
That ſhone upon me there. How chang'd, alas!
Ah! what a Scene, when I beheld thee laſt!
Rage, Blood, and Flames, and Shrieks of Murder round me!
The Sword of *Pyrrhus*, and a feeble Father!
Where was you *Hector* then? Where all his Sons?
O *Priam*'s numerous Race! what are you now
Become? Ah me! the deſolating Gods
Have laid their Hands, their iron Hands, upon us.

AGA-

AGAMEMNON.

From paſt Misfortunes, Princeſs, turn your Eye---

CASSANDRA.

'Tis true, the future may full well ſuffice.
Th' avenging Siſters trace my Footſteps ſtill,
The Hunters ſtill purſue the trembling Doe.
Where am I? --- Gods! --- Black heavy Drops of Blood
Run down the guilty Walls--With the dun Shades
Of Night aſcending, lo! ſucceſſive Troops
Of *Trojan* Ghoſts are flocking to the Banquet:
Permitted by th' infernal Gods, they come,
To feaſt them with the Horrors of this Night,
To ſnuff the Blood of Victims——Ha! the Car,
The gay triumphal Car, is turn'd, at once,
Into a mournful Bier, that nods along,
Solemn and ſlow---Yes, *Troy* ſhall be aveng'd:
I ſhall the Vengeance ſee; and yet not ſee
Thy Light, returning *Phœbus*.

AGAMEMNON.

Fair *Caſſandra*,
Indulge no more theſe melancholy Views,
Theſe Viſions form'd by gloomy-minded Grief.
We will each Art each tender Art employ,
To ſooth your Sorrows, to reſtore your Peace.
You come not to the proud unfeeling Race
Of Yeſterday: we know the Turns of Fortune;
Have drank the Cup, the wholeſome Cup, of Sufferings,
That not inflames but moderates the Mind.
Then fear not, Princeſs; let me call you Daughter!
Your Treatment ſhall be ſuch as well becomes
The Dignity of Woe, becomes the great
The fair Unhappy. Nought ſhall touch your Honour.
I know, I feel your Beauty: but here dwell
The Gods of Hoſpitality and Faith;
The Hymeneal Powers are honour'd here.

Yes,

Yes, I will ſhield Thee, equal with *Electra*,
With my lov'd Daughter, in thy Friendſhip bleſt.

CASSANDRA.

In ſpite of ſwelling Tears that choak the Way,
Of bitter Tears by big Remembrance ſhed,
I own thy Goodneſs, thank Thee, *Agamemnon*.
Mean time, in vain, are all thy generous Cares,
On my account. The Gods of Death will, ſoon,
Extend o'er me their all-protecting Wing.
I ſhall not long, I ſhall not want Protection:
But, who, devoted Prince, will give it Thee?
Even while we talk the ſecret Wheels are turning,
That lift the Vile, and lay the Mighty low.
I pity Thee, the Houſe of *Pelops* pity:
Forgive me, *Troy*: I pity thy Deſtroyers.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

A Meſſenger from *Arcas*, Sir---

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis well.
To my Apartment lead him---You, mean while,
[*To Meliſander.*
Attend the Princeſs; grace her with ſuch Honours,
As ſuits Her to receive, and Me to give.

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA, CHORUS *of* Trojan *Captives*, MELISANDER.

MELISANDER.

Fair Princeſs, ſtop theſe Tears. Exert that beſt
That nobleſt Virtue, which can maſter Fortune,
An equal Mind.

CASSANDRA.

Not for my ſelf I weep!---
But, oh my dear Companions! How for you
My Boſom yearns!

CHO-

CHORUS.

We have together liv'd
Together let us die!

CASSANDRA.

Together liv'd!
At This ten thouſand Images awake,
Ten thouſand little Tenderneſſes throb.

CHORUS.

O Days of Youth! O careleſs Days! Untaught
To weep, if Love not own'd the pleaſing Tear.

CASSANDRA.

O Woods! O Fountains! O delightful Meads!
That lent us Flowers, the Prime of bloomi ng *May*,
To deck our Treſſes.

CHORUS.

O the yellow Banks
Of fair *Scamander!* in whoſe ſilver Stream,
We us'd to bathe, beneath the ſecret Shade.

CASSANDRA.

O chearful *Ida*'s airy Summits! where
The Gods delight to dwell.

CHORUS.

O ſilent *Troy!*
Whoſe Streets have often echo'd with our Song.

CASSANDRA.

O the loſt Labours of a ruin'd People!
O Country! Freedom! Friends! Relations! All,
That gives or taſte or dignity to Life,
All all is gone, beyond recovery gone!

CHORUS.

Then let us die!

CASSANDRA.

For me, the hunted Hart
More fervent pants not for the cooling Stream,
Than I to wrap me in the quiet Shades
Of Death. But, ah! my helpleſs Friends, for you
I feel it's keeneſt Anguiſh.

CHORUS.

Not for us,
Feel not for us. What Comfort have we left?
What Hope, what Wiſh in Life? -- One healing (Pang,
And then we weep no more.

CASSANDRA.

Refreſhing Thought!
And then from Bondage, Pain, from every Ill,
For ever free, we meet our Friends again;
Our Parents, Brothers, Siſters, Lovers meet.

CHORUS.

Then let us die! and ſudden be the Blow!

CASSANDRA.

The Gods aſſent.----Behold the happy Shore!
But, ah! there lies a ſtormy Sea betwixt!

MELISANDER.

So ſings the plaining Nightingale her Woes.

CASSANDRA.

Ah, far unlike the Nightingale! --- She ſings,
Unceaſing, thro' the balmy Nights of *May*;
She ſings from Love and Joy, while we, alas! ---

MELISANDER.

Behold the Queen.---Deep-wrap'd in Thought ſhe (ſeems.---

CASSANDRA.

O direful Muſings! --- Lead us from her Preſence.

SCENE IV.

CHYTEMNESTRA.

Sweet Peace of Mind! whence Pleaſure borrows (Taſte,
Daughter of Virtue! whither art thou fled?
To what calm Cottage, to what blameleſs Shade,
Far from theſe guilty Walls? O Walls! O Race!
To Horrors doom'd! --- Before me gathers faſt
A deepning Gloom, with unknown Terrors big.---
Not quite unknown.---Gods! what a dreadful Hint
Flaſh'd from *Egiſthus*, when I ſaw him laſt!
And to what deſperate Actions cannot Safety,
Ambition, Love and Vengeance drive the Soul!---

Diſtraction

Diſtraction lies that way---yet, how eſcape?
Shame urges on behind, unpitying Shame,
That worſt of Furies, whoſe fell Aſpect frights
Each tender Feeling from the human Breaſt.
Goodneſs it ſelf even turns in me to Gall,
And ſerves alone to heighten my Deſpair.
How kind was *Agamemnon!* generous! fond!
How more than uſual mild! As if, on purpoſe,
To give theſe Tortures their ſevereſt Sting.
Happy! compar'd to this tormented State,
Where Honour only lives, with inward Laſh,
To puniſh Guilt, happy the harden'd Wretch,
Who feels no Conſcience, and who fears no Crime!--
Oh Horrid! Horrid! Oh flagitious Thought!
How is it with the Mind that can endure
A Thought ſo dire! --- My ſole remaining Hope
Is Death, kind Death, that amiable Sleep,
Which wakes no more,---at leaſt to mortal Care.---
But then the dark Hereafter that may come.---
There is no Anchor that againſt this Storm,
This mighty Sea of Doubts and Fears, can hold.
Hopeleſs, I drive.--One Thought deſtroys another.--
This Stranger too!--Should it be *Meliſander*---
Is there a Fear, however idle, wild,
And even almoſt impoſſible, which Guilt,
The feeble-hearted Guilt not entertains? ---
I order'd his Attendance.---See, he comes.

SCENE V.

CLYTEMNESTRA, MELISANDER.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you not Stranger, he, whom *Agamemnon*,
By an amazing Chance, in his Return,
Sav'd from a deſart Iſle?

MELISANDER.

Madam, the ſame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I much admire your fortunate Deliverance,
And wiſh to hear your Story: Why there left,
And how ſuſtain'd. Indulge me with it, Stranger.

MELISANDER.

Madam, I come this moment from the King,
Charg'd with a Matter which requires Diſpatch:
But that tranſacted once, without Delay,
I will attend your Orders.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then, it ſeems,
You are not quite a Stranger in *Mycenæ*.
What is your Country?

MELISANDER.

Greece.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What Part of *Greece?*

MELISANDER.

I am of *Athens* born.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But in *Mycenæ*,
Have you not in *Mycenæ* been before?

MELISANDER.

There are not, Madam, many Parts of *Greece*
To me unknown.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why thus avoid my Queſtion? ---
Have you been here before?

MELISANDER.

Madam, I have.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Here in this Palace?——Ha! why ſtand you ſilent?
You keep your Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground.
What ſhould this mean? Beneath that rough Diſguiſe
There lurks, methinks, a Form, which ſomewhere I
Have ſeen.

MELISANDER.

The Dream of Fancy, that the more

It

It is indulg'd, perplexes ſtill the more.
I tarry here too long; the King's Commands
Admit of no Delay.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis ſo! 'tis ſo!
Air, Features, Manner, Voice, this ſtudy'd Haſte,
The Shifts of one unpractis'd in Deceit,
All all conſpire---One Image wakes another,
And thick they flaſh upon me!

MELISANDER.

You grow pale,
You tremble, Madam; that Miſtake, I find,
Concerning me turns wilder and diſturbs you.
Let me retire---

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A Moment---ſtay---

MELISANDER.

In vain,
I find it is in vain to wrap me longer
In theſe Evaſions.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Meliſander!

MELISANDER.

Madam---

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And can it be? Behold I then the Man,
Whom I ſo long have number'd with the Dead?
Almighty Gods! Behold I *Meliſander?*
But, ah! how chang'd! how darken'd with Suſpicion!
Yes I am deem'd the Author of his Woes.

MELISANDER.

Madam, forgive---

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why elſe from me conceal
Your wiſh'd Return---I plainly am diſtruſted---
By *Agamemnon* too---It was unkind,
Unjuſt, unfriendly, ſhocks me, *Meliſander.*

ME-

MELISANDER.

Indeed you wrong me, Madam, wrong me much;
To judge me apt or to conceive or ſpread
Diſtruſt. I would have periſh'd by my ſelf,
Unknown, unwept, in helpleſs Solitude,
Rather than here return, to this full World,
To ſet my Miſtreſs and her Lord at variance.
O think me not a buſy Peace-Deſtroyer!
Accurſed is the Wretch, to ſocial Life
The moſt inhuman Foe, who in the nice
The tender Scenes of Life, dares raſhly meddle,
And ſow Diviſion between Friends and Lovers.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The generous Heart is ever ſlow to blame.
But, *Meliſander*, not to me were owing,
Not in the leaſt to me, thoſe cruel Woes,
This worſe than Death, which you ſo long have ſuffer'd.
Inſtead of That, your Fate, how, whither gone,
If carry'd off, or ſecretly deſtroy'd,
Was all a mournful Myſtery to me,
Dark as the Night on which you diſappear'd.
Did you but know, here in my ſecret Soul,
What undiſſembled Pangs your Abſence rouz'd;
What I have felt for you, and for my ſelf,
In loſing ſuch a wife and faithful Friend;
Knew you but theſe, O knew you, *Meliſander*,
How your Diſaſter has been truely mine,
You never could ſuſpect me.

MELISANDER.

Witneſs Heav'n!
I never did---Your Heart I know diſdains
A Thought that looks like Cruelty or Fraud.
From the firſt moment that his Ruffians ſeiz'd me,
I had no doubt, I knew it was *Egiſthus*.
Some time before I mark'd the riſing Storm,
And meant to warn you, as it ſudden burſt,
And bore me far away, far from all Means,

Even

Even from all Hope of lending you aſſiſtance.
Ay! there I ſuffer'd moſt. My Fears for you,
At once by Guile and Violence beſet,
Took off the Point of my own proper Woes.
But when your awful Virtues ſtruck my Thought,
Your Wiſdom, Spirit, Reſolution, Truth;
That dread Effulgence of the ſpotleſs Soul,
Which ſmites the hardeſt Villain into Shame;
My Fears appear'd impertinent and vain.
Yet doubtleſs, Madam, you have had occaſion
For a firm ruling Hand and watchful Eye,
For every Virtue; and I truly joy,
That *Agamemnon* finds, at his Return,
Egiſthus by your Conduct thus reſtrain'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By Heavens! he tries me.--- O ſuſpicious Guilt!
[*Aſide.*
Your Words are friendly, but your Deeds are doubtful.
No, *Meliſander*, Friendſhip with Diſtruſt
Can never dwell. And that I am diſtruſted
To me is certain---In a Matter too,
That much concern'd my Peace, concern'd my Honour.
For did you even aſcribe your Woes to me,
You could not manage with more diſtant Caution.

MELISANDER.

Whence is it that the noble *Clytemneſtra*,
Who us'd to ſhine in a ſuperior Sphere
Of fair Serenity and candid Peace,
Should to theſe Doubts deſcend, theſe dark Suſpicions?
For me, I here atteſt the Gods, my Soul
Ne'er knew a Thought, that ſwell'd not with Eſteem,
With Love, and Veneration of your Virtues.
And for the King, no young enraptur'd Lover,
In all the firſt Effuſions of his Soul,

New

New to the mighty Charm; no Friend, who meets,
After long Years of dark and ſilent Abſence,
His happy Friend again, feels livelier Joy,
Than *Agamemnon* feels, while his glad Tongue
Runs out in endleſs Praiſe of *Clytemneſtra*---
But I muſt wait his Orders.---

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Do your Duty.
I too muſt go, muſt to *Egiſthus*, ſtrait, [*Aſide.*
Impart this dreadful News.

SCENE VI.

MELISANDER, *alone.*

She went abruptly---
And as we talk'd, methought ſtrange Paſſions ſhook
Her inward Frame, and darken'd every Feature.
Behold the black, the guilt-concealing Night
Faſt cloſes round. Wide, thro' this ample Palace,
The Lamps begin to ſhine. The Tempeſt falls;
The weary Winds ſink, breathleſs. But, who knows,
What fiercer Tempeſt yet may ſhake this Night.
Soul-chearing *Phœbus*, with thy ſacred Beams,
O quickly come, and chaſe theſe ſullen Shadows.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTHUS.

EGISTHUS.

AH *Clytemneſtra!* what a Change is here!
And muſt I then thus ſteal an Interview?
Are we alone?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

You fright me with that Queſtion:
You look aſtoniſh'd.

EGISTHUS.

On the Brink of Ruin
We, tott'ring, ſtand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That is no News to me.

EGISTHUS.

But——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What?

EGISTHUS.

We are diſcover'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ha! diſcover'd!

EGISTHUS.

Yes certainly diſcover'd. *Arcas* now,
By *Agamemnon*'s Orders, in the City,
Collects a Band to ſeize me at the Banquet,
A ſhort Hour hence. And my Accuſers, Madam,
You may be well aſſur'd are not your Friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis plain! 'tis plain!—The parting Fogs diſperſe:
And now the doubtful Scene ſtands all reveal'd—
Who could have thought they ſhould diſſemble thus?
But I can tell you more.

EGISTHUS.

What, Madam? ſpeak;
For Danger preſſes on us.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Saw you him,
This ſeeming Stranger, ſav'd by *Agamemnon*.

EGISTHUS.

Arcas and he to-day, my Friends inform me,
Were buſy with the King; and doubtleſs, then,
It was concerted that I ſhould be ſeiz'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! did you know, *Egiſthus*, who he is?—

EGISTHUS.

Who?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Meliſander.

EGISTHUS.

Gods! and does he live?
For my Confuſion ſav'd! O groſs, groſs Folly!
To do an Action of that kind by halves.
Had he been ſilent Duſt—To pleaſe you, Madam,
Becauſe of that Regard you deign'd to bear him,
From a falſe Tenderneſs for you, he lives—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A mighty Merit! Glorious Boaſt indeed!
Hear him, ye weeping gentle Powers of Love!
From Tenderneſs for me, he did not murder
A worthy blameleſs Man, who never hurt him;
He murder'd not my Friend, my faithful Friend.
Ah! 'tis ſuch Tenderneſs as makes me wretched!
Such Tenderneſs, that ſtill in blacker Guilt,
In the laſt Deeps of Miſery, would plunge me.

EGIS-

EGISTHUS.

It is not, Madam, now a time for This.
Think of our Situation: cloſe beſet
By all thoſe Ills which Mortals moſt abhor.
Whom have we to confide in but each other?
And this ſad Meeting is perhaps our laſt.
Concord alone, and vigorous Meaſures, can
Prevent our Ruin——But, from *Meliſander*,
What did you learn? Are you your ſelf ſuſpected?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I cannot find I am:——And yet I muſt.

EGISTHUS.

But, as for me, my Ruin is no Secret?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis true, ſome dark Attempt goes on againſt you.

EGISTHUS.

Then have I rightly done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What have you done?

EGISTHUS.

What Prudence, Juſtice, Love and Vengeance, all
Demand——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Immortal Powers! you have not?——

EGISTHUS.

No:
But muſt, and will—What elſe can you propoſe?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh, any thing beſides! Immediate Flight,
Eternal Abſence, Death!——

EGISTHUS.

Let others die!
Let the proud faithleſs falſe injurious Tyrant;
The Hero glorious in his Daughter's Murder;
The Scourge of *Greece*, who has, from wild Ambition,
Shed ſo much Blood—— let *Agamemnon* die!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh Heavens and Earth! you ſhock me to Diſtraction!
I have, *Egiſthus*, hitherto avoided
This dreadful Point, ſtill hoping you might drop
Your horrid Reſolution: now I tell you,
Before the liſtening Gods, I plainly tell you,
That *Agamemnon* ſhall not fall, unwarn'd:
You ſhall not riſe by me into his Throne:
I will not be the Tool of your Ambition;
Will not be wretched infamous for ever,
The Bluſh of Woman, the Diſgrace of Nature!
That you may gain your execrable Views,
Maſk'd under ſmooth Pretences.——I am guilty;
Alas! I am——But think not therefore, Tyrant!
To give me Law. There are Degrees in Guilt;
And I have ſtill my Reaſon left, have left
Some Reſolution, ſome Remains of Virtue:
Yes, I dare die; and who dares die, *Egiſthus*,
Ne'er need be driven to villainous Extremes!
Mark me, inſulting Man!—My certain Cure
Of every Woe, my cordial Draught is ready;
And if you do not promiſe me, here ſwear,
To drop your fell Deſigns on *Agamemnon*,
To quit this Palace---You may ſtill eſcape——
And never ſee me more; I go, I go,
This moment to diſcover all and die!

EGISTHUS.

What! *Clytemneſtra*!——

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nothing ſhall diſſuade me.
I will not argue more—Say, only ſay,
Muſt I betake me to this cruel Refuge?
This dire Neceſſity?

EGISTHUS.

Permit me, Madam;
Hear me but once, and then purſue your Purpoſe.
Suppoſe us guilty, what you will;---yet, Madam,
Shall we acknowledge and proclaim that Guilt?

Shall we, by patient waiting for our Doom,
By pitiful Neglect of Self-defence,
Unheard of Meanneſs! ſtamp it into Shame?
No; let us wipe it out with bold Succeſs.
It is Succeſs that colours all in Life:
Succeſs makes Fools admir'd, makes Villains honeſt;
All the proud Virtue of this vaunting World
Fawns on Succeſs, and Power, howe'er acquir'd.
If then, ſuppoſing Guilt, it were a Meanneſs
To ſtoop to Shame, can Words expreſs the Madneſs
Of ſtopping ſhort, with Infamy and Ruin,
When Juſtice Love and Vengeance urge to Glory?
Inſtead of being deem'd a generous Queen,
The brave Avenger of her Sex's Honour,
Fam'd for her Spirit, for her juſt Reſentment;
Who greatly puniſh'd a perfidious Huſband,
A cruel Tyrant; one, who from his Bed,
His Throne, propos'd, with open Shame, to turn her,
And to her place to take his Country's Foe,
To take a *Trojan* Captive, proud *Caſſandra:*
Inſtead of ſuch Renown, can *Clytemneſtra*——
Forgive the Doubt——Can ſhe ſubmit to paſs,
Thro' future Times, for an abandon'd Woman?
A feeble, ſpiritleſs abandon'd Woman!——
Nay, Madam, hear the Truth,——What now I tell you
Muſt, in a little ſcanty Hour, take place;
In a few Moments, you muſt be the firſt
Or laſt of Women; be the publick Scorn,
Or Admiration of approving *Greece*——
You know you muſt;—— be *Agamemnon*'s Slave,
Caſſandra's Slave, or nobly puniſh Both,
And reign with me in Happineſs and Glory.
Conſult your Heart; can you reſolve on Shame?
On voluntary Shame? That only Ill
The Generous fear, which kills the Soul it ſelf.
Were theſe fair Features, full of lovely Grandeur,
Form'd for Confuſion? That majeſtic Front,
To be bow'd down with Infamy and Vileneſs?

Ah!

Ah! can you bear Contempt? The venom'd Tongue
Of thoſe whom Ruin pleaſes? The keen Sneer,
The lewd Reproaches of the raſcal Herd;
Who for the ſelf-ſame Actions, if ſucceſsful,
Would be as groſly laviſh in your Praiſe?---
To ſum up all in one --- can you ſupport
The ſcornful Glances, the malignant Joy,
Or more deteſted Pity of a Rival?
Of a triumphant Rival?--- No; you cannot.
That conſcious Worth, which kindles in your Eye,
Tells me you cannot.----
But, in vain Diſputes,
No more to ſquander theſe important Moments;
Know, that I have not, to the frail Deciſion
Of wav'ring Fear and Female Weakneſs, left
Our Freedom, Safety, Happineſs and Honour.
Even in your own Deſpight you ſhall be ſav'd.
And could you be ſo loſt to Reaſon, wild,
To do what Woman never did before,
What ſhocks Humanity, accuſe your ſelf,
You only court Diſhonour to no purpoſe:
For *Agamemnon* now cannot eſcape;
I am already Maſter of this Palace;
All is prepar'd, my People all are fix'd,
All properly diſpos'd; and here I ſwear,
By ſacred Juſtice, Glory, Love and Vengeance!
He dies! --- dies in the Bath, before the Banquet!--
And with him dies *Caſſandra*, ſhe who durſt,
Even in preſumptuous Thought, uſurp thy Honours.
She weeps!--O my ador'd! my *Clytemneſtra!*
Forgive this barbarous neceſſary Truth!
Did I not love thee, love thee more than Empire,
Than Life and Glory, would I thus diſcloſe
Theſe dangerous Secrets? Could I not have veil'd,
And, with more certain Caution gain'd my Purpoſe?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh that you had, *Egiſthus!* then, alas!

I

I ſhould have fondly thought my ſelf leſs guilty.

EGISTHUS.

I loſe my ſelf in Softneſs, while the Time,
With Danger big, demands intrepid Deeds.
Wipe off theſe Tears---When next we meet again,
All will be well.

SCENE II.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah! when we meet again!--
I ſtand, at laſt, convinc'd, and muſt diſſemble--
Yet how diſſemble? Painted, in my Face,
Are the full Horrors of this bloody Deed.---
But who are theſe approaching? - Ha! - *Caſſandra!*
How fair ſhe ſeems! how lovely!--hateful Charms!
That well may rival mine, decay'd, and ſunk,
By Guilt and Sorrow --- She poſſeſs my Bed!
Poſſeſs my Scepter!-- This reſtores my Spirit.--
I am abus'd! too patient!-- Periſh all!
Periſh my ſelf, *Egiſthus*, *Agamemnon!*
So this proud Rival this *Caſſandra* periſh!

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA, Trojan *Captives*, MELISANDER.

MELISANDER.

Daughters of *Ilium!* By the King's Command,
I come to aſk your Preſence at the Banquet.
Till then allow me to partake your Woes:
I have a Reverence for them. I my ſelf,
Thanks to the gracious Gods! have known misfortune;
I am with Grief acquainted, therefore can
For others feel. Sweet Source of every Virtue,
O ſacred Sorrow! He who knows not Thee,

Knows

Knows not the beſt Emotions of the Heart,
Thoſe tender Tears that humanize the Soul,
The Sigh that Charms, the Pang that gives Delight;
He lives next door to Cruelty and Pride,
And is a Novice in the School of Virtue.

CASSANDRA.

We thank thee, Stranger, for thy generous Pity.
Heaven has, it ſeems, throughout diffus'd the Good.
May the kind Gods, the Hoſpitable Powers,
For this befriend thee! Thou muſt wander ſtill,
Wilt their Protection want.---But *Agamemnon*,
Where is the King?

MELISANDER.

He bathes him for the Banquet,
The Banquet earn'd by ten Years War and Toil.

CASSANDRA.

Short-ſighted Man! to dream of feſtal Joy,
When his next Banquet is perhaps with *Pluto*.
He comes! the God comes ruſhing on my Soul!
O gently ſooth me with the Voice of Muſick!
Aſſuage my Pangs with Harmony!-- Methinks,
I hear *Apollo*'s Lyre.

MELISANDER.

Myſterious Powers!

CASANDRA.

'Tis gone--And now harſh Diſcord takes its place:
Dire Yellings now affright my trembling Ear.
What means this Uproar of the howling Forreſt?
The Lioneſs and Wolf, together leagu'd,
Purſue the Lion's Life.---Behold! the Snare,
Th' infernal Snare is ſet, ſpread by the Stream,
Where, unſuſpecting Harm, he bathes at Noon.
Soon will theſe guiltleſs Waters bluſh with Blood.

MELISANDER.

There is a ſort of gloomy Light in This,
That flaſhes Horror on me.

CASSANDRA.

A black Swarm

Of

Of fell Ideas ſeize my Fancy.---Hence!
O ſnatch me from this Palace! Shambles rather!
It ſmells of Carnage; breathes an hideous Steam,
As if from gaping Sepulchers exhal'd.
And, lo! the ſpotleſs Loves, the Sports, the Joys,
The weeping *Lares* fly; while, in their place,
The Vices all, the raging Furies come;
And with them *Comus*, the flush'd God of Banquets,
Beſmear'd with Gore--They ſing the funeral Hymn--
What do I ſee? what mean theſe mangled Forms?
Theſe pale, theſe nightly Phantoms; Such as riſe,
To working Fancy's Eye, in troubled Dreams?----
See! where they ſit for ever at the Gates,
Demanding Vengeance---Vengeance is at hand---
Ha! 'tis the murder'd Boys, whoſe Limbs were, here,
Serv'd up to their own Sire, to be devour'd!--

MELISANDER.

She wakes my Dread---The Story of *Thyeſtes*!--

CASSANDRA.

With this devoted Race involv'd, I fall:
Nor falls the Slave, alone---the Maſter falls.
But Man ſhall die for Man, for Woman Woman:
Remember This.

MELISANDER.

The Slave the Maſter fall!

CASSANDRA.

Ah Boſom-Traitreſs! Ill-perſuaded Queen!
And canſt thou then the barbarous Secret keep?--

MELISANDER.

What Queen? what Secret? Speak more plain *Caſſandra*!

CASSANDRA.

From Guilt, in vain, to greater Guilt you fly,
From Crime to Crime precipitated---No!
The wicked find no Peace--Diſtraction waits Thee!--
One Effort more—Yes, ſave thy Lord, and die—
That Throw belong'd to Virtue—Cannot then
The gentle Powers prevail?—A Moment yet,

The doubtful Ballance yet allows a Moment—
Down, down it goes, for Vengeance and for *Troy!*
But ah! ſuch Vengeance, as even Foes themſelves
Abhor to ſee!

MELISANDER.

She ſtaggers all my Reaſon.
Unveil theſe dreadful Oracles---Perhaps---

CASSANDRA.

Yes, in a moment, they will be too plain.
The Moment comes! The Furies laſh it on!
Ha! Now!

MELISANDER.

Unuſual Horror creeps---

CASSANDRA.

Alas!
Keep from the murderous Sacrificer's Hand,
O keep the Victim Bull! Lo! ſeiz'd, he ſpurns,
He foams in vain---Behold the lifted Blow!
Behold the thirſty Steel!- They ſtrike him!-Hark!
What Diſmal Echoes run from Room to Room!

MELISANDER.

I heard a diſtant Noiſe!---

[*The Noiſe of* Agamemnon's *Aſſaſſination heard indiſtinctly, and at diſtance, behind the Scenes.*

CASSANDRA.

Again!---They ſtrive,
Th'Aſſaſſins labour who ſhall wound him moſt.
'Tis done!---He falls---

AGAMEMNON, *behind the Scenes.*

[*The Noiſe heard diſtinctly, and near.*

Off! Villains! Cowards! off!---
By Villains murder'd!---Oh!---

MELISANDER.

Great Gods! the King!---

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MELISANDER, CASSANDRA, Trojan *Captives*, ELECTRA, ORESTES.

ELECTRA.

Stop, generous Stranger! *Agamemnon*'s Friend!

MELISANDER.

What would *Electra?* what with *Meliſander?*

ELECTRA.

Heavens! *Meliſander!*

MELISANDER.

To the King's Aſſiſtance,
I fly; detain me not.

ELECTRA.

He is no more!

MELISANDER.

Ha! dead!

ELECTRA.

Yes, murder'd by *Egiſthus!* dead!
Pierc'd with unnumber'd Wounds! O Horror!
Horror!
We have not time for Grief—*Oreſtes*——Quick!
Fly! ſave my Brother!

ORESTES.

Leave my Father!—No!
It is but once that I have ever ſeen him
Shall I no more?

ELECTRA.

But to revenge his Death,
O fly, *Oreſtes*, for that glorious Purpoſe!
Tremendous Gods! Methinks, I ſee his Ghoſt,
That beckons you away!

ORESTES.

I come! I come!
On *Meliſander*——

ELECTRA.

Brother!

ORESTES.

Oh, my Sister!
What will become of thee?

ELECTRA.

Good *Meliſander*,
O guard my Brother! ſave our only Hope!—
I heard a Noiſe—Farewell!—

ORESTES, *going.*

Ah! poor *Electra!*

SCENE V.

ELECTRA, CASSANDRA, Trojan *Captives.*

ELECTRA.

The Murderers come! ſtain'd with my Father's Blood!
Hide me, *Caſſandra*, hide me from a Sight
I cannot bear, a Scene to Nature ſhocking!

SCENE VI.

The Back-Scene opening diſcovers, at a diſtance, Agamemnon's *Body.* Electra *throws herſelf by it.*

CASSANDRA, Trojan *Captives*, EGISTHUS *with ſome of his Party.*

EGISTHUS.

Enough, my Friends!—How low, how ſilent, now,
The mighty Boaſter lies!—Another Blow
Crowns my Revenge—

CASSANDRA.

It ſhall not, baſe Aſſaſſin!
The Gods are juſt; amidſt the Crimes of Men,
Are firmly juſt, ſupremely wiſe and good:
The Gods are here, in all their Terrors preſent!

See, where in dreadful Majeſty they ſit!
And write thy Doom in *Agamemnon*'s Blood!

EGISTHUS.

Think not to ſhake me with theſe gloomy Fables:
This Arm that has acquir'd, ſhall guard my Power;
And ſince I now enjoy my long-wiſh'd Vengeance,
All here is calm and chearful.

CASSANDRA.

The falſe Boaſt
Of agonizing Guilt! Thy Soul, I ſee,
Beneath this harden'd Pride, this brutal Courage,
Boils with black Torments, and with inward Tempeſt.
I know whence breaks that Gleam of Joy athwart thee,
As Lightning flaſhes o'er a troubled Sky:
Thou dreamſt the Prince now falls beneath thy Fury:
But hear and tremble --- young *Oreſtes* lives!

EGISTHUS.

Hence with thy vain Predictions, doating Woman!--

SCENE VII.

EGISTHUS, CASSANDRA, *&c. and to them* *Aſſaſſins ſent to murder* ORESTES.

EGISTHUS.

Well, is *Oreſtes* dead?

ASSASSIN.

Ah, Sir! eſcap'd--
When all was in Confuſion, here, and Tumult.

EGISTHUS.

O nothing then is done!-- Fly! tardy Villains!
Purſue him to the fartheſt Verge of Earth,--
No dark Retreat, no Country.---But here comes
Another Storm. Diſtraction wings her Pace.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

CLYTEMNESTRA, EGISTUS, CASSANDRA, *&c.*

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Off! give me way! to Deſarts let me fly!
The wildeſt Savage there!—
Why pierce me thus with Looks? -- In every Eye
There is a Dagger; chief in thine (*to Egiſtus*)--Ha!
Villain!
I know Thee; know theſe Eyes, where ſmiling Love,
To the red Glarings of a Fury's Torch,
Is now transform'd.---Yes, Traitor! turn away:
But, ere you go, give me my Peace again;
Give me my happy Family around;
Give me my Virtue, Honour, nay my Glory;
Or give me Death, tho' Death cannot relieve me.-
Are theſe the Deeds of Love?-- I cannot ſtep,
Unleſs I dip my ſhivering Feet in Blood.
Compar'd with this polluted this dire Palace,
The Sepulcher is gay.---But whither fly?--
Ah! what avails it where the Guilty fly,
Since from themſelves they cannot!---Ha! Behold!
The black Abyſs diſcloſes to my View;
And down I go, a dark a deep Deſcent! --
Hell from beneath is mov'd at my Approach:
It's Princes flock around. Behold, they ſay,
The greatly-wretched, greatly-wicked Woman!
She who preferr'd the Villain to the Hero!
The *Trojan* Shades, with ſharp Deriſion, thank me:
The *Grecian* droop---Lo! where he comes himſelf!
See! How in ſullen Majeſty he ſtalks! --
Oh look not on me with that ſilent Scorn!--
I am too curs'd already!— [*Faints into the Arms of her Attendants.*

EGIS-

EGISTHUS.

Bear her hence:
And look ſhe be attended well.—At laſt,
I ſhall o'er toiling Fate the Victory gain——
What new Alarm?

SCENE IX.

EGISTHUS, CASSANDRA, *&c. to them a* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

As *Meliſander*, Sir,
Bore off *Oreſtes*, to th'aſſembled Senate
He ſhow'd the Prince, and rouz'd them to Revenge.
'Tis nought but Rage. The People, in a Torrent,
By *Arcas* headed, pour upon the Palace.
Beſides, each moment, *Agamemnon*'s Troops——

EGISTHUS.

Quick! ſummon here my Friends.—In *Io*'s Grove
They ready wait. We this important Day
Will or with Conqueſt crown, or bravely die.

CASSANDRA.

No, Tyrant, no! the Gods refuſe thee That:
Not like the Brave, but like the trembling Coward,
Th'aſſaſſinating Coward, thou ſhalt die;
There! in that Spot, where *Agamemnon* lies!

EGISTHUS.

Lead theſe ill-boding Women to their Fate;
And guard *Electra*.

CASSANDRA.

The moſt grateful Gift
A Tyrant can beſtow is inſtant Death.
We ſhall be happy ſoon. But all the Gods,
Combining all their Mercy, from Remorſe,
From Scorn and Miſery, cannot ſave the Villain.

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Cibber*.

OUR Bard, to Modern Epilogue a Foe,
Thinks ſuch mean Mirth but deadens generous Woe;
Diſpels in idle Air the Moral Sigh,
And weeps the tender Tear from Pity's Eye:
No more with ſocial Warmth the Boſom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, ſelfiſh Man returns.
*

Thus he began:--- And you approv'd the Strain;
'Till the next Couplet ſunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there.---To You, to Reaſon juſt,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind Diſguſt.
Charm'd by your Frown, by your Diſpleaſure grac'd,
He hails the riſing Virtue of your Taſte.
Wide will it's Influence ſpread, as ſoon as known:
Truth, to be lov'd, needs only to be ſhown.
Confirm it, once, the Faſhion to be good:
(Since Faſhion leads the Fool, and awes the Rude)
No Petulance ſhall wound the Publick Ear;
No Hand applaud what Honour ſhuns to hear:
No painful Bluſh the Modeſt Cheek ſhall ſtain;
The worthy Breaſt ſhall heave with no diſdain.
Chaſtis'd to Decency, the Britiſh *Stage*
Shall oft invite the Fair, invite the Sage:
Both ſhall attend well-pleas'd, well-pleas'd depart;
Or if they doom the Verſe, abſolve the Heart.

---

* Another Epilogue was ſpoken after the firſt Repreſentation of the Play, which began with the firſt ſix Lines of This: but the reſt of that Epilogue, having been very juſtly diſliked by the Audience, This was ſubſtituted in its Place.